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nted in 1878.

GUILFORD
NC

Sunday April 25 1897

"George Canning, while at Eton, wrote some clever Essays in 'The Microcosm'. Arnould and the nephew of Canning (the present Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) subsequently 'The Miscellany'.

Knight's Cyclop. of Biography and Gen. Lit. Vol. 1. 1857

Mr James Eton

THE

MINIATURE,

A PERIODICAL PAPER,

BY SOLOMON GRILDRIG,

OF THE COLLEGE OF ETON.

INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION, TO THE

REV. DR. GOODALL.

———Laudandaque velle,
Sit satis.———

LUCAN.

WINDSOR:

PRINTED AND SOLD FOR THE AUTHOR, BY C. KNIGHT,
AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1805.

MD

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"The success of the 'Microcosm'
(1786) did not tempt any
Eton boys to try their powers
as authors until 1803, when a
new magazine called the
'Miniature', was set on foot,
under the nominal manage-
ment of a certain 'Solomon
Goldrig'. The two publications
resemble one another in scope
and style, as well as in name.
No list of contributors was
ever published, but it is known
that Stratford Canning (now
Lord Stratford de Redcliffe)
was the ruling Editor, and
that he was assisted by Thomas
Rennell, H. Gally Knight, and
the two sons of the Marquess
Wellesley."

Lyte's "Eton College"
p. 350.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

"The success of the 'Microcosm' (1786) did not tempt any Eton boys to try their powers as authors until 1803, when a new magazine called the 'Miniature', was set on foot, under the nominal management of a certain 'Solomon Goldrig'. The two publications resemble one another in scope and style, as well as in name. No list of contributors was ever published, but it is known that Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) was the smoking editor, and that he was assisted by Thomas Rennell, H. Gally Knight, and the two sons of the Marquess Wellesley."

Lyte's "Eton College"

p. 350.

TO THE

REVEREND AND PROFOUNDLY LEARNED

JOSEPH GOODALL, D. D.

HEAD MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE,

THIS VOLUME,

THEIR FIRST LITERARY EFFORT,

I S,

WITH ALL THE

ENERATION DUE TO SUCH A MASTER,

GRATITUDE TO SUCH AN INSTRUCTOR,

AND

ESTEEM TO SUCH A MAN,

INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST RESPECTFUL SCHOLARS,

THE AUTHORS.

The 'Miniature' was published by Charles Knight the elder, succeeding 'The Mirror and' after the lapse of fifteen years. Its managing editor was Mr afterwards Sir Stratford Canning

---

"Your father" said Mr Murray to me once after dinner, "helped to make my fortune. When I kept a little stationery shop in Fleet Street, Dr Rennell the Master of the Temple, told me one day that his son and young Canning owed an account for printing 'the Miniature' to the publisher, who held a good many unsold copies. I took stock; paid the account; and came to terms of the author brought out a smart Edi-

VII. Conti...

Absolute.—Cure for his Malady.

which had four buyers;
got the reputation of
being a clever publisher;
was introduced to George
Canning, in consequence
of the service I had ren-
dered to his cousin; and
in a few years set up
the 'Quarterly Review'.

Charles Knight's
'Passages of a working life'
vol 1 p 66.

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Number I.

Containing the First and Second Essay,

OF THE

MINIATURE,

A PERIODICAL PAPER,

To be continued on the Second and Last Monday of every Month.

By SOLOMON GRILDRIG,

NOW OF THE

COLLEGE OF ETON,

——Laudandaque velle
Sit fatis.——

LUCAN.

WINDSOR:

Printed and Sold for the Author, by C. Knight, Castle Street.

To be had also of Mr. Hatchard, Piccadilly, and R. S. Kirby, London House Yard, Paternoster Row.

1804.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

Should any Perſons find themſelves diſpoſed to favor the Author with their hints, or obſervations on any Subject, they will be gratefully received, and duly acknowledged.——An Epiſtle *neatly* directed to SOLOMON GRILDRIG, Eſq. and left at Mr. C. KNIGHT's, *Windſor*, will be carefully delivered, and have all *proper* attention paid to it.

N. B. The ſtricteſt Secrecy, when required, may be depended upon.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. I.

MONDAY, *April* 23, 1804.

Præcepta canam, celabitur auctor.

My precepts I ſhall willingly reveal,
And ſing *my* doctrines, but *my* name conceal.

FRANCIS.

A YOUNG actor making his début upon the ſtage, eſpecially if endeavouring to ſupport any celebrated and admired character, feels the moſt painful ſenſations of embarraſsment, and uneaſineſs: he indeed hopes for, but cannot expect a favourable reception; he pants for fame, but fears to hazard the attempt; he wiſhes to avoid an appearance of boldneſs, and at the ſame time to overcome diffidence; in ſhort, he throws himſelf upon the mercy of his audience. Thus a youthful, and unexperienced author muſt be affected by the ſame emotions, diſcouraged by ſimilar fears, and tremble through the apprehenſion of not

giving ſatisfaction, when he conſiders the boldneſs of his deſign, the number of his judges, and that he is about to ſubmit himſelf, his ſentiments, and his abilities to the ſevere, and ſcrutinizing eye of criticiſm; when he remembers the world to be his theatre. Were he to throw off every ſhadow of modeſty, and to intrude himſelf upon the public patience, with all the freedom and confidence of an acknowledged Genius, ſuch behaviour might juſtly be deemed impertinent: if on the contrary he were to come forward with a thouſand apologies, and to proteſt that he conceived his capacity unequal to the taſk which he had impoſed upon himſelf, he might be rejected as an inſufficient blockhead, unqualified for his character, and deſtitute of the ſmalleſt pretenſions to notice or favour. If this be true, a conſideration naturally ariſes which path it may be ſafer to purſue; but I confeſs myſelf inclined to follow neither; I will not aſſume an air of importance; I will not promiſe a ſumptuous entertainment. Let thoſe, whom it may pleaſe, come to my table; I only engage to amuſe them to the extent of my ability.

Some one may perhaps inquire the reaſon of this intruſion, and with what view I have dared to enter the liſts of literary fame. The *degene-*

racy (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) of Eton has long been the ſubject of converſation, and its preſent ſtate, perhaps unjuſtly, depreciated. Without preſumption, therefore, it ſhall be my endeavour to wipe away this reproach, without vanity to hope for ſucceſs. Should the following writings be honored with the public approbation, the point is proved; ſhould they fail, oblivion only is intreated.

I conſider myſelf as one who takes a picture from real life, who attempts to catch the reſemblance, or pourtray the features of exiſting objects, ſo that the repreſentation may impartially, and exactly deſcribe the perfections or defects, beauties or deformities of the original. It is not for me to attempt the bolder ſtrokes, and nervous outlines which the pencil of *Raphael* exhibit, nor can I expect that *my* portraits ſhould glow with the vivid colouring which a *Titian* might expreſs. My attempts will follow the ſtyle of a MINIATURE, and while the touches are leſs daring, while leſs force, and richneſs of imagination may be conſpicuous in the following ſketches, they may perhaps derive ſome merit in an humbler ſcale, from correctneſs of deſign, and accuracy of repreſentation. This ſtyle indeed will be the more appropriate, as it is in the

leſſer theatre of life that it will be employed, and as juvenile folly, or merit will often be the ſubjects of my lucubrations.

Did I indeed, with the extravagant fancy of the *novel ſtruck* age, give credit to the terrific apparition in the fields of Hammerſmith, or the headleſs phantom of St. James's Park; (allied no doubt to the laborious ſcratchings of the *Cock lane Nymph*) well might I conceive the departed ſpirits of my great predeceſſors, deſcending from the bright manſions of their literary paradiſe, to appear before me, checking my eager but imprudent deſires, and damping my ardent but deluſive expectations.

Firſt the ancient ISAAC BICKERSTAFF in all the terror of cenſorial dignity, commands me to deliver myſelf and writings into his inexorable court, as being in danger of acting upon ſome as a deadly ſoporific; upon others as a ſtimulant to paſſion, anger, and contempt; and diffuſing their infectious ſtupidity to all, and thereby "DISTURBING THE HEALTH, AND PEACE OF HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED SUBJECTS, &c. &c." For the prevention of which evils, an edict is iſſued for the total baniſhment of my papers from every ſhop, except that of the grocer, and paſtry-

cook, and myſelf to be deprived of the uſe of *pen, ink, and paper* for the ſpace of one month, as an impertinent and pernicious coxcomb. Next, might I figure to myſelf the placid, though majeſtic form of the SPECTATOR diſſuading me from attempting with idle curioſity, and boyiſh impotence to aſcend thoſe bliſful regions, which ſo few *men*, with the united force of a lively genius, ſteady induſtry, and unerring judgement have ever been able to attain. The NESTORIAN LION with louder than his accuſtomed roar; the romantic ADVENTURER freſh from eaſtern ground, would reiterate the ſame advice, the ſame diſſuaſions. The ponderous dignity of the RAMBLER, would with *exacerbated* ſeverity lament the ſad degeneracy of the preſent day, when boys affect the man, and men put themſelves on a level with boys.

Thus would the images of theſe illuſtrious men, in conjunction with thoſe, who now living have enjoyed a character which is rarely gained, even after death, exclaim againſt my feeble efforts to direct, inſtruct, and amuſe our little community. Even admidſt the enjoyment of a more local fame, the ſpirit of our revered forefather GREGORY GRIFFIN might accuſe me as a degenerate child, as heir of but a ſmall part, at beſt, of

thoſe beauties, which ſo eminently adorned the productions of his younger days.

On another ſide the hideous forms of a GRUMBLER, an ADVISER, or a TRIFLER conſigned to the erebus of oblivion, by the critical Rhadamanthi of the day, and "*grinning horribly a ghaſtly ſmile,*" would welcome me to thoſe dark habitations, from which, when once plunged into, there is no retreat. Checked therefore by theſe fears, and terrified by theſe reproaches, well may I pauſe and conſider who I AM, what are my abilities, and what the work I am about to undertake. Though I cannot boaſt a mind enriched with uſeful knowledge, directed to the nobleſt objects, and ſerviceable to the higheſt ends; nor the clear underſtanding, vigor of thought, and extenſive obſervation requiſite to the attempted taſk; yet amidſt all theſe deficiencies, a hope to amuſe without ſarcaſm, or perſonal ſatire; to inſtruct without tediouſneſs, ſtill enlivens the proſpect, removes all obſtacles, and tempts me to proceed.

Let us then ſuppoſe theſe pages already ſubmitted to the public eye, not to baſk in the ſun of favor, but to tremble under the impending ſtorm of inevitable criticiſm. Every ſentence

condemned, every word carped at by the voice of of a world ever more inclined to cenſure, than to commend, to point out faults, than to admit beauties.

Every man is an *Ariſtarchus* in his own opinion; but unfortunately for the victims of their judgment, the moſt part have his ſeverity, without his candour. All are equally ready to drag to light latent errors, and inveſtigate hidden defects, from the idea that hence their own penetration, judgement, and accuracy, are notably evinced, and that by plucking the laurel from another's brow, they fix it on their own. To find faults undiſcovered by the *many* is to be a good critic; to be a critic, is to be a wit.

We will conceive one of theſe gentry (the thing is not only conceiveable, but probable) whom the ſhovel-hat, buſhy-wig, and ſnuff-beſprinkled linen ſtamp a PHILOSOPHER, to ſaunter into a bookſeller's, wrapt up in conſcious dignity, and a warm ſurtout; he enquires for the firſt new publication, pre-determined to be as little pleaſed as poſſible; and to the bookſeller's "*Early years—promising abilities—univerſally admir'd*—he returns a ſurly "*Humph!*" Upon the firſt ſight of theſe pages; the forehead wrinkles

anathemas, and the curling noſe ſneers comtempt. The title, and motto are ſufficient cauſes of diſpleaſure, and, above all, the audacity of the author in pretending to write at an age, when in SEVERUS's opinion it would be enough for him to underſtand the writings of others. Not deigning to caſt one look over the compoſition, ſignificantly ſhaking his head, he throws it on the counter, and ſtalks out with a ſhrug and contemptuous ſmile, that alarm the bookſeller, palsy the foreman, and threaten the miſerable author with a multiplicity of woes.

The opinion of Severus is law. The bookſeller devotes the condemned, but *unread* traſh to wrap up pounds of butter, or ſtop the broken windows of a poet's garret. At this moment enters a little, but *great* man, with ſaturnine noſe, and green ſpectacles; a man in his own opinion infinitely ſuperior to Severus in wit, judgement, and erudition. Conſequently a hundred beauties are immediately apparent, ſhould Severus have declared the whole to be a ſeries of defects. He hears the ſentence pronounced upon theſe papers by the ſneer, and ſhrug of his antagoniſt, then wearies himſelf with innumerable praiſes, and forced encomiums, but without peruſing one ſyllable. The bookſeller's face brightens, the

foreman ſmiles, and the work but a moment before condemned unread, is, ſtill unread, loaded with every honor that flattery can beſtow.

Suppoſe them conveyed by Betty to her miſtreſs with an exchange of novels; Leonora dropping the *Victim of Sentiment*, caſts her languid eyes over the firſt page, but ſtaggered at the ungenteel words, "*ſenſe—obedience—improvement*"—words obſolete and unknown in a modern fine lady's vocabulary, conſiders the whole as a vulgar compoſition, and infinitely beneath one of her exalted energies; then haſtening to indulge her ſenſibilities, ſhe re-aſumes the *Victim of Sentiment*, and twiſts the deſpiſed papers into implements to light the taper, whereby ſhe may ſeal her tender *billet-doux* to the Captain. Should this fall into the way of one of that race of beings, denominated BUCKS, he obſerving the latin mottoes (which may be Hebrew or Arabic for any thing he knows to the contrary) votes it learned, and ſcouts it accordingly.

Capriciouſly condemned, as capriciouſly commended, derided as vulgar, ſcouted as ungenteel by the extended circles of the world at large; the author would reſort to the leſſer circles of his fellow-citizens, and there at leaſt hope to be free from

arbitrary cenſure, and illiberal ſeverity: as a member of their ſociety, if unſucceſsful in his endeavours to pleaſe, he may expect the lenity due to an erring comrade; if in any way ſucceſsful, the favoring applauſe of friendly encouragement. To promote the amuſement, and may he add, to point out the errors of a beloved ſociety, with the hope of being in ſome degree conducive to their removal, is ſo glittering an object, ſo deſirable a meaſure, that candour would willingly pardon him, who has been too arduouſly forward, too boldly enthuſiaſtick in ſuch an undertaking.

Having thus fully explained the reaſons which induce me to hope for ſucceſs, or to apprehend diſcouragement in the proſecution of my plan, I throw myſelf (with ſome proſpect of mercy) on the final judgement of my fellow-citizens, a judgement, from which, for me at leaſt, there remains no appeal. Should SOLOMON GRILDRIG be ſo far ſucceſsful in the courſe of his labours, as to engage their attention, and occupy their thoughts, not unprofitably during one ſhort interval of leiſure, may this be ſufficient to palliate the defects of ſtyle, and faults of compoſition, which a more ſevere ſcrutiny would eaſily diſcover. They will not look for the perſpicuous arrangement of an Addiſon, or the emphatic dic-

tion of a Johnſon, in an author of their own age and habits; they are ſufficiently aware how few, and ſhort are the moments, which I can poſſibly devote to the production, and correction of my *lucubrations*, without encroaching on more neceſſary employments:

——————————— "*Ubi quid datur oti*
"*Illudo chartis.*"——
"*Triſle with the muſe an idle hour.*"—FRANCIS.

If the ſphere of their circulation be enlarged by means of that curioſity which the boldneſs of the attempt will naturally excite, if by any accidental current they are hurried into the wide ocean of the world, may I, without making an unjuſt or unreaſonable requeſt, intreat, that the ſame partial indulgence, the ſame lenient cenſure may be extended to them, which has conſtantly been granted to the firſt eſſays of literary *recruits*.

No ſerious objection can, I think, be urged againſt their intent or tendency; ſince no ſentiment which could moſt remotely conduce to injure the cauſe of religion, or morality ſhall ever gain admiſſion into theſe papers;—to produce the contrary effect, to point out the more ſerious conſequences of ſome errors in the conduct of

my fellow citizens, which habit, and a conſtant indulgence have repreſented as trifling or venial, ſhall be my occaſional object.

Relying as I do with confidence on the impartiality of *their* deciſion, the fears which I entertain concerning the ſucceſs of my future endeavours would be conſiderably diminiſhed, were they commenced under the patronage, and continued with the approbation of the GUARDIAN, and INSTRUCTOR of our community. If he ſhould be unable to applaud the execution, may he allow ſome portion of merit to the deſign. He may reſt aſſured that they ſhall not be in the leaſt degree injurious to the manners, or conrary to the inſtitutions of the *republick* over which he preſides; that they may prove in ſome reſpects beneficial, is the ſummit of my ambition, and the only compenſation to which I look forward, for the anxiety and apprehenſion I feel, in thus intruding myſelf upon public notice, and in awaiting the reception which this introductory paper will encounter. It cannot perhaps boaſt of novelty in thought or expreſſion, it aſpires to no other merit but ſincerity.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. II.

MONDAY, *April* 30, 1804.

Inopes rerum, nugæ que canoræ.

——————— "a lifeless pomp appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears."

FRANCIS.

IT might naturally be conceived from the perpetual overflow of trash under the title of Novels and Romances, from the innumerable disputes and arguments for and against them; that the world would soon be tired of the subject, and willingly resort to some more sensible amusement. But daily experience evinces the concontrary. Universally carped at, universally sought after, they seem to grow by abuse; and the more fault is found, the more attention is bestowed. Every tutor condemns them, every pupil reads them. From the drawing-room to

the nursery, from the palace to the shop, from Grosvenor-square to Billingsgate, their reign extends: nor age, nor sex, nor learning, nor ignorance is proof against their charms. The bushy cauliflower is not able to resist the attack; and they have in more cases than one successfully insinuated themselves into the folds of a gown and cassock. The *great* Mr. Deputy Dumpling retiring from the fatigues of figs and raisins, recreates himself and his spouse in the back parlour with the interesting adventures of *Marianne, or the Maid of the Hayſtack.* Every mercer and man-milliner's shopman hastens from his lace and lute-string to those pages; nor do I believe that there is an apothecary's apprentice in the kingdom, who is not better acquainted with the inside of a Romance, than the composition of a bolus.

But that no race of mortals may be excluded from the enjoyment of this marvellous nonsense; a fresh inundation of adventures, horrors, cropt romances, and novels pruned down, daily issue from the prolific press of SHOE-LANE, aided by a wonderful copper-plate at the low price of sixpence. These will no doubt find their way high and low, from the garret to the cellar; on these every footman, scullion or shoe-black may regale themselves amidst their evening potations.

But it may be asked, is this any thing new? any thing extraordinary? It has drawn the attention of the world in every age; and has induced the greatest scholars by employing their talents in this method, to add to the amusement of their own days, and to the instruction of those to come. For exclusive of the poets who have an undoubted right to fable and invention; the elegant simplicity of a Xenophon; the majestic flow of an Herodotus; the nervous pathos of a Livy have been exerted for this purpose. The first of whom, we know, has written a complete novel; the other two by incorporating so largely the fabulous with their history, did not think these means unworthy to finish and adorn, what would otherwise have been naked and incomplete.

My answer is short—In what single circumstance either with regard to themselves, or their productions do these, and our present scribblers agree. Not by the greatest chance is there the slightest resemblance. Should they be introduced to Xenophon in the shades below, he would certainly turn his back upon them, and according to our present phraseology "*cut them dead.*"

But let us enquire, who these litterary locusts may be. One set aloft in the *Parnassus of Grub*

street, writes for the fashion with as much indifference as a taylor makes a pair of small-clothes; with but one object in view, namely, his bread. Another set consists of the fairer sex, who not content with being readers, must become writers; who half distracted with the nonsensical emotions they feel in their own breasts, must needs disseminate the publication of their infectious vagaries through all the female world. To these one gentle hint may be given; that if, instead of weaving the web of an intricate romance, they would be contented with the more simple one of a stocking, much greater advantage would accrue to themselves, and much less mischief to their numerous acquaintance. The third and last race whom I shall mention, are a few coxcomical striplings within the atmosphere of the western world, scarcely to be dignified with the appellation of *Petit-Maitres,* who conceive that the glorious zenith of fashionable folly cannot be arrived at, without having stained a few innocent sheets of paper with the idle effusions of their senseless pericranium. These prefaced with a tender dedication to *Lady Betty T* * * * * *Countess of* * * * *, or the *Duchess* of * * *, will, no doubt, excite the torpid astonishment of their numerous and ill-judging admirers.

We will now pass, by no very difficult transition, from the authors to their books, which as may easily be supposed, are of no very different complexion. Novels, we find, are nearly the same as they were twenty years ago, made up of the same materials and cast in the same mould. We have indeed hardly so much courtship, love, moaning, groaning, sighing and dying as formerly; but rather more room is allowed to the exquisite sensibilities of Miss Winhelmina Dowlas, the rich mercer's only offspring; or to the sublime description of Lady Fiddle Faddle's rout; or the interesting repartees of Master and Miss at the Countess of Humdrum's evening party.

But among the plains of Romance we have a wonderful change. We have no more captive Princesses, amorous Quixotes, and Moorish sorcery. Blue Dragons, green Knights, black Giants, and enchanted Castles, yield to ruined Abbeys, ivy-mantled Turrets, dark Passages, western Towers, Monks, Nuns, and antiquated Abbesses. All sorcery, magic, and such like Machinery, are safe locked up in the poet's brain; and in their stead Ghosts real and imaginary, Phantoms and Hobgoblins are let out, sufficient to frighten every man, woman and child in Christendom. Well

may we say of the author of this extraordinary change.

" *He tinsell'd o'er in robes of various hues,*
" *With self applause his wild creation views;*
" *Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,*
" *And with his own fools colours gilds them all.*"

In the first place, to constitute this wonderful performance, it is necessary that the scene should be laid in Italy, Spain, or any other region where cloisters abound; for a Friar and a Nun are as necessary ingredients in a Romance, as oil or vinegar in a sallad. England during the time of the *feudal system* may serve as a *succedaneum*; but if the former can be got, they are certainly to be preferred. The next provision is the *Hero*, who being the reputed son of a vassal or a clod-hopper, by some curious instinct, or wonderful inspiration, is to set out he knows not whither or in what manner, to unravel the mystery of his birth. The first circumstance must of course be a storm, with plenty of vivid flashes, distant rumbling, with a small portion of a lonely moor. Here our prose must be somewhat *delirious*, till we conduct it, together with its hero, safe to the walls of a half-ruined castle. There our author must not forget his *dried-up moats and moulder-*

ing arches; and let him be sure to cover his turrets with a *good coating of moss and ivy;* if an owl can be procured at any price, the mixture will be greatly improved. A clanking of chains must next succeed, with a most dismal groan, re-ecchoing through the vaulted passages. Here DON BERNARDO, DON SEBASTIAN, OR DON what you will, must start up, dash through thick and thin, till he tumbles down, extinguishes the lamp, and leaves himself and the reader in all the mazes of mysterious confusion; and a sudden gleam of light must instantly flash and disappear to plunge both of them into more impenetrable obscurity. Horror must be heaped on horror, and darkness thicken upon darkness, amidst cold clammy carcases, accumulated skeletons, blood-stained daggers, &c. Our prose must now *run quite mad;* mobs of metaphors, unlike similies, and ill-paired figures jostling and supplanting each other, must add *new terrors to the terrific* description. Nor must our brains cease to be racked for fine words, far fetched expressions, half concluded periods, and sentences breaking off in the middle.

" *Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur, amantque*
" *Inversis que sub verbis latitantia cernunt.*"

That is to say in plain English, " *It is the fashion to admire, what from obscurity it is impossible to*

understand." Soon after a *convent* must appear with a villainous Friar and an intriguing Abbess, with matins, vespers, eating, drinking, and all the concomitants of a monastic life. Then by a sort of presto or conjuror's wand we must raise a few spectres in a *northern tower*, exactly as the clock strikes ONE, but by no means later; together with a bell tolling without any sexton, and plenty of music without any fidlers. Next must be got ready the scowling brows of the MARQUIS, the tender moans of his amiable daughter, three or four half-starved conspirators, and three or four domestics dead drunk. The whole is necessarily to be concluded by the blowing up of the castle with *gunpowder* in the reign of ALFRED; and our phantoms are to be accounted for, by a little *phosphorus* in the time of the Crusades. We may stick a *banditti* here and there by way of *sweetmeats*, and sprinkle a few *Alps* in the room of *sugarplums*. A low murmuring voice, a mysterious ring, or some animated armour may be thrown in, as occasion shall require.

Very successful names have been proposed for Novels in great number, I shall only hint a few for a modern romance, such as the GRIM NUN, OR THE ABBEY OF ST. BOG IN THE MOOR; THE FIERY PHANTOM OF THE FOREST, &c. &c.

Such is the true and genuine receipt for composing and compiling these much admired publications, purchased from LANE'S MANUFACTORY, Leadenhall-street. Nothing now remains to render this farrago of nonsence complete, than by forming it into the exact shape of the MONK, on which every romance is more or less founded.

" *Hoc fonte derivatæ clades*
" *In patriam populumque fluxit.*"
" Various and unnumbered woes,
" From this polluted fountain head
" O'er us, and o'er our country spread."

FRANCIS.

Such is the ridiculous absurdity with which the age is fed, being puzzled with such flimsy intricacy, for the most part free from all meaning, whether good or bad; mature in dullness and confirmed in full stupidity. We are indeed much at a loss which to admire most, the total want of fire and imagination, or the systematic contempt of judgment and sense.

But should these compositions by any chance happen to *deviate* into sence; we may rest fully assured that every inch of these glorious pages which is not replete with folly, teems with knavery. Such of this kind are in general a descrip-

tive manual of speculative debauchery, with infallible rules for reducing it into practice; and may properly be considered as the licensed vehicles of immorality or profligacy. A lively fancy, fair reasoning, and false reprepresentations will soon deceive, and imperceptibly lead astray those unaccustomed to their arts, and ignorant of their consequences.

But let not above all, THESE SACRED RETREATS, be stained and corrupted with their specious evasions and idle absurdity. The imagination fed with these extravagant notions, looses its relish for truth, and can only be satisfied with what is supernatural and violent. It has been well observed, that the reading of novels is to the mind what *dram-drinking* is to the body. We neglect every good and honourable pursuit, and give up the vigorous and unremitting prosecution of noble and well-directed studies, to the illiterate profligacy, blasphemous sneers, and insuperable folly of these odious and parti-coloured productions.

T.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. III.

MONDAY, *May* 7, 1804.

Tunc victus abiere feri————TIBULLUS.

Then savage life was softened——

TO contemplate Mankind in the infancy of society, to trace the gradual progress of nations from a state of ignorance and barbarism, to refinement and civilization, is a subject not merely of curiosity, but of infinite instruction. The human mind, when free from the restraint which polished society, imposes on its affections and propensities, is more open to the researches of philosophy; and the events which are then continually changing the aspect of the political horizon, demand more particularly the attention of History; since it is from the observation alone of Mankind in their primary condition, that the

former can with certainty discover the principles of all their actions, and the latter explore the origin of the various forms and modulations which governments, and empires receive in future ages. The passions then acting with that force and freedom which they acquire, from unlimited indulgence, usurp the seat of reason, and become the sole rule of conduct to every individual. Hence we may account for the striking similarity which appears between all uncivilized nations; the leading characteristic features must be the same, although the varieties of situation and climate give rise to peculiar traits of national distinction.

I shall now inquire into the causes which lead progressively to civilization, and the obstacles which retard its advancement. It is evident that a people cannot totally alter those manners and habits, which are become venerable from their antiquity, in a short space of time; that having attempted this alteration, they cannot at once reach the highest summit of cultivation. We scarcely require to be convinced by the testimony of history that the lapse of ages, together with other concurrent causes, are necessary to overcome this difficulty, and to subvert and transform every thing which they respect and venerate; so great

indeed is the strength which habits accumulate; so deeply rooted is the dominion which they obtain in the course of successive generations, that in countries conspicuous even for modern refinement, some traces of customs may be discovered which bear the stamp of a more ancient invention, and recall to the memory, ages of unpolished rudeness, and literary obscurity. Five hundred and eighty years elapsed from the introduction of letters into Bœotia by the Phenician Cadmus, to the period in which Homer produced his immortal poems; and judging by his descriptions of the manners and actions of the Grecian heroes a century and a half before his own time, we cannot allow any high degree of civilization to their native country.

The very distant, and almost improbable period of antiquity, at which the most cultivated people of America, viz. the Peruvians and Mexicans, dated the original establishment of their several empires, when compared with the advances they had made towards civilization will prove, if necessary, more strongly the delay and difficulty which attend its progress. But notwithstanding the first steps to civilization are unquestionably slow, there seems to be a certain point of

improvement, the attainment of which is quickly followed by perfection; a fixed height, to which man having laboriously climbed, calculates at length the possible efforts of his intellectual faculties, and overleaps all further obstacles to his ascent. I must call in the aid of historical fact to confirm this supposition; the advancement of Greece from the rustic attempts of Thespis, to the beauty and regularity which her drama derived from her three principal tragedians, will appear comparatively speedy, if the period of obscurity, from the introduction of letters to the first essays of theatrical exhibition be placed in the balance. The same observation applies to the interval between the æra of Livius Andronicus and the Augustan age; if it be contrasted with the vast space of time which separates the foundation of Rome from the birth of that poet. This quickness of advancement will appear with greater force in a more modern instance. We cannot survey the ruin and devastation with which the invasion of the Goths overwhelmed Italy, or the duration of its effects, without grief and astonishment; without wondering that Europe throughout the course of so many centuries, made no effort to burst her disgraceful shackles, and to assert the dignity of human nature. When, however, Petrarch had

once formed the taste of his countrymen, and diverted their attention to more liberal pursuits, we shall find him succeeded but two centuries afterwards by Tasso, the second Virgil of Italy, who conducted its poetry to the highest pitch of refinement, which, perhaps, it is capable of reaching.

From a general view of the manner in which the most savage hordes have been gradually polished, I should be inclined to think that some change in their political situation, or at least some addition to their native dominions by conquest, must necessarily precede such a revolution. Having perceived and felt more intimately the superiority which the cultivation of the arts and sciences bequeaths to a people, in other respects degraded and degenerate, they learn to appreciate the advantages which they universally confer, and by a natural transition, are desirous of possessing what they admire.

The Romans had long constituted themselves an independent state; had risen to no small degree of power, before they attempted the conquest of Greece; still, however they had lost but little of their original ferocity; war was still their

only occupation, their only pursuit; the arts and sciences were perfectly unknown to them; but when the monuments of taste and elegance, which the newly conquered nation had raised in every possible direction of human industry, had fallen into their hands; when they had experienced the pleasure which arose from the contemplation of those unrivaled works which the chissel of a Phidias, or the pencil of an Apelles had modelled into perfection, their emulation was immediately inflamed, their thoughts were turned to a new and therefore more interesting pursuit, and their manners in consequence underwent a sudden and complete alteration: A Roman himself makes this confession, when he says

Græcia Capta ferum victorem cepit & artes
Intulit agresti Latio, &c.——Hor. Ep. 1. L. 2.

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive arts,
She triumph'd o'er her savage conquerors' hearts;
Taught our rough verse its numbers to refine,
And our rude style with elegance to shine.

FRANCIS.

Long might the northern barbarians have inhabited their barren forests, without advancing one step towards improvement, or emerging from

the mists of gothic ignorance, if the love of novelty, the desire of conquest, or rather the impulse of the Deity, had not invited them to exchange their hardy wilds for a more productive soil, and transferred to their possession the relics of Roman refinement and Roman magnificence.

It is easy to distinguish the principal events which concur in overthrowing the reign of ignorance, and the particular epochas when civilization succeeds; but the intermediate steps to this succession; the minute gradation from one to the other, are entirely concealed from the observations of the most acute inquirer. The reason of this deficiency is found to consist in the intimate conection between the cultivation of science, and the progress of civilization; the chain of reciprocal dependence is never broken; the retardment or promotion of the latter unerringly follows the depression or rise of the former: But, the study of history is that branch of science which is most incompatible with the manners and occupations of a savage life, and the last which is resorted to; for scarcely can those uncouth hieroglyphicks be dignified with the name of history, which Cortez upon his first invasion of the Mexicans found to be their only attempts of

transmitting to posterity the remembrance of their early atchievements. The very wish indeed of preserving to distant ages the relation of present occurrences, implies a considerable advancement in knowledge; it is therefore truly observed by Robertson, that "Whoever attempts to trace the operations of men in more remote times, and to mark the various steps of their progress in any line of exertion, will have the mortification to find that the period of authentic history is extremely limited."

Although I am not desirous of appearing a champion of those times, when the overbearing insolence, or violent ambition of any individual could involve his country in the miseries of a civil war; when society was connected by no tie, and property protected by no regulation; yet I cannot but consider them as more favourable on the whole to the excursions of poetical genius. The unrestrained licence of the actions communicates its influence to the productions of the imagination, and impresses them with a wildness of sublimity, an original spirit, which characterize the poetry of the earlier ages. When the laws of society are more clearly established, the rights of property more accurately defined and respected, the conceptions of the mind be-

come also more regular, and consequently more limited, and to the lofty effusions, the irregularity of genius, succeed the temperate calmness, the methodical arrangement of more refined composition. Numerous reflections crowd on the mind when surveying this wonderful revolution in the ideas and pursuits of mankind. I have always thought it a part of history most replete with interest and instruction; it teaches man the real strength of his faculties, the efforts and improvement of which they are capable; and above all, the necessity of exertion. The record of sanguinary contests, of "*empires lost and won*" may dazzle the imagination, and amuse the fancy; but the gradual advancement of society from rudeness and confusion, to refinement and order; the tardy but certain progress of the arts and sciences to perfection, are objects far more worthy the attention, more important to the interests of humanity. When we look on the present condition of the European states, who seem to have surpassed every possible degree of elegance and knowledge; when we observe the nicety to which the rules of taste are reduced, and the exact discrimination with which the least infringement of them is detected, and exposed to the severity of criticism, can we think it credible that their citi-

zens are the lineal posterity of those unsettled tribes, whose very name conveys the idea of savage, unlettered barbarians, whose actions demonstrate that the term is not wrongly applied? Who then will refuse the proper tribute of praise to that art, and to the professors of it, which has been most instrumental in introducing and perfecting this momentous improvement? Poetry is the first of the finer arts, into which uncivilized nations deviate, and the veneration which they universally attached to the character of their bards and minstrels, proves the influence which it possessed over their hearts. The Orpheus, the Amphion of antiquity, were the first civilizers of their native country; the first who united their countrymen in the bonds of society, who softened the uncouth asperity of their manners by the power of their strains, added to the attraction of the art which they had invented.

N.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. IV.

MONDAY, *May* 14, 1804.

Sic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere, ac retrò sablapsa referri.
Virg. Geor. 1. v. 200.

Thus all below, whether by nature's curse,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate into worse.
DRYDEN.

HAVING already examined the slow progress of nations to civilization, and the various obstacles or impediments which the weakness of human nature, or attendant circumstances might oppose to their rising from darkness into light; I am now led on to consider, (and it is a melancholy consideration) how rapidly those very nations which have been thus slowly cultivated into perfection, sink from the heighth of grandeur,

and seem to have shone with meridian splendor, only to be overwhelmed by deeper obscurity; as those brilliant meteors which blaze with momentary lustre, then suddenly vanishing away, seem to have added new darkness to the horizon, and thicken the contrasted horrors of the night.

Many nations indeed have lost their freedom, and every pretension to fame, from the very means they have sought the more certainly to preserve them. There seems to be a certain pitch of elevation, beyond which humanity cannot attempt to arrive with impunity. This observation equally applies to nations as to individuals, and if we look over the face of history, we shall find this position to be accurately true, and that when once any empire or dominion sought to overstep that height of power which nature or the common good of the universe have sanctioned, immediate ruin and perdition have succeeded. In every period of antiquity, some particular nation has had the evident superiority over the rest of the world, but this summit of power has alternately been transferred from one to the other, so that in the end, political justice has been faithfully administered to all.

The Deity appears, from the very first foundation of societies, to have weighed out a certain

portion of strength, with which alone it were prudent that human weakness might be entrusted, and never to have exceeded the first allowance; for there seems ever to have been the same degree of power upon earth, never much encreased or much diminished; but now assigned to one nation, now to another, as this political justice would demand. The distribution of power in antiquity had this difference from the manner of its present distribution; formerly one dominion at a time engrossed the whole allowance; at present it is more equally divided among many.

Each quarter of the globe known to the ancients has possessed, or actually possesses the supreme power. Asia gave birth to the first monarchy, and has sent her Saracens to conquer the greatest part of Africa and Europe. Africa lays claim to kingdoms almost equal in antiquity, entirely equal in power to those of Asia, and in her bosom the young sciences and arts were first nurtured. Europe has in her turn received, and still maintains, the superiority over these her predecessors in fame; and it is more than possible that the newly found America will, in the progress of futurity, behold herself regarded as successor in strength to her discoverers.

But to adhere more closely to the consideration proposed at the beginning of this paper, we must proceed more particularly to investigate the duration of power in individual states, and the cause, or period of their fall.

Egypt was the most ancient civilized nation upon earth, and from the moment of our first becoming acquainted with this country, we find it already familiar with laws, sciences, and morality. The monuments of art and labour, which still appear amid her sandy desarts, continue to excite the admiration and wonder of every beholder, and evince the splendor which must once have decorated the whole face of the country. But Egypt, first in possession of the arts, seems not to have known how to turn them to the best advantage, and rather, by her colonies, to have been the origin of cultivation in other countries, than to have been mistress of it herself. Egypt had her share of lustre, but it was of short duration, and from the various conquerors that have at different times wrested this unhappy country from each other, the observation seems justifiable, that Egypt was created to be overcome. Though now but one dry track of sandy uncultivated wilds, scarcely peopled by an unlettered race of wretched hordes, she is still the

theatre of war and bloodshed, and within the course of one year, has been twice conquered by foreign powers. The remains of magnificence, which appear upon her desolated lands, only render the ruin more conspicuous, and are beautiful, but sad emblems of mortality and decay.

The loss of elevation and fame cannot be more strongly exemplified than by the present situation of Phœnicia and Palæstine. The one which gave letters to the world, is now possessed by savage tribes, among whom it is esteemed a wonder, should one man of the whole band be able to write. The other, who beheld within herself the birth and dispersion of the christian religion, is now become the abode of infidels.

The illustrious exploits at Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platœa; the glorious names of Codrus, Lycurgus, Miltiades, and Xenophon, the seven Sages, together with the long train of worthies to whom Greece gave birth, are sufficient testimonies of her unrivaled excellence, both in war and literature; both in the martial discipline of the field, or in the laws and ordinances necessary to preserve harmony at home. And if human wisdom, or human valour could prove certain safeguards against decay, Greece would not have fal-

len. As it is, this miserable country has *thrice* undergone an entire change of name; *twice* a total alteration of language, as the whim of her conquerors have directed. That land which resounded with the thunders directed by Demosthenes against the efforts of tyranny; that land where Leonidas bled to preserve his country from oppression, is become the prey of unlimited despotism, while the despot himself, seated upon the throne of Constantine, trembles at the arbitrary frown of a dependant Janizary.

When Greece, the last competitor with Rome in glory and virtue, had fallen into her power, *she* became the head of the universe. For a thousand years, gradually rising from the lowest, to the highest pitch of human splendor, Rome had at length diffused her influence over more than half the habitable world. From the banks of the Tigris, to the extremity of Britain, the force of her arms had been felt, and her superiority was acknowledged. But no where in the annals of history is the vanity of human wisdom, or the inefficacy of high swoln power so conspicuous, as in the fall of Rome; whether considered *externally*, as to her conquests and dominions, or *internally*, as to the regulations and privileges granted

to the people for the preservation of freedom. Mistress of the world, Rome sunk under her own weight, and unable to support the heighth of power she had attained to, that very power became the cause of her ruin, and from her too numerous conquests, she was herself ultimately conquered. While the Plebeians, ever solicitous to acquire fresh grants and further immunities, had long before, from obtaining too much liberty, become slaves by the very means they had sought to preserve themselves free. The mighty Colossus tottered and fell to the ground. The Barbarians rushing in on every side, grew rich with her spoils, and strengthened themselves by her strength. The very Emperors who had held the forces of the universe in awe, were raised one day, and deposed the next, at the pleasure of a few soldiers; and those who had ruled the world, were in the course of time confined to the dominion of a single city. It were curious to fancy the capitol resounding with the barbarick clamours and discordant tongues of Goths or Vandals, which, but a little space before, had only heard that language, which to this day remains the standard of literature and taste. Fallen Rome became an easy prey to the Barbarian forces which ravaged the territory, and was re-

peatedly attacked, taken, and plundered by single tribes of that mighty empire, over the whole of which she had a little before so imperiously domineered. Amongst her numerous enemies, Rome was trampled upon in her turn by *Carthaginian* invaders; by plunderers from that very city she had herself razed to the ground. Genserick, seems to have been led from frozen seas to burning sands by the ordinances of fate, as a weapon in the hand of Providence to seek and obtain severest retribution for a victim over which Rome had so cruelly insulted, while through him the conquered Carthage triumphed over and despoiled her own conquerors.

During the dark ages, while Europe was involved in the deepest obscurity, Asia began to shine forth with the most conspicuous splendor. Her bands of Saracens overruning Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and all the northern part of Asia, even penetrated into Spain by the most rapid succession of conquests, and remained firm possessors of the conquered territory for a lengthened period, notwithstanding the difference of religion, language, and complexion. The decisive victory which Charles Martel gained over these invaders when they attempted to cross the

Pyrenees, proved a fatal blow to their European power, and from that moment they began to totter, and sink from preeminence. The internal divisions of their state, and the frequent assassinations of reigning princes by too powerful subjects, who aspired to fill their thrones, and who were in their turn themselves assassinated by others, equally aspiring, rendered this unhappy nation one continued scene of domestic misery. Ferocity seems to be one principle character of the Mahometan religion, and the bloody banquet of Abdalla will ever be remembered with horror and disgust. The Saracens after their expulsion from Spain, gradually lost every remnant of power, and now remain on the scorched coasts of Africa, the slaves of their conquerors the Turks, only conspicuous for the miseries arising to them from that dreadful visitant the plague, or from their own barbarity, the cruelties of their rulers, or the crimes of individuals. What was formerly called the *garden of the world*, is now become, under their influence, the miserable retreats of a few rapacious pirates, and sanguinary tyrants. From the wretchedness of her scanty inhabitants, and the natural miseries of the soil or climate, Africa seems, for the crimes of her sons, to have inherited the malediction of nature, while savage barbarism, robbery, and ty-

ranny, are become the characteristics of a country, once respected for its sciences and ennobled by its military atchievements.

Since the fall of the Saracens, sovereign power ceased to be engrossed by any single nation; while, from the wreck of the Roman empire, the more equal states of modern Europe have taken their rise. But the revolutions which have happened and continue to happen in her governments, and the nations that rise and fall before our eyes, remain a lasting proof, that though perhaps Europe is become more refined in her learning, or accomplished in her arts, she is not become exempt from, or raised above the changes of adversity and prosperity, which have marked the progress of the ancient world. Would the fourteenth Lewis have given credit to him who asserted, that his unhappy descendant might by possibility embrue the violated throne with his blood, or that his race could eventually become wanderers on the face of the earth? And does it not raise emotions of wonder and compassion in our breasts, when we behold that very nation, whom we ourselves remember flourishing in native freedom and independance, now groaning beneath the enervating chain of Gallic tyranny? Yet glorious at least was her fall, and noble the

last struggles of expiring liberty, when she sunk in the defence of that freedom, which she had so dearly prized, and till that moment, so rigidly preserved.

One obvious moral seems to me the inevitable result of these contemplations. That the exuberance of national pride, should in any and every nation be restrained, and the haughtiness of individuals thoroughly eradicated, when they reflect that the united wisdom of nations, the collected force of empires, was unable to preserve them from decay, and even in some instances, have only proved instrumental to their own destruction.

While Man however is taught, by a review of the weakness and calamities of his fellow-creatures, to think more humbly of himself, ought not his awe and veneration to be in the highest degree encreased towards HIM,

" *Who sees with equal eye as* GOD *of all,*
" *A hero perish or a sparrow fall;*
" *Atoms, or systems into ruin hurl'd,*
" *And now a bubble burst,—and now a world.*"

POPE.

Who sits immovable amid the crumbling wreck, who sees and directs the impending ruin, allevi-

ates or heigthens the blow, and diminishes or encreases its baneful effects? Through the whole series of history his omnipotent providence may clearly be traced, and whether under the name of destiny or chance, his mighty hand may be observed managing the vast design, administering universal justice, and drawing regular order out of extended confusion.

O

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. V.

MONDAY, *May* 21, 1804.

Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes——

LUCRETIUS LIB. 3. V. 60.

By night and day to strive with ardent toil
To reach the summit——

IN every rank and situation of human life we may observe the character of man to be strongly impregnated with a degree of unceasing restlessness, which continually urges him on to the attainment of his desires, which enlivens the opening prospects of life, and teaches him never to be satisfied even with the most fortunate and unexpected termination of his pursuits. He fixes his attention upon one object, all his labours tend to

the accomplishment of one purpose; but he no sooner arrives at the intended limit of his ambition, than perceiving other heights still rising over his head, he kindles at the view, and only effects one design, that he may regret the incompletion of others; he reaches the ideal goal, but finds it the barrier to another course.

I do not by any means intend to confine this almost universal passion to those who are actuated by the mere love of fame; for however various the pursuits of the mind are, whether it directs its views to the accumulation of wealth, the knowledge of literature, or the sway of empire, or whether it courts the fluctuating breezes of popular distinction, still in every variation of life, in every stage of its ambition, it is restless, aspiring, and insatiable. Moreover, although the love of fame extends itself to a prodigious degree within the circles of society, yet there are many whose natural torpor has never been awakened by its influence; whereas the passion, to which I allude, universally infuses itself into every heart, both the Learned, and the Ignorant, the Tyrant, and his Vassal, the crafty Politician, and the unlettered Countryman, however different their ideas and intentions, are equally susceptible of its powerful effects. Nor do I for a moment hesitate to

declare, (however improbable it may appear upon a distant view) that mankind in their progress through life, derive more happiness from the prosecution, than the actual enjoyment of the desired object; and that pleasures anticipated by hope, lose their charms after attainment. Although it would be extremely difficult to produce any historical incident for the support of this assertion, which could not possibly be mentioned in the delineation of any great man's character; as the sensation, if indeed existing, would be entirely confined to his own bosom; yet, if we may judge from that apparent inquietude and discontent which operates upon the minds of those who have risen to the summit of authority and glory, which prompts them even to descend to humbler pursuits, rather than remain inactive; to pursuits which, although more conducive to the benefit of society, they overlooked and despised, whilst the power of conquest was able to absorb their attention, there is at least presumptive evidence to authorize such an opinion. What other reason induced Julius Cæsar, after so many glorious victories and triumphs, to repeople the deserted cities of Carthage and Corinth? what to cherish the design of levelling the loftiest mountains in Italy; of draining the Pontine Marsh, or of separating the Istmus of Peloponnesus? We

cannot for a moment attribute it to the love of fame, or suppose that he, who by his skill and valour, had driven Pompey from the plains of Pharsalia, could desire any other monument to immortalize his name. Was it for the benefit of his country? Alas! can we believe that he, who had inthralled the liberties of Rome, and by the force of unlawful arms had usurped the government, and deluged Italy with Roman blood, could turn his ambitious thoughts towards humanity, or benevolence?

Hence it was that Alexander the Great, after having extended his conquests almost to the limits of the Eastern World, lamented the impossibility of undertaking new labours and difficulties, and prefered the horrors and confusion of war, although they might terminate in defeat, to peace and inactivity; after having atchieved the most extraordinary and unheard of exploits, and being master of so vast a tract of country, his thirst after military glory must have been satiated; he could not have laboured to retain his honours and advantages, because he evidently sought the enlargement, rather than the preservation of them; activity and exertion therefore appear to have been conducive to his happiness, and the sole objects of his ambition.

We must however make one clause in favour of virtue, and true religion, which instead of declining from their original beauty, acquire new lustre by enjoyment. Yet even here, if we investigate with nicer scrutiny this apparent exception, we shall find it to be a stronger corroboration of the fact. For it is here also impossible to remain fixed in the same degree of elevation; a really virtuous man will every day make further progress in the exercise of his faith, and should he unavoidably pass a few hours without improvement, he would discontentedly exclaim in the words of Titus, "*I have lost a day.*"

These sensations of inquietude and discontent seem purposely implanted in our souls by nature, to prevent that stagnation which might otherwise deaden the tumultuous ocean of life, were we to be satisfied by obtaining the first objects of our ambition. Each man would place his views upon one obvious point; would exert himself for a short time to the accomplishment of his limited desires, and then sink quietly into the vale of contentment and obscurity. It is not in the nature of man, during the early period of his youth, to aim at the highest degree of eminence which can be acquired; were it so, my argument would become vain and futile, but his ambition is cherished by success, and at every new stride he

learns to aspire to the more exalted situations that may fall within his reach. For man is a progressive being, he is fond of variation and advancement, and however great his acquirements, however extensive his knowledge, however extraordinary his abilities, yet is he never found to arrive at so excellent a degree of pre-eminence, that his faculties are incapable of further enlargement and perfection. Mr. Addison, in one of the numbers of his Spectator produces this, as a strong and convincing proof of the immortality of the soul. For since this ambitious principle is found never to be satiated with the greatest advantages that fortune can present, or labour attain in this world, and is known to influence us when the approach of death has calmed, and extinguished the other tumults of the heart, we have an undoubted right to conclude that there must be something after dissolution, the enjoyment of which alone is calculated to overcome the workings of this avaritious quality.

Moreover if we consult the lives, and search into the characters and sentiments of those illustrious heroes and philosophers, who have flourished in the ages of antiquity, or of those who, by their prowess, or writings, have raised our own country to its present state of political and

literary grandeur; if we look upon those, who are now in various conditions, labouring in the pursuit of their respective objects; or if we inspect the internal operations of our own minds, we shall universallly perceive this restless impulse to be the constant spring of human actions, and the chief animator of life itself.

Whilst I was occupied in meditating upon the foregoing observations, a sudden sleep fell upon me, and in a moment I was transported into the fields of imagination.

Methought I was in a green valley, reclining under the shade of a large plane-tree; I felt as if awakened from a most refreshing slumber, but without the smallest recollection of the place in which I found myself. I immediately arose, and looked around in the hope of seeing some object which might assist me in discovering my situation: but whilst I was admiring the beauty of a river which was gliding through the fields on my left hand, a loud clamour, as of a great multitude, obliged me to turn round, when at a small distance from the tree, under which I had been reposing, I perceived a vast concourse of people directing their steps towards a lofty mountain, which terminated one side of the valley.

Impelled by curiosity I ran forwards, and soon mingled with the crowd; but I was astonished in no small degree at receiving no answer from several persons to whom I addressed myself; by some I was rudely pushed aside, by others I was politely requested to give way, and all seemed to have a particular object in view, from which they could not for an instant be diverted. At length perceiving an aged personage seated on a rising mound near the public road, I ventured to accost him with civility, and intreated him to inform me by what name the valley, in which I had first found myself, was known, and with what intention that concourse of people were pressing so eagerly towards the mountain. He listened to my enquiries with courtesy and attention, and upon my being silent addressed me in the following words: "My son, you must without doubt have lately arrived from some very distant country, or you could not be ignorant of these celebrated regions; however as you seem desirous of information, sit down by me on this bank, and I will endeavour to explain every thing to you.

"The valley through which you passed, is called the VALE of CONTENTMENT; that smooth, unruffled stream beyond the Plane-trees on your right hand, is the RIVER of OBLIVION, it takes its

rise in a grove, on the other side of the mountain, and flows in an undisturbed current as far as the eye can reach, till it is lost in the mists which overhang the western horizon: you may with difficulty perceive some boats and small vessels gliding down the water, while the several crews appear quite insensible of their motion, and entirely occupied with admiring the flowers which adorn the banks on either side. The broad way, which lies before us, is called the ROAD of AMBITION; a little higher up it branches off into a variety of paths, at which place this multitude will separate, and each individual will turn into that path which most delights him. Yonder lofty hill is the MOUNTAIN of LIFE; it is the constant employment of the travellers to toil up those heights by the different tracts which I mentioned to you.

"Now raise your eyes towards the centre of the mountain, just beyond the division of the road; you may observe that each person fixes his attention upon the nearest of those resting places which are within his view, and seems animated by the hopes of arriving at a spot, where alone he expects to find happiness. Many after making a small progress, have been precipitated over the ROCK DESPAIR, many, as you perceive, float down the RIVER of OBLIVION, and some few, chiefly

women, are contented to remain in this peaceful valley, although despised and scoffed at by those who pass along the high road. In my youthful days I had intended to ascend the mountain, but being naturally of a timid disposition, and fearing the dangers which others seemed to encounter in their progress, I have spent a quiet life in the VALE of CONTENTMENT, pitying the follies of others, and in vain attempting to dissuade them from the prosecution of their purposes."

During the latter part of the old man's speech, I had involuntarily kept my eyes fixed upon one of the beautiful resting places, which he had pointed out to me. I felt so strong and irresistible a desire of visiting it, that I was utterly unable to restrain my feet; and so entirely was I wrapped up in the hopes of attaining it, that without thanking my instructor, I sprang from my seat, and again mingling with the crowd, began to ascend the mountain by the road, which wound irregularly round it. For some time I was astonished at the continual murmuring which assailed my ears from all sides, as no one appeared to hold the slightest conversation with his neighbour: at length I perceived that almost every individual was talking to himself with the

greatest earnestness; at first I imagined they were offering up prayers for their success; but from a few words which I happened to overhear, I discovered that they were feasting themselves with the anticipation of those advantages and pleasures which they expected to enjoy upon their arrival at the intended termination of their journey.

Whilst I was amusing myself with these *social* conversations, I reached the spot at which the road separated; here I stopped in order to determine by which path I should proceed, when looking towards the centre of the roads, I perceived a tall hexagon column, on which were engraved the names of six paths, by which the mountain was to be ascended. I eagerly read the inscription, and found that they were styled PLEASURE—SCIENCE—PUBLIC HONOR—WEALTH—POWER, and VIRTUE. I turned my eyes from one side to the other in the greatest perplexity and hesitation, I was rather inclined to follow the PATH of VIRTUE, but it appeared so rugged and difficult of access, and so full of loose fragments of the rock which every moment threatened to give way under the footsteps of those few travellers who were toiling up the ascent, that I was quickly deterred from my attempt. I then considered the other paths with greater accuracy; four of them

were very steep and arduous, and I believe the passengers would have fainted under their intolerable labours, had they not sometimes recreated themselves in the enticing groves, and bowers which crossed the road in various places; some indeed did fall down through excess of fatigue before they could arrive at them, and were soon trampled upon by the eager multitude.

Turning from these my notice was attracted by the broad flowery way of PLEASURE, whose course was directly opposite to the PATH of VIRTUE, through which great numbers of people were sauntering, holding large goblets in their hands, crowned with garlands, and singing; indeed the whole procession had so much the appearance of happiness, and jollity; the woods on each side were so beautiful and luxuriant; the path so smooth and easy to ascend, that I was upon the point of hastening forwards to join the merry crew, when my progress was arrested by a Venerable Figure, clothed in a white flowing garment, with hair white as snow, of gentle aspect, and majestic deportment; "Whither would you hasten, young man," exclaimed he, in accents of mingled softness and reproach, "Alas! perhaps you know not that yonder pleasant road leads only to destruction; observe the crowd for a mo-

ment, and you will perceive that many of them are continually lost in the Woods of Error and Dissipation, which overgrow a large part of the space between the different roads; some are quarrelling, others drunken, and all however happy in their external appearance, are in reality dissatisfied and miserable: moreover the road itself is terminated by a tremendous and unforeseen precipice, over which all will finally be dashed; a few are returning by the small path on the right side of the road, with faultering steps, and countenances expressive of the greatest sorrow and contrition."

He paused for a few moments; I recoiled from the tumultuous scene in horror and disgust, and shuddered at the recollection of the fate which I had so fortunately escaped. The venerable personage resumed his discourse. "I am," continued he, "the genius of the narrow way which now lies before us; my name is Religion; I have been observing you for some time, and hoped that you would follow the direction of that road over which I preside; I felt myself strongly interested in your favour, and when you turned away, I still persisted in observing your actions: at length I was so apprehensive of your being tempted by the false allurements of the flowery way, that I immediately hastened, if possible, to

prevent your destruction. It is not in my power to oblige you to choose what is contrary to your own inclinations; I can only point out to you and describe the various mysteries which you may observe on all sides.

" You are already informed of the dangers and destruction which lurk about the PATH of PLEASURE. Do you perceive that way on your left hand, in many parts adorned with heaps of golden ingots, and gilt palaces? I mean that which is called the ROAD to WEALTH. How pale and meagre the passengers appear as they crawl with difficulty up the ascent, each fixing his attention upon some one of those heaps, which attracts his eye. Now look higher up and you will observe some who have just demolished one heap, almost sinking under the precious burthen, and labouring with increased difficulty towards the next, others laden with the treasures which they have stolen from the palaces. Mark yon miserable wretch panting under the weight of these beloved incumbrances; that ill-looking fellow who is now stealing behind, like his shadow, will ere long rob him of his hard-gained riches, and tumble him down the precipice. Even on the loftiest point of the mountain, which you can discern, they are still moving on with as much zeal

and discontent towards the attainment of the next object, as if they had nothing at all in their possession.

"But let us now consider the PATH of PUBLIC HONOUR, which is on our right hand. Behold with what anxiety all strive to surpass each other, never for an instant averting their attention from those brazen statues, and bowers, which give a pleasing variety to the asperity of the road. The enjoyment of these is the sole object of their ambition, and they expect to find in them everlasting ease, and happiness. Alas! when they have at length reached them, they only look forward to the next, which then for the first time offers itself to their view, and find themselves still further from the conclusion of their labours. Do you see that quick, ardent youth who is pressing forwards with such unusual alacrity? He has already passed all his competitors, and is now entering the first bower, flushed with the joy of conscious superiority. Mark the sudden variation of his countenance; he has left the bower and is now continuing his exertion with evident chagrin and dissatisfaction, somewhat alleviated by hope. The two nearer roads are occupied by travellers who are animated by the same desires, and a similar degree of insatiable curiosity and ambition.

" But now a very different prospect is submitted to our consideration; I mean the narrow, craggy path whose apparent difficulty seemed so much to discourage you. In your imagination it was rugged, and scarcely possible to be approached, whilst the laborious and unremitting diligence of the travellers excited your compassion; moreover you perceived that there were no verdant bowers, no magnificent palaces, or high worked statues to attract the eye, or divert the attention. Upon trial you would have found it far otherwise, from what it appeared upon a more distant view. Those fragments of rock which seem so rough and treacherous, become smooth and firm under the feet of those treading upon them; and the passengers themselves become happier, and more invigorated at every step; whereas the others meet with new dangers the higher they advance. It is true there are no places of ease and recreation, but they are neither regretted, or desired. Each person rests his hopes, and attention upon a most beautiful and splendid temple which rises over the top of the mountain; and is not visible to you in our present situation, but which becomes more and more conspicuous and magnificent as you proceed; and there at length the weary travellers will receive certain and eternal rewards. To the other paths there is no percep-

tible termination, nor have the most fortunate adventurers ever discovered one. The summit of the mountain has hitherto been inaccessible, except on that side through which the PATH of VIRTUE rises; and is constantly enveloped by the surrounding clouds."

At these words the GENIUS RELIGION vanished; I did not hesitate a moment, but suddenly springing forwards with great exertion towards the PATH of VIRTUE—I awoke, and was considerably astonished to find myself quietly seated in my arm-chair.

E.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. VI.

MONDAY, *May* 28, 1804.

Stat contra, dicitque tibi tua pagina, fur es.
MART. 1, 28.

Your book stands witnesss, and proclaims you thief.

IN every state, even among barbarians, we find the possessions of individuals secured to them by the laws of the land; we find various offences marked out and distinguished one from another, and adequate punishments appropriated to the several degrees of guilt. If then *personal* property is guarded with such exactness, surely in the republic of letters *mental* property should as carefully be protected; the boundaries of crimes as accurately defined, and punishments as justly distributed. Supposing then the necessity of such regulations, a question may arise, who shall

form this code? shall Solomon Grildrig the little, a mere inmate in the court of Lilliput, presume in this respect to take upon him the dignity of a Brobdingnagian? But to prevent such objections for the future, and moreover for the purpose of asserting my absolute and indisputable authority, I SOLOMON GRILDRIG do give MYSELF leave to bring in a bill; I AGREE that it shall be passed, and do give MY royal assent to it, the form of which shall be as follows.

" *To all Connoisseurs, Judges, Cavillers, Catchpoles, Critics, Hangmen, &c. within the territory of letters, be it known by these presents, that SOLOMON GRILDRIG, shall be at perfect liberty to enact what laws he pleases, and that his readers shall be compelled to follow as many of them as they please.*

Given under my hand at the court of Lilliput, May 28th, 1804.

Witness MYSELF, S. G."

Having thus asserted my privilege of lawgiver, I shall proceed to distinguish the offences, and proportion penalties according to the several distinctions. Plagiarism is a word of too extended a sense, as including every species of theft, from half a dozen pages to a single idea; a subdivision

therefore is necessary. Every man's fame is his litterary life, which according to the nature of his guilt may be entirely demolished, or imprisoned for a term of years, or he may be forbidden to write again in that language in which the offence is committed, which shall be considered as equivalent to banishment.

Of the notorious offences which shall be deemed FELONY, are,

1. HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Should any man, from any common and well-known author, either in prose or verse, forcibly wrest thirty or forty lines and appropriate the same to his own use, he shall be condemned as an incorrigible fool, and suffer death without hopes of mercy; and his productions shall be torn up to line trunks; or buried in the temple of a certain inexorable goddess.

2. Whoever from any obsolete pages or unknown compositions, shall feloniously take above the value of twelve lines, he shall be found guilty of PRIVATELY STEALING, and shall likewise be punished with death; but for the first offence he may be *transported* into another language.

3. Of FORGERY two kinds may be mentioned; first, the act of falsely drawing on the world for

the credit of an anonymous publication; secondly, prefixing a false name to ones own, as in the case of Rowley and Chatterton: Both are to be punished with total loss of reputation.

4. Any person mutilating or maiming the composition of another for his own use, shall be prosecuted on the BLACK ACT, and banished from the Booksellers shop for ever.

5. Should a poet or other writer in any manner, or under any pretence wheedle any plan, design, image, or idea, as yet unpublished, from another, and bring it forward as is own, he shall be imprisoned for SWINDLING at the discretion of the court, and tossed in a blanket at the mercy of the plaintiff.

6. Any author receiving communications from another, and inserting them, knowing them to be stolen, shall be convicted of RECEIVING STOLEN GOODS, and punished according to the value of the same. Among the smaller offences, the similarity, or even downright theft of a name, single sentence, simily, or idea, shall be deemed PETIT LARCENY; but if more than one of each sort are seized, the offence becomes FELONY.

Where only a single expression, half an idea, the scrag-end of a simily, or not more than two

words together, are borrowed; provided the work is honest in other respects, any slight punishment will suffice. But if these smaller misdemeanors are often repeated, transportation, banishment, and all the horrors of dissolution and oblivion must necessarily ensue.

To enforce these laws a court shall be appointed, consisting of a censor and twelve jurymen, all professed connoisseurs, with sufficiently long faces, and large spectacles: who, besides the extensive knowledge of well known compositions, shall be deeply versed in all moth-eaten sheets, musty manuscrips, poems, odes, sonnets, long ago condemned and forgotten, so that no theft, from however obsolete and latent a quarter, shall escape the terror of their long-sighted glasses. For the assistance of whom, a certain set of *cavillers* shall be kept in pay to act as *bailiffs* or *catchpoles*. Last of all a seasonable number of *Critics* shall be supplied as *executioners*, on the poor miserable condemned plagiarists.

May 28th. The court being assembled, ARISTARCHUS SOURCROUT, chief censor, in the chair, and the usual forms being gone through, the prisoners were ordered to appear. The first on

the calendar was NICHOLAS LITTLEWIT, late of *Lilliput*, but now of the fashionable world, gentleman. He was charged with having at divers times, transmitted divers entertaining and facetious epistles, to several young bucks his acquaintances, and thereby to have gained great credit. Being however apprehended by one of the catchpoles, the aforesaid epistles were discovered to be copied, word for word, from the letters of Pope and Swift. The prisoner alledged in his defence,—1st, That as his correspondence was not published, it did not come under the cognizance of the court.—2dly. But for this unlucky accident his epistles might still have been read and admired in the fashionable circles.—3dly. That his admission into these circles in the evening, depended entirely on his epistolary exertions in the morning, and that exclusion would be to him worse than death.

The Jury, without hesitation, brought in the prisoner guilty of Highway Robbery. The censor in passing judgement, deplored the miserable situation of the young man; but as the epistles were universally read, they were without doubt, under the authority of the court. He therefore ordered, "That the letters, including the fame of the malefactor, should be publicly ex-

posed, torn in pieces and burnt, at any rout, between the hours of one and two in the morning, and that three critics do attend to execute the sentence."

The next prisoner JAMES SHARPSET, now of the republic of *Lilliput*, was charged with privately stealing ten quarts of *Scotch porridge*, from one Georgius Buchanan, above the value mentioned in the act. No defence being made, he would have only suffered transportation into Greece, had it not been proved that he was an old offender, having before been convicted of stealing several *bundles of Polish starch*, from one Cassimir; and should this indictment fail, Nicolaus Beza, Crusius, Barlœus, John Burton, and the whole body of "*Poetæ Italici Minores*," were ready to prosecute him, for depredations to a great amount on their works. After several severe animadversions from the censor on the crime, now too prevalent, of riding Pegasus with borrowed trappings; that is to say, of being professed literary sharpers, the prisoner was sentenced to the usual death. Critics were ordered to attend the execution.

Various others being tried, some, for encroaching on a numerous assortment of sonnets to the

Sun, Moon, and Stars, claimed common right of pasturage; others, for receiving stolen goods, were put to silence for a year, others, &c.

But the most material trial that occupied the attention of the court, was an action brought against the executors of GREGORY GRIFFIN, by SOLOMON GRILDRIG, for *forestaling and regrating* divers subjects, plans, ideas, schemes, &c. to the great detriment and damage of the aforesaid SOLOMON GRILDRIG.

Mr. TO-DAY counsel for the plaintiff, stated that his client had received that morning a letter, the contents of which were as follows: *Sir,—How long are we to be bored with old worn out subjects? If you cannot treat us with something new you will be no longer taken notice of by a* FELLOW CITIZEN. After this was read, he proceeded to shew that every local subject was monopolized by the defendant, and that his client was left to grovel among the ashes of his predecessor's wit and humour. The only witness called was Daniel Thickscull, who asserted that he and his friends would have nothing to do with the Miniature, every thing in it being old; that Novels and Romances were mentioned in the Microcosm, and there was something about history there too. On cross ex-

amination he was asked whether there was any single word, expression, or idea alike: he answered, that he neither knew or cared, for he had read neither; it sufficed that the subjects were old, and the papers should therefore be scouted by him and his friends.

Mr. YESTERDAY counsel for the defendant, stated, that he should call no witness but the world at large, to inform them how great are the vicissitudes of fashion, and that in proportion new materials for ridicule, and satire must be discovered. It was observed that the plaintiff was groveling in the ashes of wit, but it should be recollected that from ashes is born a Phœnix. The counsel was proceeding when he was stopped by the Censor, who delivered the judgment of the court in substance as follows,

That it was their opinion that the universal complaint of topics being pre-occupied was groundless. In this case if any action could be brought, it must be for the forestalment of names and titles, and not of subjects. He perfectly agreed with the learned counsel who spoke last; may even added, that an old subject newly treated must not only to any candid reader, but to every one of common sense, convey all the charms and allure-

ments of novelty.—*The plaintiff therefore was nonsuited.*

After this verdict the court was dissolved, and I poor SOLOMON sneaked out amidst an universal titter; but alas! the hangman must perish by his own rope; Perillus by his own bull, and I by the Tribunal of my own raising! But however this cause has been adjudged against me; I shall throw myself on the candour and good sense of my readers, and am fully determined, to the utmost of my power, at no time, and pressed by no occasion ever to become a criminal, and amenable to my own laws.

Lest the rigour of the preceding regulations should entirely damp the ardour of our modern Poetasters, I have been induced to insert the following advertisement.

To all AUTHORS, SONNETEERS, POETS LAUREAT, *&c.*

Just imported a large assortment of very rare and superfine IDEAS and IMAGES, perfectly new, warranted genuine, and never to have been before used; to be sold wholesale and retail by TIMOTHY FIREBRAIN, near the blind arch way, in Grub-street, up three pair of stairs.

Also SIMILIES as good as new to be let out by the week, month, or year.

A very choice collection of HINTS to be disposed of for a reasonable consideration.

N. B. Second-hand Ideas, bought, sold and exchanged; Expressions as usual two shillings and four-pence halfpenny per hundred.

T

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. VII.

MONDAY, *June* 4, 1804.

———— *Multis dicendi copia torrens,*
Et sua mortifera est facundia.

JUV. S. 10.

Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

DRYDEN.

DEAR MR. GRILDRIG,

"HAVING simply stated to you my case, I shall leave it to your candour to determine, whether I deserve pity, or censure. You must know then, Mr. GRILDRIG, that from my infancy, I was remarkable for an acuteness of observation, a quickness of repartee, far above my years. My parents by their thoughtless indulgence nourished and encouraged this disposition, and thus laid

the foundation of all those calamities and grievances, which it has since occasioned, and which have induced me to address you in this manner. The most common and simple expressions which fell from my mouth, were extolled by them as specimens of premature wit, and indications of future genius. The very manner in which I lisped, *Papa*, they declared to be singularly elegant, and the observations, which, even at that early age, I made on every thing which occurred in conversation, were sure to obtain for me the approving smiles of my father, and the rapturous kisses of my mother.

" Can it be wondered, that with such encouragement, and under such auspices, this unlucky tendency, grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; until it ripened into a constant longing, an insatiable desire of displaying my own abilities at the expence of others? I soon gained a habit of catching up every word which was uttered by the guests at our table, of making my puerile comments upon it, and of dogmatically proclaiming my own opinion, in opposition to that of every body. " It is a pity," my father used to say, " to check the boy's harmless sallies;" and thus was an unbounded licence of speech granted

to me, without danger of reproof, or fear of prohibition. Such good use did I make of the aforesaid licence, that I acquired the name of the *Little Arguer*, an appellation which to my sorrow be it confessed, my future actions have in no respect belied. Nothing indeed escaped my vigilant ears, which could give me food for argument; never was my tongue idle, never was it employed but to criticise some narration, or to contradict some assertion of another person. I have since frequently wondered, that the patience of my auditors was not completely exhausted, and that my paternal mansion did not become the house of silence; for I suffered none, but myself, to talk without interruption; I terrified every one, who attempted to engross the attention of his audience, by giving vent to the effusions of his brilliant fancy, by the apprehension of hearing his good stories, his marvellous adventures, and *hair-breadth escapes* shamefully confuted, and found guilty of improbability; his witty sayings and humorous jests ridiculed or misunderstood. If you reflect that universal approbation and applause as certainly followed every effort on my part, you will not be astonished that I conceived an high idea of my logical abilities, and that I was anxious to shew them off on every occasion. Convinced that I was equal

to " *him that Hight irrefragable,*" I was naturally impelled by this conviction to new exertions.

" Not to detain you with a description of the ludicrous occurrences, the unfortunate discoveries, to which my love of contradiction daily gave birth, to the great annoyance of all the wits, pedants, or boasters, who frequented my father's table; I will proceed to the period, when being sent to a public school, I quitted for the first time the scene of my triumphs, with the warmest expectations of future brilliancy on the part of my parents, and no less, to confess the truth, on my own. I exulted at the idea of a larger field on which I might exert my talents to their full extent; I computed with inward complacency the number of my companions, who must continually start a variety of subjects for the exercise and display of them. How miserably have I been deceived! the foundation upon which those ambitious projects rested, has been the cause of their total failure. I began with indefatigable spirit and industry to contradict every thing, which any of my school-fellows, whether older or younger than myself, advanced, and laboured with zealous perseverance to convince them that all they said was wrong, and myself alone in the right. My arguments and confutations were

received by the younger part in the manner which might have been expected; i. e. they drew down upon me no small number of bruises, together with other mishaps, vulgarly termed black eyes and bloody noses; by the upper part they were retreated with silent contempt, or open laughter.

" This reception by no means flattering or expected, at first surprized and embarrassed me; but I soon persuaded myself that it could only be attributed to the envy, which the uncommon splendour of my abilities excited, and therefore pursued with unabated ardour, what I imagined to be the path to glory. But in a short time the fallacy of my expectations, and the folly of the method which I had taken to fulfil them, were too palpably evident. The few acquaintance, who from a similarity of disposition had courted my notice, gradually dropped off, and invented every possible excuse to rid themselves of my company; my presence every where created disgust instead of that admiration which I looked for; I was shunned, buffeted, an out-cast from society, an hermit in the midst of crowds. Still however possessed by that self-conceit, which though mortified was not yet subdued, I compared my case to that of the Sirens, who were

cautiously avoided by voyagers on account of the irresistible power and persuasion of their words. Such however were the drubbings which I encountered on one side; the sneers and humiliation on the other; and so mortifying was the solitude in which I seemed to wander, that they have conjointly restored me to my right senses, and have brought me over to an opinion, which formerly I should have rejected with disdain. I now sincerely think, that however pleasing it may be to our private vanity, to convict a fellow creature of making absurd and groundless assertions; of telling improbable stories; of cutting flat and senseless jokes, we neither promote the amusement of others, or gain credit to ourselves by the discovery. And yet would you believe it, Mr. Grildrig, the mania of contradiction has taken such strong hold of me, that notwithstanding its mischievous effects are too plain, I cannot disengage myself from its influence. Frequently have I been surprized to find myself cavilling at, refuting, and disproving by all the rules of logic, and common sense an arrant truism; indeed I am not thoroughly certain whether I shall not contradict every thing contained in this letter, and prove it false in argumemt and fact from beginning to end.

"Pray, dear Mr. Grildrig, if you are acquainted with any remedy for this disorder incurable as it appears to me, do communicate it as speedily as possible for the benefit of

Your's, &c.

ANTHONY ABSOLUTE."

My correspondent is afflicted with a malady by no means uncommon, but which when once suffered to take root, is not easily eradicated. The spirit of contradiction, particularly if united, as it generally is, to the desire of displaying our abilities in the argumentative way, increases, like all other disorders of body or mind, by indulgence; until it becomes at length a constituent part of the system, and a necessary aliment of the imagination. Truly pitiable is the lot of him, who falls within the gripe of an Anthony Absolute. Let him not flatter himself, good man! that any situation whether public or private; any company select or numerous, will shelter him from the attack of this formidable foe: even silence itself will not prove a sufficient safe guard; for he will trouble himself very little whether you really asserted or not what he is striving with all his might to confute; and while you sit the dumb victim of his eloquence, will continue to heap proof upon argument with the greatest unconcern.

You may perhaps hug yourself in the conceit, that by assenting to every one of his propositions; by perfectly agreeing with him on every point, to avert the storm of words, and too btain a short interval of peace and quiet; but here again you will be grievously mistaken; for having once entrapped your assent, he will seize upon you as lawful prey; or in other words will proceed to contradict what he admitted himself but a few moments before, merely because your opinion happens to coincide with his own: in short, no artifice, no subterfuge, nothing but a precipitate retreat can deliver you from his claws, if you are by any mischance within their reach.

There are however some distinguishing traits, by means of which a tolerable adept in physiognomy will be able to recognize one of this tribe on his first approach, and to avoid him accordingly. The nose is invariably sharp and pointed; the eye brows contracted and frowning; the whole aspect is darkened by a sour peevishness, which paints in legible characters the temper of the mind on the features of the face. Moreover the discourse of such a being is seasonably interlarded with peculiar formularies of speech, which like the rattle of the American serpent, will serve to forewarn the imprudent of their danger; such as, " *I crave*

your pardon sir," but, *" give me leave sir, if I am not mistaken,"* and so on: all which are universally preludes to a direct contradiction, or a flat negative. In short his malady, betrays itself in every part of his behaviour and conduct, rendering him as disagreeable to himself, as he is to others.

In compliance with the wish of my correspondent, I will propose those remedies which occur to me as probably competent to remove, or at least to diminish, the virulence of his disorder. I am surprized that it has never fallen under the consideration of the faculty, and that among the numberless panaceas, by which certain charitable and well-disposed members of the community, kindly, and almost gratis offer to heal every complaint which can afflict their fellow creatures, none has been advertised for the cure of this mental distemper. We have powders to exterminate the humours which infest the human body; we have the infallible rat powder which promises in a very short time to purify Great Britain of every species of vermin; so that Ireland will no longer boast the sole enjoyment of her envied privilege. Why therefore, should there not be a powder for the extinction of all the humours, the agitation, and torments, which those possessed with the rage for con-

tradiction and argument unquestionably suffer? The ingredients might consist of some drams of good temper, a scruple or two of common sense, together with a grain of modesty. The mixture to be taken whenever the disorder is troublesome. If however this remedy should be impracticable or ineffectual, I can only advise Anthony Absolute as his last resource, to enlist himself a member of the Pythagorean School, and to deny himself for a period of five years, the use and abuse of his tongue.

N.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. VIII.

MONDAY, *June* 11, 1804.

Having received the following Composition from an unknown Correspondent, I have ventured to present it to the Public, without any alteration or comment upon its merits.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetæ.

HOR. A. P. 285.

No path to Fame our poets left untried.

IT is a trite but true observation, that the frivolous whims and fanciful dictates of fashion have more effect upon the mind, and enforce their commands with more irresistible sway, than all the precepts and admonitions of prudence or wisdom. It might however seem probable, that fashion would have contented herself with arranging the tasty fabric of a lady's head dress, or the cut of a beau's

coat; with deciding the exact hour when it should be genteel for the gay world to feel hungry; with regulating the length of a shoe-string, or any other important article of a similar nature. But the goddess, wishing to exert her prerogatives and power to the utmost, has extended her influence over the regions of literature and taste; she has invaded the sacred retreats of Helicon themselves, and by a touch of her wand, the Muses appear as readily inclined to follow her commands, as any other young ladies within the realms of St. James's, while Apollo himself submits his lyre to be new strung at her option. In short, poetry is and has long been as entirely subject to the laws of fashion as a birth-day suit, or a ball-dress, and promises, under its present rules and restrictions, soon to become equally valuable. From the epic to the elegy, the pindarick ode to the sonnet, her power is felt, her supremacy acknowledged. It is not however of late years only that fashion has been thus omnipotent; were we to take a chronological inspection of poetry in general to the most remote ages, we should, I believe, perceive her equally domineering. The wild Norwegian ballads and romantic strains of the Erse and Norse legends are all marked with the same character.

Simplicity was the universal aim of the ancient English minstrels, a taste which has been ill supplanted by the whims of a later date. At one period the merit of poetry consisted not in the novelty of ideas, or elegancy of expression, but in the form or model which it displayed. I recollect having seen a copy of verses, "*To a hair of my Mistresses's eye-lash,*" whose only merit consisted in the lines being so arranged, or rather disarranged, that the whole poem might be written in the form of a heart. A pair of wings was the favorite shape for a sonnet to appear in; and a triangle the established form of a sacred hymn. At another moment the whim of men led them to exclude particular letters from their poems, and one soaring beyond the rest; actually wrote, or intended to write an Epic Poem in five books, on purpose to exclude every vowel by turns. The sublime ode was another resource of fashion to vary the prevailing follies of the day. High and low, rich and poor were then universally excited to give vent to their extravagant fancies, in the wildest measures and loosest numbers; sense or beauty were equally sacrificed to irregularity, and all believed that the use of Pindar's Metre would inspire them with Pindar's sublimity and conception.

Every subject was deemed equally worthy of these high flights of poetry. Odes on the "*use and abuse of cabbage-stalks in the cure of a quinzy,*" or, on "*the efficacy of lime in the composition of mortar,*" were the common productions of the press. Ere long this taste fell into disrepute, and was succeeded by another if possible more surprising. The whole nation seems to have been suddenly inspired with a species of religious mania, and it appears to have been then considered actually necessary, for the composition of a meritorious poem, on whatsoever subject it might be written, that the performance should be seasoned with a spice of the scriptures, or a few sacred similies, by way of keeping holy ideas continually present to the minds of the reader. Whether this resort proved serviceable to the cause of religion, it is not for me to determine; but poetry was certainly not improved by a mixture of texts dragged by main force into every sort of composition, which, when thus pressed into service, lay prominent from the body of the poem like so many lumps of extraneous matter. The comparison of a blight destroying suddenly an unfortunate field of barley, to the exterminating angel, who in one night slew all Senacherib's powers, does not excite any very pastoral or reverential ideas; and this me-

thod of writing was the more detrimental, as it introduced a most marvellous jumble of christian and mythological tenets. In one line the reader is induced to suppose himself in Paradise, while in the next, the sudden appearance of Venus and her graces, puts the pious supposition totally to the rout; nor does the Pagan Mercury, who was an acknowledged protector of thieves and vagavonds, when he is addressed at the beginning of a sonnet, perfectly associate with the reverence due to the christian Jehovah, who is brought to be present at the conclusion. Poetry of a more modern date, assumed a form totally different from any of the preceding vagaries, and indeed, this form is so peculiar, that I shall be induced to dilate rather more extensively upon the topic. The principal characteristicks of this species seem to be as follows.

Imprimis, a flowery string of choice epithets, whether meaning or unmeaning, it was not of much consequence, provided there were plenty of them tacked to each substantive, as

"Wistful turns the fearful eye."

In the second place, a strict respect was to be paid to alliteration, so that, to be perfect, it was necessary that out of ten words, eight should be-

gin with the same letter; I have selected a more moderate example;

——————————— The huntress Queen
Showers her shafts of silver o'er the scene.

N. B. Who would suppose that by this happy combination of sporting ideas, the poet had merely meant to say, " the moon shines!!!" Again it was proper that a certain tinkling should accompany every line, and that every couplet should glide along in the most mellifluous course, undisturbed by the interruption of any harsh obtruding word, however the sense of the passage might require one, as;

" While gently o'er the undulating wave,
Maria drops the gossamery tear."

No unmarried substantive could be admitted, and here no deviations from the general rule of alliteration might by any chance be allowed; we find " *sensate shrubs,*" " *simpering sugar,*" " *mingling murders,*" " *silent sabbaths;*" and even to preserve this canon in full force, we find the elements themselves suddenly endued with the power of reading, and a taste for literature; since among innumerable instances I have seen " *lettered lightnings,*" employed, in order to preserve sound, by excluding sense.

No adjective is so desirable as one which will exactly echo back the sense of the substantive to which it is coupled; as *joys, joyful; blessings, blissful; sensibilities, sensitive; visions, visionary;* &c. &c. But if it was found actually necessary, to introduce a word of common use into these uncommon poems, it was always metamorphosed, and transmogrified by the addition or elision of a syllable or letter, so that hardly any trace of the plebeian baseness of its origin might easily be discovered; one favorite method was to add a "y" at the end of the word; as for *pale, still,* read "*paly, stilly.*" It is always "*thwart the sight,*" among this race of poets, never *athwart.* With them too we never find a *blood-stained dagger,* but always "*a dagger distained with gore.*" The last thing to be considered was the subject of the poem, and this was always some interesting event among the lower order of animals, whereby the delicate sensibilities might be more tenderly affected; such as the decease of a flea; the miscarriage of a grasshopper; or the wedding of a couple of gnats.

The author always opened the poem by a kind of prologue, bespeaking himself in a melancholy tone of mind, either scattering his tears to the winds, or waves, if preferable; or sighing, or dy-

ing; in short, melancholy he must be, and in general to heighten the effect he ought to be wandering by moon-light. What commendation was not due to a poem written under these regulations, especially when ushered into the world with some elegant signature, (which by the bye was half the business,) as that of *Anna-Matilda, Laura-Maria, Cœsario, or Hyppolito!* These captivating appellatives possessed such a seducing sweetness, that half England was inflamed with the ardor of appearing under similar titles. I had forgot to mention that cruelty to animals was held in such utter abhorrence by this feeling choir, that they appear even to have thought the least injury done to any bird, beast, or fish, infinitely more heinous than any act of violence committed on a fellow-creature. We have an instance of a man, who having killed a bird, thought proper to run almost mad upon the occasion; yet perhaps he would have supported the idea of having been instrumental towards the death of a man with christian fortitude. Every stanza of the poem which yells out such syllables of dolour on this mournful occasion, concludes with the dreadful repetition of the crime, "*O! I have killed an Albatross.*" Without any invidious intention, I would compare this melancholy

line with the memorable one, " *Zounds, Sir, you have cut off the Alderman's thumb.*"

Surely the latter is more calculated to excite sensibility; the poor Albatross found in death a period to its woes, but the wretched Alderman remained a living object of compassion. Then if we recollect that the thumb might have been cut off at the moment, when the Alderman was stretching out his hand to reach some calipash and calipee—his hand maimed! his wishes frustrated! Surely every tender feeling is awakened by the too mournful idea!

This species of poetry was at length rejected, principally owing to the insupportable satire of the Baviad, though we may still observe a *Hafiz* or a *Helen*, now and then lingering in the daily papers. A method of composition has succeeded, and still in a great measure prevails, equally wonderful, though entirely dissimilar, which has obtained for these days the title of the " Hobgoblin and bespectred age." In metre these poems imitate that of our ancient ballads, but differ from them totally in style. An assemblage of horrors, oceans of blood, and a series of murders appear in the short space of a few lines, hardly to be paralled in a whole epic of

former days: spectres and apparitions no longer single, but arising in companies, not in the regular dress, or even the accustomed forms, but in a motley crew of unheard of monsters; ghosts with heads and without heads, and heads without ghosts, astonish and terrify every reader. I have seen a poem of this nature, in which the author either to heighten the catastrophe, or to shew off his knowledge in anatomy, runs through the whole catalogue of bones, nerves, and sinews, with the most barbarous exactitude; breaking some, cracking others, till the wretched hero and sufferer expire in the most lingering torments, and are some dozen of stanzas undergoing the operation of being murdered. In short, no horror or assassination has been left unsung; and more blood has been spilt in the course of a single volume by these sanguinary poets, than flows from all the slaughter-houses of *Clare-market*, during the course of a whole year.

Then a most glorious contempt for time and place, and an exclusion of every thing natural or probable, are considered as necessary appendages. One line presents us with a newly-built castle, flourishing in the fourteenth century; in the next we are rambling among the ruined arches, and moon-silvered towers of the same

fabric in one thousand eight hundred, which every one must allow to be a good jump, for even Pegasus himself. We are now shivering in Norway, now broiling in Palestine, almost in the same moment.

I had intended to consider dramatic composition, and descant upon this other branch of poetry, but want of room prevents me from making any, but a few passing observations. Tragedy would not have detained me long, as Melpomene seems to have gone very quietly to sleep; and indeed I believe the real Thalia, has been spirited away to doze for a while in fairy land, and a false one substituted in her place; for the same muse which inspired a Shakespeare, or a Congreve, would hardly acknowledge any of our modern productions. The wit and humour of former days, has been supplanted by some continual repetition of a cant saying, introduced throughout the whole play, without even a with your leave, or a by your leave; such as, "*That's your sort.*" "*Push on, keep moving.*" "*A propos.*" "*Thank you good sir, I owe you one,*" and various other expressions equally facetious, which nevertheless contrive to draw thunders of applause, and bursts of laughter from the good-natured audience. One would conceive that many of our popular comedies, had been writ

ten by inn-keepers, and venders of spirits; or at least, that the authors were in league with these gentlemen, as there is ever introduced some drunken man of so amiable a character and such fair, though rough honesty, that every one even admires the vice in the person, and the delighted gods descend from their *one shilling olympus,* with full determination immediately to get equally drunk, and a full expectation of becoming equally amiable. I shall defer any further investigation of this species of composition till another opportunity, and conclude my letter by presenting to my readers the humble address which I have just received from one PETER POETICUS, who engages in three lessons, to render any scholar, of even the lowest capacity, a perfect adept in the art of fashionable versification.

This gentleman begs leave to inform his friends an the public in general, that he possesses the true Parnassian pick-axe; for opening the poetical vein.

He has a most complete assortment of polite rhymes and modish alliterations, together with a choice collection of signatures either pastoral or romantic; epithets by the bushel,

and similies by the gallon, together with every trope and metaphor in vogue. Ghosts single or in companies, in the most esteemed dresses, and genteel forms. Grinning Goblins and Shrieking Spectres, of the most fashionable and preposessing appearance. N. B. A higher price is expected, if the drapery is dabbled in blood. He sells daggers, graves, torches, and cloisters by wholesale; but moonlight and bats only by retail to a few of his best customers. Blood in any quantity. He has a superior assortment of Plays, upon the true German model, merely deficient in the plot; and Sonnets as perfect as harmony and nonsense can make them: in short, a most well-chosen collection of every material necessary towards the perfect establishment of a genteel poet, for the year 1804.

X. Y.

I have inserted the following Ode, as an illustration of the foregoing Letter.

AN

ODE TO THE RAINBOW,

IN THE GENUINE

Fantastical, Unmeaning, Harlequinic Style,

OF

SENTIMENTAL SONNETEERS,

AND

PRETTY POETASTERS.

OFFSPRING of yonder ambient cloud,
That purpurates the air;
While ſportive drops in mystic crowd
Their vermil hues prepare!

Celestial peacock! tinsell bird!
That loves th' enamell'd skies;
Whose conscious plumes diffuse a herd
Of *ephemerean dyes!

* N. B. The Ephemera is an insect which only lives a single day.

Desert not thou th' æthereal dome,
When shadowy sleets descend!
Oh! when the lambent lightnings roam,
Bright semicircle bend!

Oh! bend thy undulating form,
Athwart the curtain'd night!
The sailing surface of the storm
Grace with the garb of light!

Mid ridges of Riphœan rocks,
When paly Thunders fall,
The swain† compells his bleating flocks,
And opes th' impatient stall.

Or should he view thy roseate bow
Darting the busy clouds among;
He heedeth not the thunder so,
But tunes his amorous tongue.

Awaken'd‡ by the blustering breeze
Swift the light-rob'd maid designs,
To snatch the pendulant chemise
From gossamery lines;

† Hædorumque gregem viridi *compellere* hibisco.
VIR. EC. 2. 30.

‡ It is presumed that the author here alludes to the custom that washer-women have of taking the clothes off the line during a storm.

Sudden thy vivid pencil o'er
  The billowy darkness gleams;
Then, then she scorns the mimic roar,
  And quaffs Genevian streams.

Array'd in ſuch tumultuous hues
  May fancy tinge my breast;
And may fantastic forms infuse
  Imaginary rest!!

E.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. IX

MONDAY, *June* 18, 1804.

Pro se quisque. LIVY.

Each for himself.

SOCIAL conversation, and a circle of companions amongst whom a person may freely express his sentiments, and alleviate the laborious occupations of life by the mutual intercoure of words, have ever been esteemed as the chief blessings which man is permitted to enjoy. It is on this account that the Lawyer forsakes the dreary pages of Coke and Littleton, and hastens to join his brother students at the tavern: on this account the Village Curate flies from his solitary cottage to share the convivial merriment of the squire's table: hence it is the gay, the thought-

less Libertine exchanges sobriety for drunkenness, and the high privileges of man, for the grovelling appetites of a brute. But, exclusive of these, there are a race of mortals, who, in whatever degree they may admire the principiples of friendship and conviviality, scarcely ever choose to submit themselves to the caprice of companions, and are contented with possessing their own love, and esteem. While the Vicar is proving to a numerous audience the necessity of giving dues and tythes; while the Politician is redressing the grievances of the nation; the Apothecary descanting upon the advantages arising from a continual use of physic; or the Barrister settling his neighbour's affairs, before their respective clients; a person of this description, will betake himself to some place of solitude, most congenial to his feelings, and in a loud voice canvass any point in question, with as much ardour and judgment, as if he were pleading before the whole bench of judges.

One evening during the last Summer I was carelessly sauntering up Slough-road "*nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis,*" when a dreadful chattering, as of several persons engaged in a dispute, suddenly awakened me from a reverie, into which I had fallen. Turning round to discover the cause of it, what was my surprize,

when instead of the expected crowd, I could only perceive one solitary man: in vain I looked on every side, the noise still continued, and I naturally concluded that it must proceed from him, though the improbability of it still kept me in suspense. At length upon his nearer approach I was satisfied that he was the sole cause of my astonishment; his eyes were fixed on the ground, one moment he walked with great rapidity, then stopped, and then again darted forwards; at the same time gabbling a variety of incoherent sentences, with frequent changes of voice and incessant volubility. Conceiving that it was some unfortunate wretch who had lost his senses, I thought proper to make a precipitate retreat. I have since learned, that he is equally sensible and harmless, and that when I saw him he was only exercising his usual mode of amusement.

This method of *self-conversation*, however ridiculous it may appear, undoubtedly possesses many advantages peculiar to itself, and highly gratifying to those who indulge in it. The difficulty of finding a real friend, or even a pleasant companion is universally allowed: how much wiser therefore is he who instead of wearying himself in the pursuit of what is scarcely attainable, quietly retires within himself, and there en-

joys in private, what others vainly hunt for in the crowds and tumults of society. If we put such a friend with all the hardships, mortifications, and difficulty of obtaining him into one scale, and this aforesaid quality with its correspondent facility and satisfaction into the opposite one, I could be almost tempted to say that the balance would be in our own favour. The principle use of an agreeable companion is conversation; conversation cannot exist without a difference of opinion, which invariably gives birth to argument, and argument generally terminates in dispute; but the *self-talker* is entirely exempted from such inconveniences, he holds the power of argument in his own hands, and arbitrarily settles the point to his own satisfaction; he quarrels with no one, and while he pleasingly deludes himself with the idea that he is supporting a fancied argument, he flatters his vanity by a decision in favour of his own beloved opinion. The *self-talker* is by no means confined to the consideration of various sentiments and dogmas; but he equally gives vent to the exclamations of grief, the extacies of love, or the rapturous effusions of admiration, and astonishment; he makes the wind his confidant, and the waves his audience; and finds a companion, not only in himself, but in every object animate or inanimate

that comes within his view. It may be considered as an ingenious game of solitaire, with which a person may amuse himself, at any time when in want of other employment.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from a correspondent of mine, inviting me to lay down my censorial dignity, and to complete the number of a club of *Self-talkers* to which he belongs. I am not very partial to any unnecessary restrictions upon personal liberty, but as my friend seemed very desirous of my appearance, partly from curiosity and partly to oblige him, I ventured to subject myself to the laws and ordinances of a President. I cannot do better than submit the epistle itself to the public, as I received it.

DEAR SOLOMON, *May* 28, 1804.

"I AM the happiest fellow alive! what in the name of good-fortune do you think has befallen me? You know how averse I have always been to prosing with you in the dull routine of sentimental conversation; you must also recollect how often you have surprised me talking to myself with the greatest ardour and animation. Judge then of my transports when I tell you that I have found nine *choice spirits* precisely of my own way of thinking! We have already formed

ourselves into a club; called, the INDEPENDENT SOCIETY. Our number is confined to nine; we have our president as usual, and meet every Tuesday and Saturday, from seven to nine in the evening. But now, dear Solomon, guess, if you can, in what manner we amuse ourselves; not, as other vulgar mortals, by conversing with each other; not, as the ever memorable Lounging Club, by silence; no, we rise superior to such common methods of killing time; in short, each member brings his own provision, and seats himself in any part of the room, he pleases; and to dissipate *ennui*, holds a conversation with himself, upon any subject that arises in his mind. We have no forfeits, as but one offence can possibly be committed, and that is unexceptionably punished with expulsion from the society; viz. if by any *direct* means one member addresses himself to another. But should it be absolutely necessary either for the benefit of the club, or any individual, that we should make a communication of our thoughts, the process is as follows: The person intending to speak, immediately presents his back to the member in question, and expresses his sentiments in precisely the opposite terms to what he really means, at the same time couching his words in the form of a casual observation.

"Our president, supported by the unanimous desire of the club, has ordered me to offer you the vacant seat of a member who has lately undergone the punishment of expulsion. He was an excellent fellow to be sure! but unfortunately having his toe violently trod upon by a member, who was passing near him, in the agonies of pain, he so far forgot himself as to exclaim, "*Zounds, Sir, you have trod upon my toe!*" The president immediately wheeled his chair round, and passed sentence upon the astonished offender. This, dear Solomon, is an impartial account of our society, which only wants the addition of your company to render it complete. In the hope therefore of your attendance at our next assembly,

I remain your sincere
Friend and Well-wisher,
ANDREW GABBLEOUT.

In consequence of this obliging invitation, I sallied forth with my friend *Andrew* at the appointed hour, to make my first appearance among this new species of *Soliloquists*, and having armed myself with a proper quantity of caution and gravity; I followed him into the room grinding my jaws together with considerable force, lest

from my natural politeness I should be tempted to deal out any ill-timed compliments. However I gained my chair in perfect safety, and having seated myself began, as I had previously determined, to contemplate the manners and countenances of the different persons who composed this august assembly. I had sufficient leisure to pursue this determination, as each individual was so entirely wrapped up in the admiration, and display of his own eloquence and sentiments, that I remained silent and unnoticed amid the tumult which assailed me from all corners of the room. For no one, as might easily have been foreseen, was contented with talking to himself in any moderation; but each endeavoured to out-bawl his neighbour, and by putting forth the whole strength and eloquence of his oratorical powers, to arrest the attention of his companions.

The first object that caught my eye, was a tall, slim, meagre personage, who had placed himself exactly opposite to me, and was sitting with his legs stretched out, his arms hanging by the sides of his chair, and his eyes fixed upon the floor, as if he was there reading the amorous rhapsodies, which he was drawling out in a tremulous, despairing tone of voice, and which he enforced by frequently shaking his head to and

fro like the peudulum of a clock. Whilst I was smiling at the words and gestures of this ludicrous figure, whom I conjectured to be in love, a loud consequential voice thundered from behind.—"Was I born to be treated thus? Shall *Jeremiah Bragg* tamely suffer his nose to be pulled by Major D———? No! nor by any Major in Great Britain! By Heaven! he shall answer for his insolence! nor will I quit the field until one of us fall. I was not a little astonished upon discovering the author of this spirited Philippic to be a pale, squat, broad-mouthed animal, whom I had seen publicly corrected by an officer for impertinence on the preceding evening: the noise I made in turning my chair round, recalled him to his recollection; when perceiving that he was considerably disconcerted by my appearance, I directed my attention towards another part of the room, and left him to enjoy his dreams of glory and revenge unmolested.

"Now when I've finished the preface, and published the Panegyric Ode," exclaimed a happy self-important, little parson, rubbing his hands together, and looking very arch with his left eye, "why then, I think his Lordship cannot fail to give me a handsome donation at least; perhaps the vicarage" He was continuing to

feast upon these luscious ideas, when his voice was drowned in the deeper bass of a stern, athletic man, who had risen from his chair, and was violently thumping his fist upon a neighbouring table, and pouring forth a deluge of unintelligible arguments; the words. " defendant—plaintiff —my lords—witness—the case is—gentlemen of the jury—as clear as day;" vehemently repeated, at once convinced me that he could be nothing else but a lawyer. Not far from this oratorical hero I observed a person attentively leaning over the table, and drawing some mechanical figures upon it with his finger, which he continually dipped into a pot of Porter that stood at his elbow: having at length finished his plan, he cried out in an extacy—" If the minister would order a hundred boats to be made on this admirable principle, we might land fifty thousand men at Calais—France would be ours in a month, and then I" ———— At this minute of exultation, the lawyer by one furious blow overthrew the porter pot, and completely effaced every tittle of the unfortunate Projector's design.

The confusion of voices momentarily increased, and the uproar now became universal. In vain the president *hinted* order; in vain the members turned their backs upon each other. and made

observations. Each endeavoured to be heard above the rest; while the different persons were alternately distinguished amid the tumult proclaiming their favourite topics. "Can I bear to be used thus?"—"My Lord Littleton speaking of this clause."—"The more I try to please her, the more."——"Might we bid defiance to Gallic tyranny."—"Alas! my authority is gone."—"I'd turn the field into a garden, and as for the parsonage"—"Malice prepense."—"My nose indeed!"—Peace, gentlemen, I beseech you."—"And when Tommy is breeched."——"Revenge."——"Glory."—"Pray, gentlemen."——"IIId. of King Edward."—"Tythes."

The Rules of the club were now transgressed in a thousand instances, and there was scarcely a member who did not deserve expulsion. Nor did the uproar cease here; words brought on blows; and chairs, stools, porter-pots, and every sort of utensil flew about the room in all directions. I therefore thought it high time to regain the door, which, by creeping under several tables, and after many hair-breadth escapes, I at length accomplished, and sneaked home with a full determination never again to enter a society, where all are talkers, and none hearers.

E.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. X.

MONDAY, *June* 25, 1804.

——————————λαθροι

Παῖγλωσσία, κόρακες ὡς

ἀ ἠρανία γαρύεσιν——————

PINDAR, Olym. 2.

" *They who with loquacious learning stored*
Like Crows and chattering Jays." WEST.

AMONG the tribe of my acquaintances I have the misfortune to be connected with a gentleman, who among his literary brethren may pass perhaps for a profound scholar, but among the lower and less enlightened race of mortals is distinguished by the vulgar appellation of a pedant. With this person I am occasionally invited to spend the day, or as he more classically terms it συνδειπνεῖν. Being for various reasons bound to

undergo this species of purgatory, I shall lay before my readers a short account of my entertainment, which together with the philosophic manners of my host is invariably the same, and remains unaltered either by time, season or circumstances.

Dr. Metaphrastus is one of those who affect to know more than they have read, and have read more than they can digest or understand. In short his ostentation outweighs his industry in the same proportion as his industry does his wit. As to the common occurrences of life, it may be a matter of doubt, whether his real or pretended ignorance prevails. Society, pleasure, and conviviality are below him; with him moroseness evinces scholarship, and profound learning is increased by brutality, and to be once guilty of good manners would in his opinion be equivalent to high treason. The Doctor is a professed enemy to a connubial life, many circumstances therefore in his dress, appearance and manners occur, which might be considerably meliorated by the marriage state but at present, being so profoundly wrapped up in himself, and the contemplation of his own learning are, by him at least, totally unobserved. If indeed the question were to be asked, how the Doctor's nails became

so dirty? it might be rejoined with Stella, "by scratching himself." But to omit personalities of which it is not my intention to complain, I am on my arrival received with all that haughty condescension, which but too often accompanies the great and learned towards their more ignorant inferiors. In a very short time I perceive the usual swarm of quotations issuing from the never-failing source of his "*oral rotundity;*" by which name he is pleased to dignify the simple mouth. To the utterance of which the extended curls of his enormous periwig, add no small portion of dignity. After various preambles, the first grand attack made upon me is an interrogation with regard to my studies, not for the sake either of satisfying his own curiosity, applauding or blaming my pursuits, or pointing out more worthy objects: the ostentation of his own superiority is his only motive. Upon my answer, I am instantly assailed with a shower of unintelligible criticisms, wandering from one author to another, innumerable observations and comments; so that after several attempts to follow him through the mazes of his scholastic labyrinth in search of a glimpse of light, I am forced to sit contented amidst total darkness. But these are not my only difficulties; for his opinions, sufficiently impenetrable in their own nature, are

covered, or rather concealed under so thick a cloak of patched and pyeballed languages, that he might be supposed like Hudibras

> ——————"When he did gabble
> To've heard three labourers of Babel,
> Or Cerberus himself pronounce
> A leash of languages at once."

Immediately after this a fire of metaphysics, paradoxes, abstract ideas, entities, non entities, vented with equal volubility, and in equally unintelligible jargon, fills up the interval till dinner. Upon my first visit I conceived that I should be now, in some measure at least, released from my torments, but sad experience has convinced me of the contrary. What pedant indeed, with weaker passions than those of *Metaphrastus,* could resist so fruitful a theme for a learned tongue? The table is the subject of an essay, the chair of a comment, and every dish is productive of a discussion in proportion to its size and merits. Athenæus, Grævius, and Gronovius are quoted without cessation or mercy. After a long dissertation on the δίφροι, the κλισμοὶ and the triclinia, we at last sit down. But the soup grows cold during a description of the genuine Lacedæmonian broth, and a whole boat

of sauce was overturned by an aukward attempt to set out the dishes in the true Roman style.

I believe indeed, that had not the trouble and expence luckily stood in the way; I should have been treated with an entertainment in the manner of the ancients; for the ideas of my worthy host; and the physician of Smollet, seemed in that respect perfectly to coincide. After dinner having partaken of a very large portion of imaginary Falernian, but a very small share of simple port, we retire. The evening passes in the same manner as the morning, though with a greater share of troubles attending the unfortunate sufferer. Folios are heaped on folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos are opened and consulted one after the other, and I have been occasionally tempted to doubt which was in the greatest confusion, the doctor's room or his head. In vain have I sought amidst this torrent of learning to gain the smallest information. I have attempted to ask him questions on literary subjects, but find this no surer method. To one simple query so many objections are raised, so many disputes on the subject recapitulated, so many opinions quoted and refuted, that a simple answer can by no means be extracted. I have attempted to return the

fire, and to give him a quotation in his own way, but either am instantly over-awed by a solemn frown, knocked down by a direct contradiction, or honoured with a dissertation on the unlucky passage for half an hour. During which time it is immpossible to put in a word, as he claims to himself the exclusive right of being disagreeable.

At night I am shewn to my bed chamber, which *Metaphrastus* dignifies (not without a long explanation) with the name of ὑπερῶον, but in my opinion is no better than a common garret. During my last visit, just as I was in the act of departure, an enormous Plato was taken down, and a long-winded comment immediately entered upon, first the author in question, then after an easy transition to Homer and Virgil, the discourse was turned on Aristotle and Longinus; in short he rang a peal upon the several classics in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, intermixing a fair proportion of his native tongue. In the middle of which discussion, with a hasty, or rather with no leave at all I quitted the house, leaving the Doctor and his Plato with as much trepidation and speed, as if in the shape of a Gorgon or Fury he was following close at my heels to add new torments to my disturbed imagination.

I am naturally a lover of classics, and a partaker, with pleasure at least of their beauties; but surely my host robs learning of its charms, and presents to a young mind a loathsome and disgusting object; and so far from recommending study to a novice, he must create an antipathy to it by his useless affectation. This method of behaviour, independent of its disagreeable tendency discovers little else than the narrow spiritedness and ignorance of a mind incapable through weakness to retain what it has been crammed with to no purpose. Nor do I see that pedantry is related in any degree to learning except by contrast.

The Bond-street pedant, the city pedant, the country pedant are liable to the same censure, as they fall into the same error. But still the learned lies under the greatest objections, as his conscious superiority diffuses a solemn stupidity and a surly moroseness to his manner, which can only be relieved by a violent discharge of incongruous literary matter, which must naturally affect with the most disgusting notions any one newly entering upon the paths of science.

But in how different a light do we view the character of *Philomusus* who though far advanced in the vale of declining years, stands unimpaired

in the vigour of his mind and the mild generosity of his nature. Untouched by pride, uncorrupted by the praise which has been so justly bestowed on his transcendant merits, he lives the object of universal admiration, love and esteem. His stupendous scholarship is only to be equalled by the courteous affability of his habits, and the unaffected and venerable simplicity of his manners. Caressed by the great, sought after by the old, and beloved by the young, at one moment he amuses, instructs, and delights. By drawing off the veil of Pedantry, he adds new beauties, new incitements to study and literature. His communications are given with perspicuity, and his advice with gentleness; and well might it be said of him as of the Pylian Nestor,

Τῶ καὶ ἀ'πὸ γλώσσης μέλιος γλυκίων ῥ'έεν αὐδή'

"*Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.*"

Such is *Philomusus*; such is true learning, and such is a truly learned man,

T.

I beg Leave to offer the following Letter to my Readers nearly as I received it.

DEAR SOLOMON,

FEELING conscious that the mind may sometimes derive greater advantage from the reconsideration of advice already given, than from converting its attention to new objects, I am desirous to revive among your readers the impressions you have made against novels and romances. I therefore beg leave to communicate some few ideas, that occurred to me on the perusal of your second essay.

When we find that the generality of these compositions, not satisfied with bidding defiance to the *probable*, even extend far beyond the utmost verge of *possibility*, we should be induced to believe, were it not for the lamentable deficiency of Cervantic humour, that they are written with the same view as the Adventures of the Renowned Knight de la Mancha; and that the prime object of such caricaturas is to laugh people out of any predilection for so unprofitable a study. The sensible reader is effectually precluded from taking any interest in the fate of these prodigious personages; for it is indispen-

sably necessary that they disdain to be actuated by common passions and common incentives, that, spurning our "*nether sphere*," they aspire at something more than human;

Majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans;"

And indeed to novels and romances may be justly applied, what Dryden so well remarked of the plays of his cotemporaries: "There is not in a thousand of them one man or woman of God's own making."

When, after describing these modern scribblers, you mentioned Xenophon, it reminded me of Gibbons's observations on the work, to which you allude: "The Cyropædia is a pleasing romance, which when carefully studied, discovers in every page the Spartan discipline and the philosophy of Socrates." To seek these, or an equivalent to these, among the rubbish of *our* romances, would be as vain, as to expect naked sincerity and disinterested honor from the fawning sycophants of despotism, from the abject and mercenary tools of the Emperor of France.

But notwithstanding the contempt, which should be attached to works of this description, we acknowledge and lament with you the too

general currency they enjoy; and when you reasonably imagined, that, "every apothecary's apprentice is better acquainted with the inside of a romance, than the composition of a bolus," it appeared to me (so great is my abhorrence of their baneful influence,) that the romance must prove nearly as detrimental to the intellects of a young *Galen*, as the bolus itself to the intestines of a patient.

I cannot better close my letter than by entreating all those of our fellow-citizens, who are still infatuated with an unhappy regard for the vile prejudicial trash of novelists and romancers, to recur to the essay, which induced these remarks; that whoever "has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms, which such writers raise up before him, may there be cured of his delirious extacies," is the earnest desire of

Your sincere Friend,

MISOLEROS.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XI.

MONDAY, *July* 2, 1804.

Fœnum habet in cornu, longè fuge.

HOR. SAT. 1. 4.

Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast.

FRAN.

Threadneedle-Street,

DEAR MR. SOLOMON, *June* 27, 1804.

AS the summer season is fast advancing, and the Windsor terraces are so pleasant and crowded with gentility, perhaps I may feel inclined, during the course of the fine weather, to make an excursion, and visit that resort of the fashionable world. But I have been lately informed by my neighbour Mr. Lutestring, that the Etonians are so much accustomed to ridicule any sober, well-disposed visitors, who happen, from their situation in life, not to possess the most splendid

equipage, or the most numerous retinue of domestics, that I really feel almost afraid of putting my plans into execution, lest I should be liable to receive any insult during my passage through your college. I will detail to you the account of my friend's adventure, and leave it to your judgment to decide whether my fears have not a sufficient foundation.

Mr. Lutestring, his wife and daughter Polly, were, perhaps rather narrowly, but certainly very happily arranged in his new whiskey, while Mr. Zachary Lutestring, my friend's eldest son, followed them on horseback. They were indeed rather unfortunate in the very outset, as the vehicle broke down before they had proceeded many yards, and Zachary by some unlucky chance was deposited in a puddle before they had reached Brentford. But this was only an earnest of what they were to undergo. As they were passing under the windows of a boarding-house, just at the entrance of your College, one of the young Etonians, observing Mr. Lutestring had exchanged his black hat for a white one, with malicious inclination filled a squirt with ink, and aiming it but too successfully, completely bespattered my friend's hat, and spoiled his wife's new farthingale. Mr. Lutestring was carried by

his feelings rather beyond the bounds of moderation and was opening his mouth (for he's quite a Cicero) to execrate the author of his misfortunes, who immediately, nothing abashed, took aim at him again with a rotten egg, and literally stopped up his distended jaws, just as he was bringing out an oath!!!

My friend, thinking that any lecture upon incivility which he could bestow, would most likely be thrown away upon such dispositions, wiped his hat and his face, (poor man, he was almost choked, what with rage and the egg together) and drove on in bad enough humour as you may suppose. But fate had not done its worst.

When the party had advanced further into the College, the strange appearance, which their various insults or misfortunes had given them, excited universal wonder and admiration, so as to cause a general assemblage of all the young gentlemen. One of those ill-disposed boys, with some of whom every large community must be infested, cunningly suspecting from which side of London these visitors had arrived, immediately set the example by roaring out, "*Rou the cit and his pink stockings! Look at his cone! you'll find it marked with the ell,*

yard, and inch." This reflection upon his pursuits and profession (for it must be confessed my friend is an haberdasher) quite overcame the moderation he had resolved to support, and he did expostulate pretty loudly, demanding what they meant by their insolence.

His harangue, naturally enough I must allow, caused a general exclamation of ridicule from the whole body, which excited the wrath of Mr. Zachary himself to such a degree, that he threatened them like any hero, and shook his whip at them like a perfect Hercules. The effect of the preceding tumble upon his smart dress was such, that the yellow of his corderoys, which had before perfectly well imitated the most expensive buck skins, was nearly lost under a coating of dirt; and the glass, which he wears merely for the sake of gentility, had received an unfortunate fracture. His exterior therefore was not prepossessing, and his behaviour called forth another and still louder shout from the youthful spectators.

Now, as ill-luck would have it, a Scavenger had stopped to examine into the subject of these clamours, and his cart, full of liquid mud, was drawn up near the scene of action. Zachary's

horse, affrighted with the noises, reared and kicked so violently, notwithstanding the wicked beast had been restricted to a feed of corn a day during the preceding fortnight, that he at length jolted his master into the air, who, falling in the middle of the Scavenger's cart, was completely overwhelmed in the noisome contents. But now pity for Zachary's misfortunes moved the boys, who had been instrumental towards them, to exert themselves in his behalf, and every hand was with one accord employed to relieve the poor fellow, who was after some trouble lifted unhurt from the cart, but more resembling a lump of mud than a human creature. He sputtered and tried to open his eyes, but in vain, and though every assistance was offered, it was sometime before they could restore him to any tolerable degree of comfort, and in the end Mr. Lutestring and family were obliged slowly to return towards London, without even appearing in Windsor, having been totally prevented from perfecting their intended scheme of amusement by the adventures they had endured.

Upon this account from my friend, I thought it best to entreat your good-will, Mr. Solomon, towards preventing my being annoyed in the same manner, and if you should happen to see me and mine, close packed, and smiling in a chaise

and one, advancing through your College at any future period, you would infinitely oblige me, were you to persuade your fellow citizens to let me pass quietly by; and if my wife wishes me to wear pink silk stockings, why shouldn't I? And why should a poor unfortunate man be subject to all the opprobriums due to a scoundrel, merely because he does not *sport a dashing set-out*, or because he resides beyond the western boundaries of the metropolis?

I remain, dear Mr. Solomon,

Your faithful humble Servant

To command,

SIMON PATTYPAN.

Having received the above petition, I thought the more probable way of effecting my correspondent's request, was to present my fellow-citizens with the letter untouched, except having made a few corrections of orthography and the occasional alteration of a phrase, or having restored the "v" where the "w" had usurped its place, and *vice versâ*, little inaccuracies which had arisen, as I presume, from some hurry in the composition of the epistle, or perhaps customers might have been pressing in the shop, while my friend was writing in the back parlour; and in his case we must all allow, that atten-

tions to the main chance, fairly claim a superiority over literature.

In the time of my worthy predecessor, Gregory Griffin, we find that Etonian ridicule was chiefly aimed at a set of beings perfectly harmless, but who happened to have the title Quiz written in pretty legible characters on their brows. What the Quiz has got rid of has been transferred to the Cockney, and I must own in some cases rather more deservedly, as he very often takes pains to render himself ridiculous without being so by nature, and thereby becomes a much fairer object for the attacks of Satire than he who is ridiculous because he cannot help it.

For instance, if any celebrated leader of Fashion has appeared on the Sunday preceding, in Kensington-gardens, arrayed in a treble tier of capes to as many waistcoats; on the Sunday following, Windsor may reasonably expect an importation from the eastern side of London, shining in at least a double quantity, with the capes rising up above each other in stupendous array, and of every colour in the rainbow.

My correspondent however seems to be entirely free from any affectation of this nature, and

therefore has a right to expect the reception he requests.

From depreciating the exercise of ridicule or quizzing, for the sake of an individual, I am naturally led on to say a few words respecting the baneful, but approved system of quizzing in general, so early and universally engrafted upon almost every young mind, either in a smaller or greater degree: for who is there amongst my numerous fellow-citizens, that has not at some time or other attempted to display his abilities at the expence of another, and if he has succeeded so far as to make the unfortunate object of his satire feel uncomfortable, or according to vulgar phraseology, look foolish, did not feel a sensible degree of satisfaction at this certain proof of his own wit and genius?

I must allow that a Quizzer will in many cases find ample encouragement, and when that essence of satire, strong bohea, has diffused its influence over a select circle, I have witnessed the murder of a reputation, and the ridicule of the best characters by witlings infinitely their inferiors, excite general applause among the younger and lighter part of the society, and even a smile of approbation on the count-

enances of the more seriously disposed. But he who sets out with the resolution of continually playing this part through life must expect to be generally dreaded; as every company that he enters will naturally conclude, while he is amusing them at the expence of their neighbours, that they themselves will at another moment become the subject of ridicule and mirth to some different party; perhaps, even to those very persons at whom they had been laughing on the preceding evening.

Moreover a Quizzer must be very cautious before whom he displays his talents, and will never be quite at his ease with respect to this particular; and yet if the habit is once suffered to gain strength, whatever scrapes he may fall into, he will never be able to break himself of it entirely.

Amongst my numerous acquaintance I may reckon Satyricus, who has already established his character in the line I have been descanting upon, so far as to be cautiously and generally avoided, and to have repeatedly brought himself into the most awkward predicaments and unpleasant situations. The history of his adventures during the course of one tea party, may furnish

a sufficient warning for all who are disposed to adopt his methods of proceeding, and will prove how excellent is the Horatian doctrine.—

" *Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe videto.*"

Hor. Ep. I. 18.

This hero of ridicule happened to be seated next to a young lady, who was remarkable for the beautiful colour and the profusion of her hair; which gave him an opportunity of laughing at the absurd custom of attempting to rival natural tresses by the productions of a barber; he was proceeding in his usual strain to describe the appearance that false hair gave to the antiquated damsels, who hoped to recall the gay looks of seventeen; when he felt himself gently touched by the fair object, who had given rise to his discussion, and turning round perceived a dowager standing at his shoulder, with a countenance not of the most conciliating, whose wrinkled forehead overshadowed by ringlets of the finest auburn, exactly corresponded with his facetious description.

Satyricus was so much disconcerted at this discovery, that silence prevented him for some time from falling into any similar scrape; at length however, one of the company happened to mention, that a Scotch Nobleman had risen from a

low situation into such favour, that he was to be created a peer with a considerable pension, in the course of the next week. Satyricus could no longer refrain, though the person spoken of was a man of the most known and approved conduct, and immediately gave vent to his inclinations on national reflections. He then proceeded to recommend as supporters for the new Peer's Arms, two labourers holding out their plaid aprons in a supplicating posture, upon which should be written in clear characters, and in such a manner that the meaning could not be mistaken, the Scotch name for that part of the dress—*Fill-I-beg*.

Satyricus had scarcely uttered this witticism, when an old lady who had been listening to him for some time, with evident discomposure, exclaimed in the most enraged tones and broad accents, "*An ye think mon that mine ain brave countrymen, wull play sic a part? ye mun ken that my cusin who wull be made a Lord next week has na sic a thought in him, and needs not your wit to mak him supporters.*"

The astonished and crest-fallen wit in vain, attempted to stammer out a few broken apologies and explanations of his conduct; his con-

fusion was such, that he was again obliged to resort for relief to silence, and sculked into a corner of the room to escape notice, and meditate how he might amuse the company, without danger of again affronting any one present. He at last recollected that the whims and fancies of Straba, who had been staying on a visit with a distant relation at the town where he then was, had excited general ridicule, and even the disapprobation of the lady with whom she was residing. As Straba was universally laughed at, Satyricus thought that no one could be offended by his jokes against her, and resolved to select this person as not only fair, but safe game.

He then gaily emerged from his momentary seclusion, and having taken care to attract the notice of the whole company, by a little small shot of wit and a few previous jokes, proceeded to detail the oddities and conceits of Straba, setting every thing in the most ridiculous light, and embellishing the whole with reflections and witticisms, which he thought could not fail to produce the desired effect. He was however, equally surprised and disappointed, by perceiving some of the company expressing evident marks of disapprobation, others looking strangely at one another, but the greater part eying him

with looks full of astonishment. One gentleman in particular seemed very restless on his chair, and sat biting his lips, changing his posture, and evincing every mark of uneasiness.

Satyricus stopped short concious of being the cause of these strange sensations, looked first at one, then at the other, in hopes of finding some person who would elucidate the mystery. At length one good-natured friend advanced and kindly whispered in his ear: "*That gentleman whom you must have observed so particularly agitated, is Straba's father who arrived this morning from B——— with the intention of conveying her home.*" Satyricus could bear no more, but without uttering a single syllable, rushed out of the room, and was so much hurt at the situation which he had brought himself into, that he forebore exercising his dangerous talent against any person during the space of the following week.

O.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XII.

MONDAY, *July* 9, 1804.

Multa in vitâ homines falsò opinari

CICERO. DE DOM.

Men are deceived in many of their opinsons.

NATIONAL prejudice, as being the source and cement of that affection which binds a man to his native soil, is not only excusable, but to a certain degree necessary: unless he is thoroughly convinced that his country is superior to every other on the face of the earth, he will not feel that spirited pride, which the name of citizen should properly inspire; and consequently will not defend its liberties, or fight for its glory, with the ardour of dignified patriotism.

I am of opinion that we owe no small portion of our present importance and weight in the scale of European nations, to the innate sentiments of our countrymen, with regard to their neighbours on the Continent, and I should consider it as a death blow to our power, if an Englishman giving up the undisputed privilege of his ancestors, allowed himself inferior to a triple quota of Frenchmen; neither would I deprive him of his hereditary notions concerning the food, the manners, or courage of his Gallic opponents; let him believe that *soup-maigre* with an occasional *frog* is their sole nourishment, that all their valour is situated in their heels, and many such ideas, which, in themselves ridiculous and harmless, are nevertheless of wonderful efficacy in strengthening and preserving his attachment to his own beloved country.

For the same reason is local prejudice allowable, checking that continual restlessness, and wandering inclination, which renders a man discontented with any settled situation, and confining all his wishes and happiness within their proper sphere, the spot on which he lives. Thus the inhabitant of the uncultivated Lapland, would not exchange his snowy heights, for the most fertile vales of Lombardy; nor any one of my

fellow citizens the fields of Eton, for those of any other classical republic.

So far prejudice may prove even useful; but when we suffer it to become the standard and criterion of our judgement on men and things, to bias our understanding in such a manner, that neither reason, nor observation can counterbalance its baneful influence; then will all our opinions, be partial and absurd; all our actions diametrically opposite to the laws of reason and common sense. We are usually taught to believe that the Spaniard is haughty, the Italian vindictive, and the Turk jealous; the general character indeed may be true, but must we on that account conceive it immpossible that a Spaniard should be humble and condescending, an Italian of a forgiving temper, and a Turk an amiable husband?

The very admission of such preposterous ideas argues a weak mind, which has not sufficient energy to follow the dictates of its own reason, but relies on the support and assistance of popular opinion in the choice of what it shall believe, or what reject. In no respect however are we more liable to error, than in the application of our prejudices to particular trades and occupations, or

certain classes of individuals. Who does not imagine the essential quality of a Barber to be loquacity? As for the luckless generation of Taylors, they are pronounced totally unfit for any manly occupation; nay, are almost excluded from the rank and privileges of men. Yet the majority of the former worshipful profession are in all probability grave and taciturn; while many of the latter have on a recent occasion exchanged the needle for the bayonet, and performed their military duties with as much zeal and vigour as any of their countrymen; hereby refuting all proverbial adages to their discredit, and silencing the mis-placed raillery of prejudiced wags. Even the higher professions are not exempted from reproaches of this kind; we are taught to look with suspicion into a Lawyer's face, and to keep an eye to our pockets in the presence of a Bath physician. The folly of such precautions is too obvious to require animadversion.

Among several instances which have fallen under my notice, a friend of mine, has acquired an unconquerable aversion to the whole tribe of *Chimney-sweepers*, in so much that he cannot behold a gentleman of the *cloth*, without evident marks of antipathy and disgust. Walking one day in company with him through the streets, I was exceed-

ingly surprized by his stopping suddenly, and seizing my arm with great agitation, while at the same time he pointed to one of the sooty brotherhood at no great distance from us. Being acquainted with my friend's defect, I took the hint, and turned away from the object of his aversion; as he is in other respects remarkably sensible, and liberal minded, I could not refrain from expressing my astonishment at his extraordinary prejudice against a portion of mankind so very innocent and harmless, and so much more calculated to excite pity, than apprehension; at the same time inquiring the origin of this failing and the manner in which it had gained so great an ascendancy over his better reason. He replied, that he really could not account for it himself to its full extent, but that he believed it had originated in his childhood, when every passing Chimney-Sweeper was pointed out by his nurse as an object of terror, and the threatened punishment of all his infantine crimes was delivery into the hands of the *black man*.

From such trivial beginnings do our strongest prejudices frequently arise, and thus insensibly acquiring a dominion over the mind which reason in vain opposes, they place us in the most awkward and disagreeable situations, and expose

us to the just ridicule of the reflecting part of mankind. With one who is so entirely under the government of prejudice, the different peculiarities of dress are sufficient to stamp the character, and announce the occupation of the wearer, and the external appearance developes at the first view the internal disposition and qualities of every individual. Notwithstanding all the admonitions of SOLOMON GRILDRIG, the abstract idea of doctorial severity will always be attached to the wig: the gold-headed cane will be considered as the certain emblem of a diploma, and a cropped head of democratic principles.

But our prejudices are not confined to the human species alone; they extend to the brute part of the creation, and certain innocent animals are doomed to suffer the odium and injuries, which should, according to the laws of justice, pursue the guilty. Such weaknesses however are more common to the female mind, and the instances of their operations are so numerous, that the task of selection is the only difficulty I can encounter in proving their force and ridiculous consequences. Some females will fall into the most violent convulsions on the first appearance of a wasp; others cannot endure the sight of a spider, and rather than touch it with any member of the

body would undergo the worst of deaths; the most inoffensive herd of cattle becomes in this manner terrible, and I could with safety affirm that many would voluntarily walk a considerable number of miles more than was necessary, if by this means they could avoid a rencounter with any thing in the shape of a horned quadruped. Yet in none of the above-mentioned animals was any quality ever discovered so very noxious and fearful, as to be an excuse for the disgust and horror which their presence occasions; they are all on the contrary remarkably quiet and harmless, and totally devoid of any design to injure those who have not given them sufficient cause of provocation. The attempt, however, to reason out of their curious antipathies these victims of prejudice always proves vain and useless; they cannot but confess the folly of their fears, but are unable to overcome them, notwithstanding all the suggestions of their own sense, and reflection, or all the exhortation of their friends. Particular circumstances in the education or mode of life may in some cases diminish or palliate the absurdity of this failing; the very weaknesses of the sex are amiable; but nothing is a clearer proof of a weakness and perverted understanding, than the affectation of what is not really felt. If therefore any female, under pretence of the terror

which the presence of any particular animal, whether horned or not, creates in her mind, puts her whole body in a state of extreme agitation, or closes her eyes in the most interesting manner, I can only recommend her to the derision and contempt of her companions; their laughter will soon recall her fugitive senses, and prevent a repetition of the artifice much more efficaciously, than the most serious arguments of parents, friends, or Guildrigs.

But no class of beings rational or irrational, are so much exposed to the power of prejudice as authors. The majority of readers have completely settled their decision on the merit of a work, long before they allow it to plead in its own defence, and have assigned to the writer his rank in the annals of literature, without any previous examination of his claims. The sentence of these pre-determined judges is usually regulated by report, or the fashion of the day; and when either of these causes has condemned an unfortunate author to starve and be forgotten, they fall unmercifully on the culprit, abuse his writings, and find an hundred faults, where they would doubtless have discovered as many perfections had his labours been elevated by public favour; in short they shut him out

from the paths of literature, without hope of re-admission, because they conceive it their duty to despise what the world despises. So very difficult is it to decide on the beauties or defects of an author, without any reliance on wordly report or pre-conceived opinions, that few will be found, who openly dare to oppose the judgment of *the many*, or who will allow themselves to be convinced by the perusal of an author's productions, that their previous ideas of his deserts were wrong and groundless.

I would hint at a prejudice frequently entertained by persons of an advanced age against every species of juvenile compositions, if I did not begin to doubt its existence; having received such marked encouragement from a quarter where I tremblingly expected to pass the ordeal of critical severity, that my own case would be an exception to every instance I could produce; and while it acquitted the accused of the failing which I imputed to them, would convict myself of falsehood and ingratitude.

N.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XIII.

MONDAY, *July* 16, 1804.

——————————————— *inani*
Ambitione furens———————————————
LUCAN. 10. 156.

Inflamed by an empty ambition.

AMBITION while confined within proper bounds, and directed to lawful objects is of the greatest utility to mankind; but when either hurried along with too much precipitancy, or permitted to follow frivolous and unworthy pursuits it becomes both dangerous and contemptible. No passion is more universal, none require more to be observed and restricted, none are more liable to degenerate into folly and vice. The characters of illustrious men both in antient and modern times

sufficiently testify its pernicious tendency; but it remains with me to prove how often good-sense is betrayed by its allurements into folly, and unguarded virtue into mean and criminal propensities.

This false and grovelling ambition seems chiefly to arise from the desire of appearing singular and remarkable, and is distantly allied to that passion which led Cæsar to victory and empire, and impelled Richard Duke of Gloucester to usurp the British throne by hypocrisy, treason, and murder: but the former is the proof of a weak and perverted understanding, whereas the latter is the constant companion of a vigorous and aspiring genius; *that* belongs only to boys and women, *this* to men and heroes. Ambition may be compared to an impetuous river which being obstructed in its progress, bursts out into a variety of smaller streamlets, and being thus divided no longer retains its original force and grandeur. I have particularly dedicated this paper to the consideration of that perverted ambition, that empty love of celebrity which render men so blind to their own interest, as to prefer public infamy, to private and unreguarded virtue. Eratostratus, who in a fit of ambition, or rather madness burnt the temple of Diana at

Ephesus, is a very strong example of the baneful effects of this unprincipled passion; he has indeed immortalized his name, but it is stamped on the records of indelible infamy. I believe many of those *Gentlemen of the road* who have at various times submitted to public justice with such ferocious intrepidity, have to their soul's eternal injury poured forth their last breath in execrations and blasphemies, merely that they might enjoy the reputation of having died *game*. Indeed the greater part of the Grecian philosophers appear to have been actuated by similar motives; and I firmly believe that Pythagoras had no better reason for rejecting beans, Democritus for laughing, Heraclitus for crying, or Diogenes for preferring a tub to a palace. In order therefore to point out more at large the effects of this passion upon the human mind, I shall describe the characters of several persons, who have by various directions all fallen into the same error, and who only differ in this respect, that,

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit; unus utrique Error, sed variis illudit partibus.—Hor. S, 2. 3.

——————— *This journeys to the right,*
That to the left, and yet are both misled,
Thro' different paths tho' eagerly they tread.

Duncombe.

Atticus is one of those beings who, without any peculiar share of intrinsick merit, attempts to raise an altar to his own fame, by squandering an ample patrimony in giving sumptuous entertainments to a variety of dependents who in the hour of prosperity call themselves his friends; and so they are indeed, if flattering a person's vanities, wasting his possessions, and then laughing at his credulity, may be termed friendship; but such only abuse the name. Atticus's house is the constant scene of feasting and revelry, he is not naturally fond of riot and luxury himself, but he sacrifices his own health and comfort to the foolish ambition of being called a pleasant companion, or having his acquaintance courted by those who have not wherewithal to satisfy their own appetites. If any scoundrel is in want of money to repair his losses at the gaming-table, let him go to Atticus, and he will be certain of relief; if any silly fellow desires to be put into a way of making his fortune, let him apply to Atticus, and he will undoubtedly succeed. At the hazard of his reputation he will introduce persons of whose character he is entirely ignorant, into the most genteel societies, merely that he may not forfeit his title to good-nature by a denial of any favour which he can possibly bestow.

From this ridiculous vanity he has been frequently induced to make promises which are utterly out of his power to perform, or to dispose of the same favour to twenty different companions, who have an equal claim upon his generosity, by offering an equal portion of flattery and admiration at the shrine of his empty ambition. He has no terror of his own conscience, no reliance upon his own judgment; he hazards every thing for the good opinion of the world, and the world despises him. Upon his first setting out in life, he enjoyed health and reputation; he had every advantage that riches can bestow, and nature had by no means been unkind to him; but unfortunately he received a wrong bias, he was governed by Sycophants,, who moulded him to their own purposes, and observing his weak side have undermined his health, reputation, fortune, and understanding. He has already fallen into contempt and ridicule, and will, I fear, ere long be plunged into poverty and wretchedness.

Atticus has a brother who is continually reproaching him for his dissipation, and persuading him to reject the society of companions who are so unworthy of him, and to repair his fortune by seasonable prudence and frugality. Unhappily this good advice loses its effect, because Atticus

perceives his brother hurried away by an error, directly opposite to that of which he is himself accused, and naturally conceives that it is prejudice againt a mode of life contrary to his own, and not a conviction of its folly, baseness, or immorality that excites an aversion to his conduct.

For Trebius (which is his brother's name) employs his whole time in attending upon great personages, and dancing after titles, equipages, and monied blockheads. Does any body wish to flatter Trebius? Let him only say that the Duke of ———, or my Lord ——— has enquired after him; his eyes will instantly sparkle with pleasure and self importance, and he will be as polite and obsequious to the conveyor of this delightful information, as if he were the very nobleman who had raised such transports in his bosom. Real merit in his opinion is as inseparable from a title, or a plum, as a fee from a physician, or hypocrisy from a quaker. Instead of esteeming his companions in proportion to their intrinsick worth, and mental accomplishments, he considers only the costliness of their entertainments, the elegance of their equipage, the grandeur of their titles, or the length of their purses. He pimps for the young nobility, attends upon the old, and rarely condescends to mix with a few commoners,

among whom he may boast his great connections, and the extent of his influence upon half the young lords in the kingdom. He talks with the utmost familiarity of distinguished personages, whom he scarcely knows by sight; and has several times very narrowly escaped detection. It cannot therefore be wondered at if he who has bartered the dignity of true virtue, for imaginary importance, and has voluntarily resigned his pretensions to that consequence, which is within the reach of every honourable man, should cease to enjoy the confidence and esteem of others. It can only be hoped that Atticus and Trebius instead of vainly reprehending each others faults, would cast a look behind, and correct themselves.

Rusticus is the son of a clergyman in the north of England, who sent him when about twelve years of age to a public school, that by the advantages of a learned education he might hereafter be enabled to support the character of a gentleman. Nature had given to Rusticus talents rather above the common level, and he did not want ambition. But he was unfortunately oppressed with a degree of sloth, and an unwillingness to exert himself, which entirely counteracted the influence of these good qualities. He had no friend to rouse him from indolence into ac-

tion, and hence even his natural abilities became the principal cause of his destruction. Although he was so little deficient in his mental capacity, yet was his person rough and uncomely, and by living from his infancy in so remote a part of the country, he had acquired a mode of speaking, and a ridiculous accent, which but ill accorded with the polite, affected language of his more polished school-fellows, who took an illnatured delight in exposing the oddities of their clownish companion.

Rusticus, duped by a foolish vanity, instead of attempting to blunt their ridicule by a change in his behaviour, or to gain their esteem by a display of his talents, purposely continued to raise their laughter by his oddities, and mistook the smile of contempt, or the grin of conscious superiority, for admiration, and an involuntary confession of his singular excellence. He indeed attained the object of his ambition, which was to differ from others; but he was allured by a false phantom, that only led him into contempt and infamy; while instead of soaring above his school-fellows, he was contented to grovel under their feet, and to become the butt of those who were infinitely inferior to him in every natural qualification. He associated with a set of foolish and

unprincipled companions, who led him still deeper into error and mischief. Not an orchard or farm-yard could be safe from his incursions, the whole neighbourhood was subjected to his tricks and depredations. He was the continual source of merriment to those older than himself, of terror to those who were younger; in a word he was at the same moment both contemptible, and tyrannical.

But I now understand that he has at length perceived the folly of his behaviour, and is gradually becoming more gentle and amiable, and consequently more respectable, and worthy of esteem. It is true he has lost what is now irrevocable; but if he perseveres in a thorough and sincere reformation, and amendment of his conduct, and directs his ambition and abilities to the acquisition of useful accomplishments, he will not only blot out the remembrance of his former errors, but will also reap the enjoyment of a good and unsullied reputation.

How different from this character is the gay, the thoughtless, the elegant Rufillus, whose sole ambition is to lead the fashion of the day, and the multitude; whereas Rusticus claimed notice by singularity alone, and appears to have regulated

his conduct, and his dress by the following lines from Horace:

Est huic diversum vitio vitium prope majus:
Asperitas agrestis, et inconcinna, gravisque,
Quæ se commendat tonsâ cute, dentibus atris.

Ep. 1, 18. 5.

Behold, in opposite excess,
A different vice, tho' nothing less;
Rustic, inelegant, uncouth,
With shaggy beard, and nasty tooth.

Francis.

Rufillus can boast a wardrobe of greater extent than any of his companions, and a far more fashionable and splendid assortment of every article necessary to adorn a modern *Buck*. He either has, or pretends to have seen more of the world, than the gayest old batchelor in the purlieus of St. James's; he incessantly talks about routs, galas, operas and masquerades; uses expressions that I cannot understand, and then wonders at my ignorance in knowing so little of the *beau monde;* he conceives it to be quite vulgar and *gothic* to wear the same clothes on two following days, and shines forth in a different suit every morning to the discomfiture of his imitators, the amusement of the sensible, and the

admiration of the foolish. He is a wonderful favourite with the fair sex, and can laugh, talk nonsense, languish and flatter their vanities with as much adroitness as the most complete adept in the art of pleasing. To this he has added an assurance, which frequently induces him to say and do many things in the most open and public manner, which nobody else would do even in private; in a word he seems most effectually to have adopted the advice, which the philosopher in Lucian recommends to his purchaser; Ἐν ὄψει δὲ πάντων, ἵν' μήδ' ἰδίᾳ ποιήσειεν ἄν τις; θαῤῥῶν ποίει.

His father is a man of fortune and good-sense, and by no means approves of his son's extravagance; but Rufillus is an only child, and therefore it is not very surprizing if his father, who may perceive many qualities in him, which overbalance his follies and defects, does not enforce his own admonitions and desires by any very peremptory or decisive measures. For who would suppose such a character to be endowed with many natural and acquired mental accomplishments, to have genius, and no contemptible portion of literary knowledge, to be good-natured, and even free from pride and affectation? yet so it is; and his friends can only regret that so much dross should be mingled with

the pure metal, and that so many brilliant qualities should be obscured and tarnished by a vain and perverted ambition, which receives, and indeed deserves only the applause of fools and merry-andrews.

There is yet another species of ambition, still more paultry and unaccountable than the former, which has already corrupted, disgraced, and levelled with the lowest dregs of mankind, many of our young nobility and gentlemen, and which loudly demands reprehension at the present day. I allude to the custom prevalent among many young men of family and fortune, scarcely meriting the name of gentlemen, who think it *knowing* to preside at every boxing-match, and cock-fight, that takes place within forty miles of the metropolis, and to be the principle inciters and regulators of every battle in the kingdom. If the public prints tell us in one paragraph that a most dexterous battle has been fought between Burke and Belcher, or any two pugilistic heroes of equal celebrity, we are sure to be informed in the next, that the amiable Ld. K* * * * *, orthe dashing Sir D. T* * * * * * were present, and expressed their admiration of the combatants by reiterated shouts of applause. In a short time I expect to hear of

their ascending the stage themselves, and showing off their prowess and activity at the expence of character and reputation. For I understand that several of them have already been initiated in the noble and manly art of boxing, no doubt that they may hereafter be enabled to gain eternal laurels in the Campus Martius of pugilism. I shall now leave them to the enjoyment of their own glory and importance; and perhaps they may one day regret the folly of having sacrificed the love and esteem of sensible and worthy men, for the vile and disgraceful applause of designing adulation, and unprincipled villainy.

E.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XIV.

MONDAY, *July* 23, 1804.

Nec nox ulla diem, neque noctem Aurora secuta est,
Quæ non audierit mistis vagitibus ægros
Ploratus, mortis comites et funeris atri.

LUCRET. 2. 578.

——————————And infants' moans
Are ever mix'd with others dying groans:
And ev'ry day and night the tender cry
Of new-born babes joins with their sighs that die.

CREECH.

IT has been remarked, that there is not a more efficacious method of reviving the fervent spirit of christianity and piety in the mind, than by a mature reflection on the three last things; namely, death, judgment, and the life to come; and so intimately are these connected, that a serious me-

ditation on the one, must naturally lead us to a close consideration of the others. Of these three death stands the most prominent, as being the first in order; its power being universally known and felt, and concerning all, as avoidable by none. I would apologise to my youthful readers for introducing so awful a subject, and so unproductive of amusement and mirth, were I not confident that their good sense would not reject those labours, which might occasionally call off their attention from the light sallies of wit and humour to more weighty and important subjects. Among which none can claim a more earnest attention, than the consideration of our latter end, as in a young mind peculiarly inducing a sense of religion, and an early piety, which can alone alleviate the cares and troubles of this corruptible state. After all the numberless treatises of the wisest heathens, the transcendant discourses of the most eloquent christians, the reign of death continues equally despotic, its force undiminished, its terrors unabated. The very thought of it chills the blood, sinks the spirits, and draws a dark veil over the pleasures and glories of this life. Even amidst the brightest scenes of gaiety and dissipation, it strikes a feeling mind with an inexpressible awe. It is the voice of nature, and that voice will be heard.

When we see the "*haughty, gallant, gay Lothario,*" who yesterday shone amidst the pride and splendor of fashion, now lying down on that bed from which he can rise no more; are not our thoughts recalled from the mazes of folly and confusion, and deeply impressed with a recollection of our own mortality? The death of those of our own age and society, engaged in the same pursuits, actuated by the same passions, and in every respect under the same circumstances with ourselves, cut off by a sudden and unrelenting hand, must come still closer to our hearts. The thoughtlessness of youth cannot with indifference view the sad pomp and solemnities accompanying a companion to his long home; one, who perhaps by his progress in the paths of virtue and learning, might have promised to become the pride of his parents, the honour of his preceptors, and the future glory and support of his country. One circumstance must strike us; how tranquil and undisturbed is the dissolution of the young, and how quietly their change is effected, who are in a great measure free from what alone makes death terrible, that is SIN.

But that which can most deeply affect not only the mind of the youthful, but of every one who is not hardened to the feelings of humanity, is the

departure of a parent, or of one who from relationship or other circumstances is equally near and dear to us. Those who have felt the pangs of such a parting can alone describe them. Let a young man enter a sick chamber at such a time. Let him view the weeping eyes and sad countenances of all around; let him view peace, hope, and humble confidence beaming on the aspect of his departing relative, raising his sinking spirits, alleviating his agonies, and softening his passage through "*the valley of the shadow of death.*" Let him see his last moments, and hear his final groan. After the first pangs of grief are over, his mind will be lost amidst the amazing thoughts of death, and the stupendous contemplation of eternity. These things are to the strongest and most fortified breast a fearful and wonderful consideration; but that of the younger being weaker and as yet unused to such scenes, is terrified and overwhelmed. They lead us however to a serious reflection on our own life and conduct; they teach us to aspire to those mansions where in the company of those whom we most tenderly loved here on earth, we shall enjoy an eternal cessation from labour, anguish, and calamity. Such are the sensations of youth. At a more advanced period of life, sophistry may have evaded, and

carelessness smothered these awful feelings on the dissolution of others; till on our own death-bed they burst upon us with increased vigour and strength, armed with the bitter pangs of an offended conscience.

Among the heathen philosophers the opinions concerning the soul and its immortality were various, confused, and incongruous. The following passage from Cicero fully confesses the darkness and absurdity which reigned in their unenlightened minds; "*Sunt qui nullum censeant fieri discessum, sed una animum et corpus occidere, animumque in corpore extingui. Qui discedere animum censent; alii statum dissipari; alii diu manere, alii semper.*" "There are those who conceive that no division takes place, but that the soul and body die together, and that the soul is extinguished in the body. Among those who believe in a division, some think that the soul is instantly dissipated, others that it remains for a short time, others that it lasts for ever." CICERO TUSC. DISP. 1. 9.

The Stoics contended that the soul was a subtilized fiery being outliving the body but for a short time. Of the false and commentitious sentiments of the Epicureans, the absurd philosophy and shallow reasoning of Lucretius are sufficient

tests. After a long string of vain arguments he draws the following conclusion:

" Quare animum quoque dissolvi fateare necesse est."

The mind must be mortal too——

CREECH Lucr. 3.

The transmigration taught by the Pythagorean school was a doctrine equally preposterous. Among others however, a more just and rational opinion concerning the soul, its future condition, and a state of rewards and punishments did certainly exist. The great Socrates is drawn by Plato as praying in his last words that his μεδάνησις or " *transition*" might be happy and prosperous; and in his speech before the judges he represents himself as believing in, and hoping for a state of happiness and immortality. In various parts of his works, the penetration and genius of Cicero, as far as the light of nature could direct him, has shewn a just conception of the future condition of the soul.

The Elysium of Homer and of Virgil, and the fortunate islands of Pindar, with the punishments represented by them as inflicted on the unjust, are faint, though vague resemblances of the joys and pleasures promised in holy writ to the just, and the torments there denounced on the wicked.

nity, our mind will receive new force; even with regard to wordly pursuits, in themselves good and honourable, as learning, honour, and glory, it will be enlarged; and with fresh hope and vigour will spring up to light, life and immortality. These reflections will at the last moment illuminate our dark minds and quicken our sinking hearts. Amidst all the cares and troubles, anxieties and misfortunes of this perishable state, let us refresh ourselves with the remembrance of this one sentence, far more sublime and consoling than any which human wisdom could frame or produce. "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE, WHOEVER BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NOT DIE." T.

TO THE READER.

In a very short time the larger portion of my Readers will be dispersed into so many distant corners of the Kingdom, that it would be impossible for my papers to reach them without a considerable degree of trouble and expence; in consequence of which it will be necessary for me to withhold any further publications until Monday the 10th of Sept. when SOLOMON GRILDRIG will renew his lucubrations with the continued approbation (as he hopes) of those, who have hitherto honoured him with their notice. But previous to my temporary silence, I shall beg leave to lay another Number before the Public on Monday next, that I may as much as possible shorten the period of my secession, which would otherwise be extended to an unnecessary length. Neither can I omit this opportunity to express my gratitude for the unexpected favour which I have experienced from almost every quarter. The natural difficulties, which are incidental to the age and inexperience of the Author, have not as yet, and it is to be hoped will not retard or obstruct his literary progress.—Letters post-paid, and directed to the usual place will be attended to.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XV.

MONDAY, *July* 30, 1804.

I have selected the two following Letters from my numerous Correspondents.—The first has passed through my hands untouched; with the latter I have taken a few necessary liberties.

Udum et molle lutum es; nunc nunc properandus, et acri
Fingendus sine fine rota.

PERSII SAT 3. ver. 23.

THESE verses, it is well known, relate to the education of young persons. Perhaps Juvenal might have been indebted to this hint for the subject of one of his best satires. But although Persius had nothing in view but the literal meaning of this passage, another interpre-

ation full as rational could be deduced from it. It is not uncommon to see the sense of many mottos, taken from the antient classics, perverted, and applied to things which were utterly foreign to the author's mind. A perversion of this kind is not without some service, when the interpretation is not forced, and carries along with it an air of originality.

A writer of the last age has boldly ventured to advance that " women have no characters at all." To the honor of the fair sex, his theory is false. Every maxim, which is not grounded upon truth, must soon discover its fallacy. The same author, a page or two after contradicts himself. Every woman according to him, is at heart a rake, and would be Queen for life. Admitting such a supposition to be true, it is evident that libertinism and fondness for power require some uniformity, or at least a regular irregularity, which must occasionly form what we call a character. On taking a wide and more comprehensive view of this subject, it will appear that individuals of either sex may be born with principles sufficiently steady to form a character and that it is the bulk of the human species taken in the gross, which have no character at all. Men therefore, whose minds are unsettled, and whose lives are a perpetual

rotation of changes, deserve the reproach of being called, " *Moist and soft potter's clay, which can be formed into any shape.*"

It is not from the theories of the philosopher, the writings of the poet, or the private excellence of some individuals, that we are to form an estimate of human nature. In the middle walk of life, where mediocrity of fortune and abilities confine the generality of men, the human affections are to be investigated. In this inquiry we shall find, that a firm and steady adherence to any principle, whether religious, moral, or political, is rare: that it absorbs all other ideas of good and evil, and that it is always a sure criterion of distinguished parts. In proof of this, the names of martyrs who have bled in the cause of truth, and patriots who have fallen in the defence of their country, could be adduced. Shakespeare, Spencer, and many others could not be deterred from aiming at excellence in their art, but like true poets bore without repining the concomitant distresses of true poetry. It is also well known to what length the military mania of Charles XII. carried him. These few instances of uniformity of character exemplified in some predominant passions, ought always to be contrasted with the general bias of men.

Without incurring the censure of spleen or ill-nature, one may affirm that the world is like what was said in antient mythology of Proteus. The minds of men do not require the slow gradations of the various periods of life to be sensibly altered. In an hour perhaps our affections may undergo the greatest variations, and leave us nothing of what we had before, but the same features, and the same degree of intellectual vigour. I mention the intellect, because it is not in our power to alter it. It is what we inherit from the bounty of Providence; and as it can obtain but a slight degree of improvement from a liberal education, so it cannot feel any material decay but by dotage, or insanity. It is hence that an acute observer, by one intuitive glance, is enabled to form a right conception of the natural parts of others. But in investigating the inclinations of men, we are obliged to circumscribe our observations by the present moment.

It has been but too commonly believed, that this instability in men originates merely from dissimulation. To dissimulate is no easy task, and it requires qualifications which few are born to possess. The number of those whom history records to have excelled in this art, is comparatively small. It is, therefore to be rather at-

tributed to that levity of temper which is the distinguishing characteristic of the human mind.

It is not uncommon to see two persons part from each other with the strongest professions of friendship. Perhaps a few months after, when their junction is again effected, in the language of romance, one would expect to see the generous warmth increased by absence; on the contrary, without any plausible reason, coldness, or a kind of awkward restraint are only to be found. In short, it sometimes happens, that the second parting is occasioned by quarrel, or at least by a mutual dislike. In like manner the other passions, which actuated us at first, are changed. The love of gain is often commuted for the love of ease, and ease for gain. The austerity of virtue is in an instant softened into the blandishments of vice; or innocent gaiety assumes the rigid frown of melancholy. In this manner, the most contrary extremes are adopted by turns. Gay calls life a *jest;* had he have called it a *whim,* he would have come nearer the truth.

This levity of temper is not altogether the share of mediocrity. Some instances, though perhaps few, of men who had arrived at great excellence, have been liable to it. Antiquity re

cords among them a Cicero, and modern times a Bacon. Cicero was naturally a man of good principles, and whose virtues in private life did not fall short of the dignity of his literary character. Who could imagine that such a man, who crushed the fury of Cataline, would have cringed before an usurper, who was distinguished from Cataline but by the more successful perpetration of his crimes? At length that inconstancy which was peculiar to him, through the artifices of a crafty politician, and the resentment of a profligate wretch, brought him to a miserable end. Who could have thought that a man so wise, and so learned as Bacon, could have disgraced himself as he did? But it is better to draw a veil over his failings than to darken his virtues by making the contrast.

This imperfect sketch intends to shew how variable and shifting human nature is. Surely it ought to operate as a check upon our self-importance, to think that our minds and inclinations are exposed to still greater vicissitudes than even our bodies are. It may, therefore, be reasonably concluded, that man in a metaphorical sense, is "*Udum et molle lutum,*" *a mass of moist and soft Potter's clay.*

ACADEMICUS.

OXFORD, *July* 18, 1804.

June 29, 1804.

SIR,

AS I understand your design is by a continual distribution of wit and advice to expose the errors and follies of mankind; and as I perceive you have resolution enough to execute that design, permit me to occupy your attention for a short time.

It fell to my lot not an hundred years ago to have the cure of a large village near the metropolis. And as the want of a school for the education of the poorer children was much regretted in the parish, I was requested by some of my neighbours to intreat the assistance (Heaven preserve me from such assistance in future) of the more opulent inhabitants. I did not hesitate a moment, and indeed had very little doubt of being able to raise a sum, which was to be employed in so useful and charitable a service. You therefore Mr. Grildrig, can best imagine my mortification, when I found the avarice of my parishioners quite impenetrable to my constant importunities. But to my narrative.

Well then, in pursuance of my plan I sallied forth one Saturday evening in full expectation of realizing my hopes, and in perfect reliance

upon the kindness and charity of my neighbours. The first place that presented itself to my notice was the magnificent mansion of Lord Languish. I immediately knocked at the gate, and was in due time ushered into his Lordship's apartment, where I found him in full dress, and negligently lolling in an easy chair. He received me with his usual complaisance; and after sundry complaints of the weather, and a few topicks of equal importance being settled, we at length came to the point. He listened to my proposals with a smile of condescension, and having warmly complimented me on the score of my goodness, and consideration for the parish, "How unfortunate it is, added he, that you have not the support of the Rector, or some more powerful inhabitant of the village!" He was continuing to produce a whole catalogue of *desiderata*, when I interrupted him by insinuating, "How fortunate I should esteem myself, could I gain the honour of his personal exertions." But my harangue was soon cut short, by his declaring that he had nothing about him worthy of my acceptance, but that he would recommend my cause to his friends with the greatest satisfaction, at the same time soliciting the favour of another visit from me at some future period. Then suddenly drawing out his watch,

he exclaimed with an affectation of surprize, "Bless me, how late it is! my carriage is at the door, and I am obliged to hurry away this instant. Will you allow me, Sir, to set you down any where?" As I was sufficiently set down already, I declined his offer, and took my departure.

"The next person whom I attacked was Jack Random the squire of our parish, whose apparent disregard of money allured me with strong hopes of success. He heard me with a tolerable degree of patience, only amusing himself at intervals by contemplating some pictures which he had lately purchased; whistling to half a dozen pointers which were capering about the room; and continually taking aim at me with a double-barrelled gun. When I had finished my narration, he threw down the gun, and cried out; "I'll bet you two to one you don't get two-pence in the whole county!" Upon my declining the bet, he launched out into a long description of a race in which his Eclipse had come off victorious. By this time perceiving that I had mistaken my man, I retired with no very high opinion of my persuasive abilities.

"After many fruitless attempts of a similar nature, and being scouted from one corner of

the village to the other, I was returning home quite out of spirits, when I descryed my *ci-devant* acquaintance Mr. Alderman Marrowfat, justice of the peace, sitting at the door of his country box, between two headless statues, which had been originally designed to represent Apollo and Diana, and enjoying his evening pipe. I again determined to hazard another refusal, and to make one last attempt in spite of the dust which encircled me in such thick columns, that I expected to fall a martyr to the cause. I approached him with the utmost humility; and opened my battery with all possible skill; which he received with a mixture of attention and contempt. When I was again silent, after puffing two or three fumes of tobacco in my face, and scratching his bald pate, (which on account of the heat he had disencumbered from its wig) he cooly inquired, what reward he should gain for his charity? I told him the gratitude of his fellow-creatures, and the delightful pleasure arising from the consciousness of having done a generous action; "moreover, (added I, intending like all great orators to speak to his passions) you will secure your orchard from the boys of whom you complain." Even this argument was vain, for having finished his pipe, and deliberately thrown away the ashes; "As to gratitude, generosity,

and such like, says he, why I never think of them out of Church, and the rest fall under my dog Jowler's care—but if I might speak a word in return, I would most heartily advise you to mind your own business, or, take my word for it, you will never be worth a single farthing." "At this moment Jowler, hearing his own name, came running in with the remainder of his master's wig, which he had been most diligently tearing to-pieces during our conversation. Fearing to be reckoned an accomplice, I effected my escape as speedily as possible, and left Jowler to settle the busines with his charitable master.

"This, Mr. Grildrig, is the charity and benevolence of the world; and in this manner do the greater portion of the opulent withhold those blessings from the poor, which Providence has entrusted to their care for nobler purposes than the selfish gratification of evil desires, and corrupt appetites.

The insertion of this letter will confer a favour upon

Your Reader and Admirer,

H. H.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XVI.

MONDAY, *August* 7, 1804.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?

HOR. A. P. 5.

Whose laughter does not such a sight provoke?

AS I had proposed in a former Essay to examine more particularly the influence of fashion with regard to the dramatical compositions of the present day; I have now taken the opportunity of accomplishing my intention, by dedicating this paper to the investigation of the stage in its modern state, and of theatrical exhibitions in general. The theatre undoubtedly has a very extensive influence over the manners of a nation; and the avidity which all ranks of men have, at all periods resorted to dramatical representations,

sufficiently evinces that national improvement in every respect might easily become the result of such popular entertainments, if governed by the principles of virtue and morality. But this alas! is no longer the object of dramatick writers; virtue is now exploded as a worthless acquisition, while fashionable vice tricked out and garnished with every superficial ornament and dazzling allurement stalks with exultation through the applauding theatre.

I am induced in the first place to consider the nature and attributes of the Tragic Muse; since she has through all ages deservedly acquired the principal reverence and dignities; but I must confess, that it seems rather difficult to recognize the sober conductress of the ancient drama under her present tinsel ornaments, as all her original simplicity is lost beneath superficial decorations and empty pomp, which sufficiently mark the altered taste of the times. Our eyes may be dazzled by a rapid succession of triumphs, battles, chains, tempests, and moon-light adventures; but this pageantry does not affect the heart. At the moment we acknowledge an artificial pleasure, and are lost in the bustle and tumultuous variety; but when we return, and reflect in private upon what we have enjoyed, we are astonished at find-

ing so very little matter to reflect upon, and what little we may at length discover hardly repays the trouble of consideration.

Some decided and established rules have ever regulated the tragedians of former days; such as a regular and exact management of the plot, consistency in the characters, a preservation of some little appearance of probability throughout the incidents, with a constant attention to morality and virtue. Our writers on the contrary soar above their *low-minded* predecessors, and spurn the shackles which they suffered to restrain their poetical excursions. A decided plot is no longer accounted necessary towards a perfect composition, in which the scenes are frequently stitched together in so loose a manner, as to have scarcely any evident relation one to the other. A rustic will deliver out sentiments which would do honour to any hero; and the most abstruse questions in philosophy or even theology are confidently decided by an humble confidant. Probability is rather scouted as a failing, than admired as a perfection; as the following ingenious contrivance for stifling a conspiracy on the moment, and rescuing the poet from an awkward predicament clearly exemplifies. At the critical period when a party of conspirators are rushing on to murder

their king, whom it was expedient to preserve for the sake of historical truth, the author has recourse to a convenient clap of of thunder, which resounding most fortunately, has the desired effect of making all the gentlemen throw down their arms, implore pardon, and promise to conduct themselves with propriety for the future. Now it must be confessed that poets have gained a prodigious accession of power latterly, if they have the heavens so much under controul, as to authorize the introduction of any elementary prodigy whenever they find thenselves on the horns of a dilemma. That unfashionable and nearly exploded article morality has been totally laid aside by these refined tragedians, who have perhaps forgotten that such a thing ever existed, and esteem their object attained, if by a few rambling sentences they can excite astonishment; if they interest the audience by a striking antithesis of persons; or force them into tears by the unnatural sorrows of a whining courtezan.

If any person who had been formerly accustomed to admire the productions of Shakspeare and Otway, heightened by the efforts of a Garrick or a Barry should have happened to retire from the metropolis, and upon his return hope to be amused as formerly at the theatre; what

must be his sensations upon beholding the altered mode of dramatical entertainment? A tragedy is announced, to which he hurries expecting to be pleasingly affected by sympathetic feelings at the well represented woes of natural misfortunes; and even conceives that his mind may be improved by the spectacle. He beholds the curtain rise to slow music, and is rivetted with the deepest attention, when a magnificent procession crosses the scene, wherein, if he knew any thing of modern manners, he would be made acquainted with the hero of the piece by his fine habiliments; who, let him be the son of a clod-hopper, or a tinman, is elevated nobody knows why in a superb car, and drawn by elephants or tame lions happily conveyed to England for the purpose. The hero descending from his throne without any evident reason, (while the procession very good-naturedly stands still) addresses the audience in a soliloquy, and discourses concerning the most consequential secrets before the whole multitude of guards, fifers, and attendants; who I presume are conveniently deprived of the sense of hearing for the occasion; since, if a single individual of the whole assembly should happen to hear one syllable of what this worthy man is relating, the whole plot of the drama must necessarily fall to the ground. In this oration, he informs his

audience that he has fallen in love with the wife of his benefactor, and that she is inflamed with a mutual passion. Heroes and heroines used to be virtuous. Our rustic spectator starts, and expects the audience to evince some little token of disapprobation towards these immoral sentiments. On the contrary the whole theatre is evidently interested in the success of these unfortunate sufferers; and every person gazes upon the succeeding scenes wherein the lovers deplore their wretched state of thraldom under a tyrant (the modern name for a husband) with manifest satisfaction and audible sobbings. At length the virtuous hero entraps the husband into his power, and is upon the point of stabbing him, when suddenly the fallen victim recalls to his remembrance that in the husband of his mistress he will destroy his own benefactor. At this charming antithesis of persons the uplifted sword of course drops to the ground, and the good-natured husband by way of recompense delivers up his wife to the man who was going to have murdered him. Upon this noble action perhaps something like indignation would move the mistaken rustic, who conceives that a conclusion is perfected to the whole; but on the contrary in a scene which follows, the hero's father enters, and having stabbed his son, kills himself, with-

out any one reason; or the heroine goes mad and destroys her children; or the husband murders hero, heroine, children and grand-father and then himself. With what emotions will the mistaken rustic quit a representation so shocking to common sense and decency!

Such is the outline of a modern tragedy, in general an exotic composition of British growth, but German extraction, which, with the interposition of a few solemnities, the occasional introduction of divine service, and burials performed on the stage itself, or a few ghosts jumping before the hero's nose, with whom he very naturally converses unappalled and with the utmost composure, a pretty numerous assortment of assassinations, and two or three mad scenes, will complete the incidental particularities requisite to captivate a fashionable audience. The other allurements must not be forgotten; the constant and perpetual appearance of children in almost every scene, who at the early age of three years are enabled to argue, decide, provoke laughter, or draw forth tears at pleasure. Without them no tragedy is orthodox, and with them none can fail of success. Indeed the introduction of children as principal actors is so generally approved, that we may soon expect a most interesting trage-

dy in a nursery, with notable discourses by infants in arms; and upon recollection, I believe that a drama upon the memorable history of Tom Thumb and the Ogre's daughters is already begun by a celebrated writer.

Thus far concerning tragic incident; respecting the language little remains to say, and the less is said the better. I will only observe that the blank verse must be very flowery and very soft, the sentiments unnatural, but dazzling with a species of false splendor; and every expression worked up to the extreme boundaries of sense. If the actor delivers these turgid compositions with an inflated voice; if he stamps and twists his body in the most violent gestures; if he rattles his chains till they break, and makes his unsheathed sword glitter in the lamps, he cannot fail both of recommending the representation, and acquiring universal honor for himself. But let him beware of following nature, if he has the smallest regard for his own reputation; as Nature and Shakspeare are fallen into disrepute, or at least distantly admired, as things good enough in their way, but not suited to the more enlightened ideas of modern critics.

I shall now pass on to modern comedy which will not require so diffuse an investigation, as there is indeed very little matter to discuss,

and the character is neither sufficiently marked, or of sufficient consequence to deserve any laborious attention. Sentimental comedy seems to carry the day, as is evinced by the bursts of applause which such pathetic repetitions universally occasion. At every third sentence the audience is treated with some elevated sentiment, which is carefully impressed upon the mind by continual reiteration. To deliver this with the greater effect, the actor very civilly turning his back upon the other player, advances to the front of the stage, and instead of replying to the person who spoke last, addresses the audience with a voice elevated into a rant, and expatiates upon their singularly excellent qualities. This takes place so often that I feel much astonished an enlightened company should not long ago have been sickened by the continual repetition of compliments, which can really mean nothing from their perpetual recurrence; and if the dramatist supposes that the nation requires all those patriotic sentences to stimulate them on to noble actions, they cannot deserve much credit for innate or intrinsic valour. One other particularity attends these sentimental compositions; that the heroine must faint away, either for some reason or for none at all, much oftener than any human constitution could possibly sustain, and

the subordidate characters must fall into occasional swoons as stage effect may require.

There is another species of comedy, which affects to draw its merit from ridiculing prevailing absurdities, and by the interspersion of living characters or private eccentricities, to become the corrector and amuser of the age, the school of fashion, and the critical ruler of mankind. Unfortunately by being somewhat more absurd in itself than any impropriety which it may pretend to ridicule, this would-be corrector defeats its own purposes, and adds one more object of ridicule to those which it pretends to remove. Awkward imitations of reigning vices render them too trivially ridiculous to become the object of serious consideration; the repetition of the cant phrases which I have previously mentioned, supply the place of humour and wit. Stage effect passes under the name of natural incidents, and the resources of fantastical anticks and low buffoonery are become the approved tokens of an inventive genius. The chief sting of every character lies in the name, and by the perusal of the Dramatis Personæ we are purposely let into the perfect knowledge of the particular qualifications which ought to distinguish each, to save the author any troublesome exertions in marking the

character with that strength which it would otherwise require. If there is an attorney he must be a *Capias* or a *Habeas-Corpus*; *Matthew Mite* is the exclusive title of a cheesemonger; *Curiosa* belongs to every Abigail; *Gripe* to a Miser; and all old-maids are dignified with the appellation of *Lucretia*. In short every situation and profession of life, every disposition of the mind, every particularity of the body have their peculiar titles which are applied to each; and while they previously explain the drift of every character, destroy that interest and attention which would naturally arise, were each person to be distinguished by accurate discrimination and exact consistency.

One drama is entirely supported by the discharge of a glass of water over an unfortunate victim; in another, one of the characters bespatters his own countenance with ink to give room for the facetious observation that he cannot be believed though he has sworn till he is black in the face; and this outdoing all former outdoings in absurdity and puerile improbabilities, is become the stable commodity of the stage, the admiration of the genteel, and the delight of the vulgar.

A species of amphibious production, neither tragedy nor comedy, nor history, nor opera, but

a medley of all, has however gained a still greater degree of public approbation, in which one scene induces the spectators to suppose themselves at a deep tragedy, till the next produces Punch and his Merry Andrews, while sudden transitions keep the mind in an agreeable equipoise between mirth and sorrow, whereby it is prevented from feeling either. After a general has been delivering an harangue to his soldiers before the battle, he proceeds with wonderful tranquillity to reiterate his encouraging sentiments in a song, wherein he quavers out patriotic ardor in sharps, and execrations against the enemy in flats with a marvellous variation, not to mention the full accompaniment of the whole orchestra in a scene where no fidler could possibly have been present. Females are introduced in the field of battle, cutting jokes and interchanging sharp repartees with the same composure as if they were sitting in a drawing room; and perform a duet, while they suppose their fathers, brothers, or even lovers to be suffering death, with the utmost serenity.

Of late, operas have become such usurpers of the English stage, that we may reasonably expect to see Lady Macbeth chanting forth her murderous instigations in a bravura, or Hamlet delivering "*To be or not to be*" as a comic air

to the tune of a jig. Nor is the method of introducing the songs at all times, and in all places, when they are the least expected, and where they are less likely to be performed, unworthy of admiration. If a lover and his mistress wish to escape from the hands of a cruel father without disturbing his slumbers, they immediately begin singing to escape observation, at the full stretch of their voices. A regiment of undisciplined soldiers regularly deliver out a methodical chorus, and if they are on the point of attacking the enemy, have constantly leisure to favour the audience with their concordant strains. I have seen the moon rise very deliberately on purpose to be addressed in a ditty: in short, songs are crowded upon songs, and chorus succeeds chorus, with unvaried and perpetual celerity, which the delighted audience patiently listen to, constantly admire, and command to be repeated without any discrimination.

But to prove how determined the fashionable world is to admire every thing unnatural, and to disapprove all natural things, the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of harlequins and magicians, is sufficiently powerful. When an audience beholds a cart wheel turned into a temple, a man into a candle,

or a mushroom into a man, what extatick transports do they not demonstrate; and very probably if a Garrick were to recite the finest passages in Shakespeare in the finest manner, he would be received very moderately, or at most coolly admired, while the whole theatre would thunder with applause, were Pantaloon but the next moment to devour a bushel of raw carrots, with the accustomed grimaces. Let the motley hero appear, and every countenance brightens, let him overthrow Pantaloon, and every hand is in motion to applaud, and the more the beaten wretch appears to be hurt, the more an audience will enjoy it. They follow Harlequin through a dull repitition of accidents, tricks, and incongruous adventures, which are certain to produce the same conclusion; and if he overcomes the father of his runaway mistress, beats the clown, and kills the *immortal* magician; if the metamorphoses are sufficiently improbable, the decorations superabundantly magnificent, and the whole properly rebellious against common sense, and if it conclude with a superb and undescribable scene, the spectators are more than completely delighted.

The only succedaneum that can be allowed for Harlequin, is magnificence of scenery, carried

to such improbable and inconsistent heights, that a cottage will resemble a palace, and a palace the habitation of a divinity. Let the triumphal processions in a spectacle of this nature, be sufficiently numerous, the dresses glittering, the pageants gloriously improbable, and the piece will succeed pretty tolerably; but then it must be diversified with the appearance of a few animals never before seen but on sign posts; golden griffins, blue boars, white lions, and green men; accompanied by a due proportion of battles and single combats, wherein two barbarian chieftains who could never possibly have seen any instruments except a tomahawk or hatchet, begin fencing very genteelly, as if they had been accustomed to the rapier all their lives. Let every thing yield to stage effect; as in the appearance of African slaves, at a period when they were unknown in England, and the destruction of a Baron's castle with gunpowder, long before it was invented. Moreover a procession is an article of actual necessity, so that Romulus would be allowed to meet a Grecian emperor at the wedding of an English vassal, or the pope to lead the high priest of the Jews hand in hand on a visit to a king of Monomotapa long before the christian æra; which the spectators would applaud with the utmost composure and approbation, provided

they were accompanied with a splendid train of soldiery, monks, and Morris dancers.

In short, common sense has been beaten off theatrical ground by the Genius of folly, who contrives to maintain a firm station assisted by her troops of Harlequins, Pantaloons, unknown animals, rope dancers, tumblers, and singers, so that I understand the managers have entered upon a scheme of considerably enlarging the theatre, for the sake of accommodating the numerous retinue of nurses and children, who attend in consequence of these new entertainments.

Morality has yielded to German philosophy, and we may soon hope, by the assistance of the stage, to return to that original state of *virtuous* simplicity, when marriage was unknown, or at least unattended to; and dramatical composition is so completely devoted to modern principles of merit, buffoonery, and pantomine, that we must expect, if the present mode remains unaltered, that the whole nation will become modern Philosophers, Merry Andrews, or Pantaloons.

The hope however still exists that when the dazzling novelty of the present theatrical species, which I am inclined to believe is their principle

attraction, shall have subsided, the audience will begin to perceive their error, and return to the better taste of their ancestors, who were contented with the more simple amusements of probable adventures, natural language, and moderate action in the performers. I am willing to expect with confidence, the speedy arrival of the period, which shall restore to the stage its original, but respected embellishments; when the intention of dramatic exhibitions shall again be directed towards the improvement of private morals, and the public disposition; when amusement shall unite with instruction, to recommend virtuous principles, or eradicate vicious inclinations; and the theatre shall again become the promoter of good taste, literature, and morality.

X. Y.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XVII.

MONDAY, *September* 17, 1804.

Non aliter stupui, quam qui Jovis ignibus ictus
Vivit, et est vitæ nescius ipse suæ.

Ov. Trist. Lib. 1. 3.

THE following story, of which the principal parts are true, is in itself so severe a censure upon the conduct of those unnatural parents, who, blinded by avarice, and a false ambition, sacrifice the happiness and affections of their children at the shrine of Mammon, that it does not require to be enforced by any further observations.

Many years ago an English gentleman, who has gained a considerable degree of reputation in the medical world, and whom I shall introduce

to my readers under the name of SEMPRONIUS, became acquainted with a lady of uncommon merit, whose elegance of form, and expressive countenance, were only to be equalled by the gentlest manners, and the most comprehensive abilities that nature ever lavished upon a female mind. It cannot then be wondered at if Sempronius felt his admiration gradually ripening into love, or that JULIA should conceive an affection for one whose ideas were so congenial with her own, and whose respectful assiduities but too plainly confessed the inward sensations of his heart. It was not long before he ventured to declare his passion, nor were his offers rejected by the object of it. But his fortune being small, and his profession uncertain, her mother (an artful, aspiring woman,) thought that such accomplishments, as her daughter possessed, might easily procure a wealthier, and consequently in her idea, a more eligible husband. However, as she was fearful of entirely blasting their hopes, by a positive denial, she prevailed upon her daughter to persuade Sempronius, when he had scarcely attained his twentieth year, to travel for his improvement, as her parents were desirous that he should ensure a more certain establishment previous to his marriage.

After repeated assurances of her unalterable attachment, and in compliance with her intreaties, he left England. From the moment of his arrival on the Continent he frequently wrote to her, but for a long time received no answer to his letters. During his absence a gentleman of fortune had been purposely introduced to the lady, and meeting with encouragement from her parents, had made an offer of his hand. In the mean time all Sempronius's letters were intercepted, and it was represented to the unfortunate Julia that he had totally discarded her from his affections, and that immersed in vice and dissipation he was no longer worthy of her esteem. However unwilling she at first was to credit any report to the disadvantage of her absent lover, they were so often repeated, and so strongly confirmed by his apparent neglect, that she was at length constrained to yield to her mother's importunities. But previously she informed the gentleman who was extremely attached to her, that, "Sempronius alone could ever be in possession of her *heart;* but that as he had met with the approbation of her parents, she was ready to comply with their wishes, if he thought her worthy of his acceptance, after such a declaration."

The first intimation that Sempronius received of these unfavourable transactions was from the following letter, which Julia herself privately addressed to him in the bitterness of her grief, at undeservedly losing the affections of a man whose virtues had so lately claimed her admiration, and whose love she had so justly gloried in.

" The neglected and long forgotten Julia, willing to prove the constancy of her own heart, writes for the last time, to her once loved (and still how dear!) Sempronius! She writes not to sharpen the remorse that he must feel when he remembers his broken vows and violated promises. No,—let his own conscience be his only accuser, and punishment! But if one spark of affection still lingers in his bosom, if (as she even now hopes) he is conscious of being unworthy of the reproaches thrown against him; if he can again appear before her the same Sempronius, whose virtues she once esteemed, let him instantly hasten to England, and if possible, save her from the destiny that hangs over her! Three years have passed away, since on your knees you swore an eternal attachment to me, and received the same vows of constancy from my lips! Heaven can bear witness how faithfully

I have preserved mine! how dreadfully———— But I wish not to reproach you with the contrast! May your own heart, if it can, acquit you! Three long years have passed away, and never have I received one line of consolation; one proof of remaining affection from your hand. A gentleman, whom I might once have *loved*, and even now *esteem*, has offered to lay his fortune at my feet. My parents are so convinced of your unworthiness, and inconstancy, and indeed so little doubt remains in my own mind, that another fortnight will——need I add the rest? Oh! that there were no necessity of saying so much! and that the too inconstant Sempronius had remained true to

His much-injured JULIA."

When this letter reached Paris, the miserable Sempronius was stretched out upon the bed of sickness, in a state of total insensibility. As soon as the violence of his disorder abated, and his scattered senses had resumed their usual powers, the letter was delivered to him. Words cannot express the mingled sensations of grief and astonishment that agitated him, upon the perusal of its contents. The fatal truth at once flashed upon him. At the hazard of his life, and contrary to the earnest intreaties of his friends, he determined

to set out for England without a moment's delay. But alas! it was too late! Scarce had he arrived at —— when he was informed, that Julia fully convinced of his inconstancy and unworthiness had been married to Mr. * * * * * on the preceding day!

Overpowered by this dreadful information, nothing could have prevented him from terminating a miserable existence, but the consciousness of his own integrity, and the principles of a well-grounded religion, which never fails to support the good man in the hour of affliction and despair. As soon as possible he left the scene of his disappointment, and as his fortune was sufficient for a solitary being, dedicated the remainder of his life, and extensive knowledge to the service of his friends and the poor, well knowing that the most unexampled success in his profession could never recall his former happiness.

After a lapse of some years, Julia was taken dangerously ill, and being informed upon inquiry that her life was in imminent danger, she insisted upon immediately seeing Sempronius in a medical capacity. It was thought adviseable to comply with her request, and Sempronius was desired to attend the death-bed of her,

whose impression so long a period had never been able to obliterate. But who can with justice describe the agony of their meeting? They had not seen each other since the evening before his departure for the Continent; and during that interval, a slow consuming grief had so undermined his health, that scarcely the shadow of what he then was remained. Her charms had likewise gradually fallen a prey to sickness and unavailing sorrow, and in her faded form he could with difficutly trace any resemblance to the once beautiful Julia.

No sooner had he entered the room, than she eagerly demanded, if there was any possibility of her life being spared for many days, and upon his answering, "There was not!" She clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Then Death alone shall separate us!" For ten days he never left her bedside, but watched over her with unremitting attention, and afforded every consolation in his power. A short time previous to her dissolution, she inquired of him, why he had never written to her, and whether he had really been the altered man, that had been represented to her; "Although, added she, your present behaviour appears to contradict such a report." He knew but too well the source of these mis-representations; but unwilling to

expose the depravity of a parent to her dying daughter, he generously resolved not to criminate her mother by entering upon his own defence.

Judging unfavourably from his silence, she repeatedly assured him of her forgiveness; presented a lock of her hair to him; and entrusted her children to his care, in the event of her husband's death, or absence. By this time he perceived by her countenance that the hand of death was already upon her, nor did he hesitate to warn her of an approaching dissolution. "Take me then, exclaimed she, in your arms, and since I have not been permitted to live for you, at least in death let me be yours!" Scarcely had he obeyed her command, when gently reclining her pale cheek upon his bosom, she expired without a groan!!

God's will be done! murmured the unfortunate Sempronius as he sunk upon the floor unable to support the agitation of his own mind. In a state almost bordering upon insensibility he was carried down stairs, and as he passed the room, which contained the parents of his deceased Julia, he overheard her father bitterly reproaching his wife, for the part which she had acted, and accusing her of bringing his grey hairs with

sorrow to the grave. During the short remainder of his life he constantly visited the children which Julia had left behind her. He did not however long survive this fatal catastrophe; but lingered out a few melancholy months of affliction, and then passed with tranquillity into a better world. By his express desire his remains were deposited under the same tomb that contained Julia's, and the following epitaph was inscribed upon their monument.

"Two
HAPLESS LOVERS,
WHOSE FAITHFUL HEARTS EVEN THE ARTIFICE OF
AN UNNATURAL PARENT
COULD NOT SEPARATE, AND WHOSE ATTACHMENT THE
MOST SEVERE MISFORTUNES COULD
NOT WEAKEN,
HERE ENJOY THAT UNION IN DEATH,
WHICH, WHEN LIVING, WAS
DENIED THEM."

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XVIII.

MONDAY, *September* 24, 1804.

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores.

——— *To thee we living honours pay.*

Hor. Ep. 1. 1, 15.

AMONG the various novelties introduced by modern times, a species of writers perfectly unknown in former ages have made their appearance, and though already composing a large portion of our literary republic, are still in a state of daily and prodigious increase. Among the Greeks and Romans it was the constant aim of every author to be received and admired by posterity, although from different circumstances very few in proportion have ever attained their wish. Many impressed with this idea bore with forti-

tude and patience the rigid censures of their contemporaries, looking forward to the fairer criticism and more unbiased judgment of future ages. A stronger contrast cannot be drawn than between these and the tribe of authors beforementioned, whose only ambition is to suit their compositions to the capricious taste of the present time, by no means solicitous of their welfare beyond that period. "*Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die,*" was the sentiment of some of the ancient philosophers, nor is it less applicable to our ephemeral race of modern scribblers.

The first whom I shall mention, are the composers, or rather compilers of those immense bodies of daily information called Newspapers. By every one of these so many *authorlings* are keept in constant pay, that if the public were to withdraw their patronage from them, many humble dependants on the Muses would be forced to leave the service of their mistresses, and descend for subsistence to some less honourable employment. The historical department alone will furnish a constant succession of materials worthy of the pen of the greatest Greek or Roman historians. We have the arrival of a home-bound fleet and its cargo described with all the sim-

plicity of an Herodotus; we read an account of a dreadful accident occasioned by the carlessness of a drayman, with all the majesty of a Thucydides; nor could Xenophon himself have been better employed than in the interesting narrative of the *retreat* of many hundred great personages from a masquerade or fashionable assembly. In the present state of affairs our historians find many opportunities for the sublime, in describing the repeated firings and bombardments on the French coast, although in some cases where facts have failed them, they have given, as many great and learned men before them have done, rather too great a play to the natural vigour of imagination.

The political department next claims our attention. Rumours gathered from the court, from the city, and the coast can never fail to gain a comfortable livelihood. Here the great art of obscurity may be exercised with considerable effect. A certain mysterious confusion interspersed with a proper number of high sounding words, not forgetting a few surmises concerning Austria, Spain, Prussia, &c. highly seasoned with a dash of three or four stars cannot fail of ensuring the credit, or what is preferable, selling many copies of the deserving and interesting

publication. A very considerable effect may likewise be produced by contradicting one day what was asserted as incontestably true in the former paper: nor must I omit the mention of the votaries of Thalia, who find a ready and constant sale for their puns on any recent event at a very fair price. During a dearth of battles, bombardments, and politics, a small assortment of sonnets and epigrams will readily make their way. Criticism, except with regard to new plays, new carriages, and birth-day dresses, will not employ many followers of Longinus and Quinctilian. Deaths, marriages, and births must not be neglected; one poor fellow of my acquaintance, a purveyor of these articles, was unfortunately turned out from a profitable place, because he never brought the account of a birth till the child was christened; nor of a death, till the deceased was buried. I cannot speak in too high terms of the noble and commanding eloquence in the generality of the advertisements; and whether a "*steady, sober, cook-maid*" wants a place; or a house "*delightfully situated in a rural part of Tottenham-court-road*" is to be sold, our admiration must equally be raised by the persuasive flow of these specimens of rational ability. Our attention may be justly called to one more article, not less important than any of

the above-mentioned. A scandalous supposition either from the East or West side of the town, properly worked up will never pass unrewarded, especially if the printer heightens its effect with a proper quantity of Italics.

I could mention various other departments in this daily mass of literature, did not other publications demand my notice. Among which I shall mention, those monthly distillations of daily news; namely, Magazines. The same interesting variety exists here as in the former, and will of course find materials for as many geniuses to work upon. When we are tired of biography we may indulge ourselves with a portion of domestic occurrences; and our mind may be happily relieved from a long disquisition on the East window of a church, by an agreeable sonnet to the moon. Another advantage is that if in the middle of a long history or dissertation a fear of tiring out the patience of the reader, or deficiency of materials should arise, the author may ingeniously, amidst the most interesting part, defer the continuation of his subject till the next month, thereby ensuring the sale of the subsequent numbers.

But as from magazines of various descriptions adapted to the talents, capacities, and concep-

tions of their various readers, an inexhaustible supply of information and amusement may be derived, no less may the sublime art of criticism be learned from that august and venerable squadron, who in their monthly sally into the field of letters, like the Macedonian Phalanx, bear down all before them. But in making mention of these terrific personages a secret horror thrills through my veins, and causes me to tremble at my own audacity. I could almost fancy this tremendous army with one single volley hurling myself, my writings, and my name to eternal perdition. These give wisdom to infants and idiots; these cause children to grow wiser than their parents; by them beaux become politicians, man-milliners, scholars and school boys judges of philosophy. Under their influence sophists and apprentices brawl, debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge. Instructed by them, coffee-house wits can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or language; under their guidance striplings spend their judgement, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. Yet with all this vast power in their hands, with all this influence on the minds of their readers, a single month will by a fresh

succession of new wit, perfectly eclipse and extinguish the brilliancy of the former; and it will be some consolation to the poor sufferers, who have so unmercifully been then doomed to perdition and oblivion, that the reviewers and the reviewed, the conquerors and the conquered will both lie forgotten in the same grave. From their sentence there is no appeal, and for the wound inflicted by their venomous arrows, there is no remedy or palliative. The state of the authors must be wretched indeed, did not an occasional ray of hope spring up from a quarter, whence it could be least expected. The same cause which lessened the influence of Rome, has in some measure produced the same effect on the power of the critical army. Too great strength in a party will naturally bring on dissensions, and those dissensions will in proportion to their virulence infuse a debility through the whole: Hence in one review our minds are prejudiced against a new author; his sentiments are represented as dangerous and alarming, his agreements as weak, and his language as turgid and bombast, and our ill opinions of him are confirmed by a few sneers and insinuations against his life and character. Perhaps the next month we cast our eyes upon an equally infallible literary journal. In that we find his sentiments commended, his

reasoning held forth as strong and convincing and his style as the highest specimen of the most sublime eloquence. If his reputation has suffered by the secret poison of the former, he is amply repaid by the adulatory praises bestowed on him by the latter. Occasionally we find as many opinions as critics. In one an author is unfortunately below their notice; in another he is happily above their praise; in a third a few beauties are candidly selected; in a fourth the very same passages are as candidly reprobated. Thus amidst so many contending parties the author may by chance escape with his life, and sometimes with an unblemished reputation.

Many other publications might be mentioned as formed entirely for the taste of the times; as plays, novels, &c. whilst the only object is to ensure a rapid sale for the present, little caring for the future success of their performances, and totally despising the opinion of posterity.

I shall conclude my paper with an account of a gentleman residing in a country village, who is a strong instance of the extensive influence of these productions.

Papirius is a man who has received a liberal education, and still retains a certain love for

learning, which however is cherished by few opportunities, little industry and still less judgement; partly arising from his habits of mind, partly from his situation in a retired part of the country. He feels an interest in the affairs of the state, but from his retirement he is incapable of forming a right judgement on political subjects; his whole source of information on this head is a single newspaper. He is not less concerned for the welfare of literature; but he has not industry to read the recent publications, nor strength of mind to form a right conclusion on their merits. A single review saves him the trouble of reading, and furnishes him with a sufficient quantity of criticism on each book. In the newspapers he places an implicit confidence with regard to politics; nor does he consider the Review as a less infallible guide in every literary subject. Well stocked with the materials collected from these, he is a match for all his neighbours on their own ground. He overcomes the Squire in politics, the Apothecary in physic, the Attorney in law, nor is the Parson, although a shrewd man, able to withstand him in a dispute on divinity. He astonishes them with wonderful stories collected from the last magazine; puzzles them with arguments and criticisms from the last review, and terrifies them

with the dreadful situation of the country from his daily source of intelligence. Whatever occurrence, however improbable, if asserted in these, must in his opinion be true; whatever dogma, however absurd, is laid down, by him is considered as perfectly valid. Papirius is become a violent party man, and though the Squire is sufficiently loud on the subject, he is always louder and longer; nor can the collective force of the circle of his acquaintance stand against the weight of his arguments, the vigour of his language, and the readiness of his answers. One circumstance has not however escaped the notice of some silent observers of his conversation; that after the first fortnight his vigour begins to drop, and his noise gradually to decrease, untill the first day of the month, at which time being recruited with a fresh supply of matter, he opens his batteries with renewed force upon his astonished antagonists.

The cause of Papirius's knowledge continued for a long time undiscovered, and the depth of his erudition was in proportion admired by all his country neighbours. One of his acquaintance at length suspecting the source of his information, with more wit than compassion, and more humour than humanity, persuaded the too credulous Papirius to double his monthly and

daily cargo of learning; and ingeniously recommended a Newspaper in a state of complete political opposition to the former, and a Review conducted on pinciples quite contrary to the one which had previously determined his opinions. Papirius was completely staggered by his new directors: One moment he is taught to believe the kingdom threatened wtih immediate and unavoidable destruction; the next that it is in the most glorious state of permament prosperity. His party sentiments fail him, and he is confused, perplexed and distracted. His infallible monitor in literature no longer convinces him; another, as far as he knows, equally true, contradicts and combats the assertions of the former. As his judgement is not strong enough to determine the merits of the case, like the ass between the two bundles of hay, he is in a constant state of stupefaction. His former antagonists enjoy a triumph at his expence. Should he agree with them, his former directors fly before his face; should he disagree with them, the arguments of his new intelligencers disarm his force. As he is always of opinion with the one that he read last, he is totally unable to discard either of them; till which event takes place, he will never resume his original spirits and vehemence; but will remain a silent, pensive, discontented man. T.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XIX.

MONDAY, *October* 29, 1804.

" Si raro scribes, ut toto non quater anno
Membranam poscas, scriptorum quæque retexens,
Iratus tibi, quod vini somnique benignus
Nil dignum sermone canas: quid fiet?———
Dic aliquid dignum promissis,"———

HORACE, Sat. 2, 3.

" If hardly once a quarter of a year,
So idle grown, a single sheet appear;
If angry with yourself that sleep and wine
Enjoy your hours, while anxious to refine
Your labours past, no more your voice you raise
To ought that may deserve the public praise;
What shall be done?———
Sing something worthy of the promised strain."—

FRANCIS.

IF my vanity and self-importance have not deceived me, many and various have been the conjectures concerning my sudden and unex-

pected disappearance. The beginning of each week, since the cessation of my labours, has furnished an infinite number of surmises, which at any other time might have proved conducive to my amusement; but under existing circumstances have been the source of a continued and increasing anxiety. But it would be an inconsiderable relief and consolation to me, if I could with reason flatter myself, that the public anxiety had borne the slightest proportion to my own.

It was confidently asserted that after the example of many wiser and better men, poor Solomon Grildrig had submitted to the will of the fates and breathed his last on Monday Sept. 24, and that his Manes had quietly descended to the regions of eternal dulness and oblivion. Among the numerous conjectures relative to the cause of his untimely dissolution; some have supposed that a severe paralytic affection, accompanied by a fatal lethargy had irrevocably closed the period of his life; and that the strongest symptoms of the disorder undeniably existed, when he last appeared in public. Others on the contrary were assured that he had been treacherously poisoned by malignity and detraction; the corrosive effects of which were too strong to

have been counteracted by any antidote which either fame or reputation could have administered. A report has likewise been disseminated, that owing to the chilling frigidity of the atmosphere around him, a cold caught through the frost of neglect had brought on a gradual but fatal mortification. The thermometer of the publisher will be fully sufficient to contradict the truth of such a report. Nor has it been without suspicion, that upon taking too profound a dive into the *Bathos* he was entangled in some weeds and unfortunately drowned. Another party has conjectured that he laboured under a species of *the King's evil,* and that the *Royal touch* alone would dispel his humours, revivify his imagination, and diffuse an instantaneous vigour through his subsequent efforts.

How far these may deviate from the truth, I shall not from my own words attempt to prove; but from the testimony of an attendant, upon whose veracity and integrity both myself and the public may with safety rely. About the middle of the last Summer a certain distemper previously unknown to the faculty made its appearance, and was introduced into this country from the East Indies by the home-bound fleet. It was supposed that the universities and public schools

would have peculiarly felt its influence, which did not however answer to the general expectation. It was one of those diseases which attack the strongest bodies alone; while the weaker from poorness of blood and deficiency of spirit have not vigour sufficient for its reception. Solomon Grildrig fell one of the first victims of its contagion Immediately after (or as some will confidently assert before) his last appearance, he was seized with a violent shivering and palpitation of the heart, accompanied by no small portion of fever.

In a few days he became totally delirious, and shewed incontestible symptoms of the prevalent *Bengal fever*. Amidst his incoherent ravings he was heard repeatedly and with great energy to exclaim the words "φῶς γενέσθω;" in so much that his attendant conceived them to be the name of some evil spirit, who had lately bewitched the whole land of *Lilliput*. During the height of his phrenzy he would fancy himself bathing in the waters of the Ganges, and would without intermission mutter between his teeth "Bramins"—"Bengal"—Royal College"—and such like unintelligible nonsense. One evening during a consultation held on his case, in the violence of his distraction he discharged several

large volumes upon the unfortunate circle; and upon examination, that which wounded the scull of the apothecary proved to be a Greek Thesaurus, and that which broke the publisher's shin was "*the Marquis of Wellesley's minutes on the college of Bengal.*" The apothecary fomented his head; the publisher rubbed his shin, exclaiming, "if he should go really mad, who will buy his stock in trade?" His fears however proved futile; for in a few days the undigested ideas were eradicated from the patient's *pericranium*, a copious evacuation of the morbid matter was procured, and SOLOMON GRILDRIG was with some care reduced to a competent knowledge of himself. Still he remained very languid and debilitated from the violence of his disorder, till his strength was renovated and his spirits invigorated by frequent and continued doses of Addison, Swift, and Johnson. Again he rises from the bed of sickness, again he meditates a steady perseverance, again he throws himself on the candour of his readers He hopes that a single *fever* will not ruin a long train of success; he trusts that his subsequent conduct will obliterate the reproaches of his former disorder. Amidst the numerous and gratifying enquires made after him by his friends during the whole course of his illness, the ill-

natured sneers, and sarcastic malignity of a few have not escaped him. These however shall neither induce a torpid languor, and instill their frigid opiate into his efforts, he still hopes

" ——————————————————*ab ipso*
Ducere opes animumque ferro."——

" *To draw new life and vigour from the sword.*"

Having thus fully explained the cause and effects of my recent indisposition, it is my intention to dedicate the remainder of my paper to the consideration of a superficial knowledge, so eagerly and disgustingly displayed on every occasion by the foppish pedants and coxcomical striplings of the present day. Universal knowledge is not in the power of the wisest men to obtain: an appearance of it is perfectly easy for the most foolish to assume. The severest labour and most intense application, will in no instance procure the former; the most relaxed indolence and enervated debility will prove no obstacle to the latter. For as there exist publications that without study will safely guide the judgement, and without trouble infallibly direct the criticism of the ignorant, so we have a tribe of authorlings, from whose never-failing source abundant information on any art however complex, and on

any science however abstruse, may with ease and satisfaction be derived. Should it be the wish of an apothecary to become acquainted with the principles of jurisprudence; should a reverend divine be eager to commence quack; or a man-milliner entertain an affection for polite literature, to these farrago's of learned nonsense they may look for the accomplishment of their wishes. Replete in general with the grossest blunders, compiled from abridgements, and the refuse of the common-place book, they are lowered down to the comprehension of the most degraded and sluggish capacities, till every vestige of sense is eradicated, and every spark of animation is totally extinguished. Under such auspices, and ander such instructors, the silly coxcomb and universal pedant give ample scope to their silly curiosity and frivolous garrulity. With just knowledge enough to render him impertinent, and just wit enough to make him disagreable, he stands confessed,

" Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes, Augur, Schænobates, Medicus, Magus."——

" A Cook, a Conjuror, a Rhetorician,
A Painter, Pedant, and Geometrician,
A Dancer on the Ropes, and Physician."

Juv. Sat. 3, 76.

A slender acquaintance with the first principles, and a reasonable portion of the abstruse and technical terms of any art, thrown in at proper times and distances, cannot fail of exciting the admiration of the ignorant, and of frequently deceiving a far deeper proficient than himself. A single week properly employed in this manner, and under these directions, will give him a full insight into the vast body of arts and sciences; one only of which, under other circumstances, would take up his whole life to have maturely considered, deliberately weighed, and thoroughly acquainted himself with. An observation on the weather will afford him an opportunity for displaying his knowledge in "*Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, and Carbonic Gas.*" On the simple mention of music, he will astonish you with *thirds, octaves, &c.* and should ill luck give you a headach, it will be considerably increased by disquisitions on *comatosity, cellular membranes* &c. No subject comes amiss; an equal force of words, technical terms and pompous nonsense will butt the unfortunate sufferer with the unwieldy vigour of incessant folly.

This fluency of speech and readiness of language, is by some considered as an argument in favour of their erudition. It is rather owing to

a scarcity of matter and an equal scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking, to hesitate in the choice of both: whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to cloth them in, and these are always ready for immediate use. The cogency of their arguments are generally impressed by noise, and where sense is wanting, clamour supplies its place; as with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring that little out. This species of false and superficial learning resembles false money, it may pass for a time, and may serve some ordinary occasions; but upon the application of the touchstone we find the lightness and detect the alloy. Their folly is soon discovered by their obscurity, and their gross ignorance is soon betrayed by impotent garrulity.

The bird of the day always looks to the sun, so must we look up to the genuine source of uncontaminated wisdom.

———"*Juvat integros accedere fontes, Atq haurire.*———

"*To draw from genuine founts the purest streams.*"

LUCRET.

The borrowed precepts, silly observations, and trite stupidity of elementary books may form a noisy and impudent, but never a great and illustrious man. Such will never be the effect of flippancy without wit, dulness without sobriety, and strangeness without originality. An intense, fervent and unremitting investigation of the depths of literature and science, must put to flight those indolent habits of mental dissipation, which are a most serious and insurmountable obstacle to the substantial and systematical acquisition of all knowledge. Shallow and superficial productions, like an ignis-fatuus, first by their false glimmering lead us into error, and afterwards plunge us into the profoundest abyss of intellectual night. From a laborious application alone and its attendant effects, can learning and science derive the brightness of their lustre, the fulness of their dignity, and the consummation of their glory.

T.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XX.

MONDAY, *November* 5, 1804.

Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio; librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere, &c.
JUV. Sat. 3. 41.

What's Rome to me, what business have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my Patron's undeserving rhymes.——
DRYDEN.

AS it has often been a subject of my deepest reflection, and as it must be a matter of no small importance to the larger portion of my fellow-citizens, to consider what path they will hereafter pursue, when time shall have conveyed them from the peaceful bosom of Eton, into the tumultuous scenes of public life; it is my intention to dedicate this paper to an enquiry into

so useful and necessary a consideration. Not that I shall presume to obtrude my admonition upon a point, which the opinion of a parent, or accidental circumstances must in a great measure regulate and decide: but merely to throw together a few ideas, which the subject may present to my observation.

I have been frequently astonished at the inconsistency of many well-meaning parents, who at the same time that they desire and expect their children to attain the highest eminence in their several professions, inconsiderately bring them up in the antiquated principles of virtue and morality. Such an education might have done very well for the Spartans under Lycurgus; or the Romans in the time of Fabricius. Morality is very proper for a country curate, or a converted methodist, and gives an appearance of religion to a Sunday sermon. Voltaire has long since exploded such vulgar words from the law and political vocabulary of every nation. The steps of "*young ambition's ladder,*" are composed of more solid materials, by which he may reach the heavens, tyrannize over his fellow-subjects with impunity, and defy the power of man.

It must therefore be the principle study of every parent to adorn his son with those brilliant

qualifications, which may enable him to pursue the path of glory and opulence. There are many acquisitions which may be equally serviceable to him in any department of public life; but there are others again which are the peculiar attributes of each individual profession, and without which no one can persist in a steady course of successful iniquity. I shall now venture to lay down a few precepts, for the benefit of any who may be unhacknied in the artifices of the world; or who imagine virtue to be the giver of public dignity, wealth, or power; and if they are still so infatuated as to conceive honours and grandeur to be consistent with moral excellence, let them hear the words of the greatest satirist of his age, and be convinced.

Aude aliquod brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis: Probitas laudatur, et alget.
Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, mensas,
Argentum vetus, et stantem extra pocula caprum.

JUV. SAT. 1. 73.

Wouldst thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves:
For Virtue is but dryly praised, and starves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate embost,
Fair palaces, and furniture of cost. DRYDEN.

Does a parent wish to qualify his son to become an eminent politician? let him be taught early to disguise the most treacherous designs, under the specious covering of fair words and a smiling countenance. Let not his counsels and actions in the smallest degree be actuated by the feelings of his heart; he must learn to stifle conscience in the very beginning of his career, for if once he yields to its suggestions, he is irrevocably undone; and then farewell for ever to all the hopes of his ambition! Let it be his chief care to insinuate himself into the favour of great men, to discover their weaknesses, and mould them to his own purposes, by flattery and obsequious attention. But in addition to this, he must particularly attach himself to the interests of some powerful patron, who may be able to reward him handsomely for his services; he must talk frequently of honour and peace of mind and conscience, all which are to be disinterestedly sacrificed to the emolument of his patron. Let him still beware of falling into security; but wait for a favourable opportunity, and when that occurs, tumble his benefactor down the precipice, and raise himself upon the ruins of fallen grandeur.

But his most difficult undertaking will be to procure a seat in parliament; an acquisition

which is absolutely necessary even to constitute a real politician. Many artifices have been, and may still be used with success, of which the following are not altogether unserviceable. Let the candidate, having previously summoned a proper share of impudence to his assistance, dash down with a splendid equipage to some borough at a considerable distance from the metropolis. He must here lay aside the character of an humble dependant upon the ministry, and stand forth with patriotic ardour as the defender of liberty, the avenger of injured innocence, and the only remaining bulwark of England. A bribe judiciously administered, has been known to effect wonders. Our hero must not forget to stretch his politeness even beyond its usual bounds, to promise more than he can ever perform, to embrace every shoe-black and chimney-sweeper with the familiarity of a brother, and daily to bellow out a patriotic speech, teeming with "liberty, plenty, and victory," to the deluded populace. This, if properly executed, is the *coup de grâce*. An oration of this kind was once shewn to me, by an expert politician, who had already carried three elections by the force of its eloquence, and was then standing for the fourth, which however he unfortunately lost, by carelessly omitting the usual quantity of freedom and

patriotism. I would have given an example of this species of oratory at full length, were I not apprehensive of its occupying too large a portion of this essay. Nevertheless the reader may satisfy his curiosity, by referring to any of the newspapers, which were published at the beginning of last August.

The law now claims our attention; and I cannot do better than express myself in the words of a notorious Barrister, who being either smitten with a conscientious disorder, or desirous of doing a little good before he should leave the world, addressed me in the following words: "My dear Solomon, it is your father's determination that you should study the law as a profession, and your inclination, I understand, leads you to obey his desire. Previous however to your introduction into public, I have taken this opportunity to give you such admonitions as may enable you to acquire the necessary qualifications of a Barrister, and to overcome with facility every obstacle that may impede your progress. My course through life has been unusually brilliant and successful; attend to me, and your's may be accompanied with equal prosperity.

From the earliest period of existence, when reason first dawned upon my infant mind, my

parents taught me to look forward to the situation which I now enjoy. I had heard that Lawyers were people who employed themselves in raising dissentions among their neighbours, cheating every one that fell within their reach, and continually bawling, chattering and arguing with great vehemence, by which means they managed to amass large fortunes in a very short time. No sooner therefore was I sent to a public school, which I considered as a proper field for the display of my abilities, than I took every opportunity of setting my school-fellows together by the ears, deceiving my master, and holding arguments with every one who ventured to listen to me. And though I often suffered for my impertinence, still I continued with undaunted ardour to support the character which I had assumed; and at the same moment was looked up to as a genius, and detested as a quarrelsome, impertinent fellow by my companions. In this manner I passed through the time allotted to my classical education, and was at length entered at Lincoln's inn. Some have imagined that extensive erudition is necessary to insure success in the Law: how much are they mistaken! for during the whole time previous to my being called to the Bar, I entered into every fashionable dissipation; and by nodding between five or six en-

ormous folios through several hours of the day, and continually appearing in deep meditation, I acquired the reputation of a learned man. I had all the great lawyers names at my fingers ends, read Blackstone's Commentaries, skimmed over Coke and Littleton, dipped into a few more, and learnt all the law phrases by rote. I was now called upon to sustain that character in earnest, which I had hitherto only acted in miniature. The day destined for my first appearance in public arrived; my client had been accused of horse-stealing, and I was thoroughly persuaded of his guilt. Nevertheless I entered boldly upon his defence; assumed an air of importance, argued very loud, flattered the judge, bantered the plaintiff, confused the witnesses, proved an *alibi*, and brought off the prisoner in triumph. From that auspicious day my practice has increased; I have steadily pursued the same course, and now enjoy the fruits of my labour. You have the same clue in your hands, use it with judgment, and fame and opulence are yours."

Notwithstanding this valuable admonition, I am still uncertain whether I shall be ushered into the world under the character of a lawyer, or physician. The medicinal art has often been the subject of my consideration; and since my

late disorder, I have been more inclined to favour it, as I had then several opportunities of observing the manners and superior excellence of its professors. A considerable portion of animal spirits is requisite to support the chicanery of the law; whereas stupidity, gloominess and solemnity are the necessary attributes of physic. The learned personage who lately attended me in a medical capacity, appears to have come from the hands of nature, as a complete model for all physicians. He is a tall, meagre figure; and to a pale, sallow countenance adds the embellishments of one hollow eye, lanthorn jaws, high cheek-bones, and a nose that rather merits the name of a proboscis. This interesting assemblage of features he has enveloped with the flowery curls of an enormous perriwig; a mulberry coat, black waistcoat, and buck-skin galligaskins are among the most striking ornaments of his person. Invested with this armour, and continually applying a gold-headed cane to his lips with consummate gravity, he is absolutely irresistible. He stalks into the room with measured steps, and eyes fixed upon the ground; then having made a solemn inclination of his head, he draws out his watch, seizes the patient's wrist between his forefinger and thumb, and then silently gives him over to the apothecary. The ceremony being

in this manner performed, he retires in the same state with which he entered. At every movement he commands respect, and at every word strikes his auditors with astonishment; his dulness is mistaken for modesty, and his solemnity for learning. If a young physician earnestly imitates this admired example, and assidiously studies the character and management of doctor Sangrado in Gil Blas, he will in a short time become as wealthy, illustrious, and destructive as any hero on the records of antiquity.

But although interest and court-favour do in a great measure influence every profession; yet we cannot for a moment suppose the abovementioned artifices can prevail in the church, when we look around us and see every religious office occupied by men eminent for their learning, piety and talents; men who are the the supporters of true religion, and political tranquillity; who have never cringed to the great, nor risen into honour by flattery and obsequiousness, but through their own abilities and intrinsic excellence.

Unskilful they to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By Doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour.

GOLD. D. V.

And even were it possible that such abuses could exist, SOLOMON GRILDRIG would never dare to draw aside the veil of the inner temple, or to sport with those things which religion has consecrated to herself, and concealed from the impious penetration of ridicule and profaneness.

In those situations also, where honour, wealth, and distinction are to be gained by the sword alone, and where every man is able to carve out his own fortune, boldness and magnanimity will always triumph over craft and cowardice. For courage and not morality, is the road to naval and military eminence. Not that the younger son of a nobleman, who has nothing but an *honourable* to recommend him, may not arrive at the dignity of captain or even colonel in some regiment, that can never go upon foreign service: but still to the brave and deserving alone are such enterprizes committed, as may bring glory to England, honour to themselves, and eternal distinction to their posterity.

Yet still I fear my admonition will be lost upon those to whom it is particularly directed; for so much genuine learning, religion, and morality is foolishly instilled into their minds at

Eton, that half a dozen lawyers, much less my precepts, would be unable to eradicate the principles of a virtuous education. Strange obstinacy! that people should be so blind to their own interest, as to give up every thing that is considered excellent and honourable amongst mankind, for the self supporting satisfaction of an applauding conscience, and the blessed hope of peace, glory, and immortality.

E.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XXI.

MONDAY, *November* 12, 1804.

——————Patriis intermiscere petita
Verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis?
HOR. Sat. 1, 10.

Would you forgetful of your native tongue,
In foreign words and broken phrases speak,
The half-bred jargon of a mungrel Greek?

NO branch of literature comes, in my opinion, more immediately under the cognizance of a periodical writer, than the important fluctuations to which language is perpetually liable; for through the means of such publications alone this nation can at present acquire any correct acquaintance with the idioms of its own variable dialects. From caprice or the love of novelty, (no better reason can, I fear be assigned,) new expressions are continually adopted, foreign phrases are

naturalized; and should the words of our ancestors be retained, their signification is so materially altered, that we cannot safely conjecture their present meaning, by resting our judgment upon what they formerly used to express.

It has been observed, that the disposition and ruling passions of a nation might be ascertained by the genius of their language; and the Grecian or Latin tongue would either of them seem to corroborate this opinion; more particularly in the terms which they appropriate to express that perfection, which we include under the word, *virtue*. Whether the English nation could ever have been adduced as an example in favor of this proposition, I am very doubtful; but surely no correct judgment can be at present passed upon us, since our natural language has been so materially altered, and is become so party-coloured from the continual adoption of vulgar phraseology or foreign alloy, that it can scarcely be said with propriety to possess any genius at all. Germany with justice boasts a dialect less varied by the gleanings of other nations than that of almost any other civilized country now existing; for it is only within a very few years that she has permitted any extraneous words to mix

and pass as current coin with her own. Is it not then a subject of just indignation to all true patriots, that the very country who boasts the peculiar perfection of her own laws, who asserts a dislike, very nearly bordering upon contempt, for the adoption of foreign manners or sentiments, should condescend to borrow words from another land, to clothe and decorate the terms of that very law she so justly celebrates? That in the course of common conversation, she should adopt her refined expressions from the very country, which is the more peculiar object of her enmity and rivalship? Does it not evince a species of degeneracy, that we should be so far ashamed of the customs, which our ancestors have transmitted to us, as to admit those of our enemy to reform the language which they esteemed already sufficiently correct? What the conquering William at the head of a victorious army, could not force upon our fathers, by the most scrupulous care and strictest regulations, we their ignobler sons are gradually adopting without any necessity, command, or even utility.

As the Attic dialect was esteemed by the Grecians, most peculiarly remarkable for its purity, so amongst the English, that of St. James ought to be the most remarkable for its literary pre-

eminence. Nevertheless, those who are the leaders in that district, are most notorious for their refined innovations. They study to interlard their conversation with foreign idioms and expressions, and render their words more party-coloured than a harlequin's dress. I cannot here avoid quoting a passage from a celebrated Monkish writer, which so remarkably coincides with my own observations, that one would almost imagine him to be ridiculing the manners of the present day.

Plane deos esse sese credunt, si hirudinum ritu bilingues appareant; ac præclarum facinus esse ducunt, latinis orationibus subinde græculas aliquot voculas, velut emblemata intertexere, etiam si nunc non erat his locus.——They esteem themselves as more than human, should they, like leeches, appear to possess a double tongue; and think it noble to interweave Greek expressions with their Latin orations, even should it be foreign to their purpose.

ERASMUS MOR. ENCOM.

The affectation which Erasmus ridicules in the foregoing passage, constitutes a prominent feature in the manners of a modern fine gentleman, whose greatest merit lies in his ability to diversify his conversation with foreign expressions, in

such a manner, as to render himself perfectly unintelligible to those who are not initiated in the mysteries of polite education; and provided he embellishes his discourse with a decent quantity of such extravagancies, it will pass, fortunately for the speaker, as excellent sense without further investigation.

I was enquiring with all the simplicity of a rustic, why pure English had been exploded by modern refinement. The answer ensued that it was *mauvais ton.* Again my deficiency in fashionable accomplishments led me to request the explanation of a term which I could not comprehend. An universal titter ensued, and the general exclamation of *Le Sauvage,* obliged me to retreat precipitately from a society, which I found myself so little calculated either to enjoy, or to entertain.

Nay, the very shop-keepers have caught the delightful contagion. The honest citizen himself will descant upon the *naiveté* of his rural villa, and protest that its *tout ensemble* forms a terrestial paradise. It was but last week that my printer's devil, after the accustomed request for somethink to drink my health, assured me that he beheld in my countenance a *Je ne scais quoi,*

which made him confident that his request would be granted. Nor is it unusual for a victorious Admiral, after heartily execrating the French name and consigning them with all their imitators to eternal perdition, to boast of the *sang-froid* which he maintained during the action.

Innumerable illustrations might be adduced to prove the truth of my proposition, and indeed the practice of this absurd custom becomes so general, that I am in continual wonder that no learned commentator has yet undertaken the task of compiling a dictionary, according to the most novel improvements of the English language, for the edification of those who may happen to be in my unfortunate situation. For how should I, without such an assistant, be enabled to mix in genteel society; when the carpenter's daughter is prevented from going to Bermondsey Spa, by the indisposition of her *Chaperon*, and my worthy friend the brazier's wife dispatches a slipshod varlet, with invitations for her little *conversazione*.

I had once began to doubt, whether the general encouragement of an early acquaintance with foreign languages did not imply an increased

taste for literature and the fine arts, till my meditations on that subject were interrupted one day by a gentleman of the first fashion, who in the mixed dialect, requested me to inform him whether the Apollo de Belvidere was a man or a woman? This question at once decided my opinion, whether it was the degeneracy or refinement of the age, that produced the custom of employing two languages to express what one had formerly conveyed.

Where English words have not been supplanted by the introduction of French improvement, the original significations have been sufficiently changed, to eradicate every trace of their Plebeian origin. I will exemplify this assertion in one or two instances. Let us examine what used to be implied by the word, "Honor." Would not our ancestors have meant that noble sensation, that inward monitor, which prevents a man from deviating from the strictest rectitude, and compels him to be scrupulously exact and upright in all his actions? Our interpretation on the contrary, makes Honor to signify the intemperate gust of lawless anger, which prompts us to expose our own lives, not to preserve, but to destroy a friend, if he acci-

dentally trespasses upon the frivolous regulations of modern propriety.

Did not Generosity imply that openness of disposition, which impels us to sacrifice our own wishes to the wants of others, without prejudicing any one? Yet I have heard a young man extolled as the most generous of mortals, because with the guinea, which ought to have relieved the necessities of an honest creditor, he bought the discharge of a delinquent from the hands of justice, and satisfied his own noble propensities through the means of money, which was not his own to give. How is Sensibility degenerated from one of the finest feelings, that could exalt the heart of man, into the idle affectation of a whimpering female, when she mourns the death of —— a Parrot!

My readers cannot charge me with injustice in the accusations which I have advanced, nor can they attribute these observations to the splenetic effusions of a disposition always ready to cavil at insignificant trifles. Is it a trifle, that the dignified superiority of our country has begun to be debased, by the adoption of customs from a nation, which is characterized by levity and inconstancy; and that by the artful contrivance of

modern transmutation, our own language partly recommends real vices, under the specious appellation of virtues?

I have hitherto pleaded the cause of our violated mother-tongue, to the more extended societies of the world at large; I shall now proceed, not with less cause, and perhaps with more propriety, to assert its rights with regard to the limited circle of my own fellow-citizens, who are equally offenders, though in a different branch of literary turpitude.

With all due reverence to them, and the common-wealth of which they are members, I must confess that the Etonian dialect appears to me wholly incomprehensible to those, who are not accustomed to hear it spoken, as Arabic or Chaldee would be to a native of Caffraria. Nor indeed can I trace any clear etymology for most of the numerous expressions, with which this branch of the English language is so copiously decorated. Indeed the signification of many words in this vocabulary, is diametrically opposite to that of the very same words in the vulgar tongue. If Fear had any effect upon personal beauties, we should be rather inclined

to suppose that it would diminish the external appearance of the body, and give a meagre air to the whole countenance. On the contrary, who is there amongst my fellow-citizens that has not acknowledged the effects of alarm, (for the bravest must occasionally tremble) under the shape of *Fatting?* Smoke is generally allowed to impart a darkish tint, wheresoever it penetrates; yet I have more than once witnessed visible tokens of *Smoking*, when the entire physiognomy of the person thus affected, nay, even the very tips of his ears, were died with a lively scarlet. Who would imagine, when any one had been confined all day within doors by severe indisposition, that he was during that entire period, *Staying out?* And I am afraid few people, were they ever so desirous to relieve the afflictions of an Etonian, could possibly understand the nature of his necessities, did he complain of being a *Brozier*, and hint that a *Pouch* might eventually prove useful.

I would therefore recommend it to my fellow-citizens, that, for their own sakes, they would upon all occasions, speak the English language, instead of the unintelligible phrases which have in many cases usurped the more ordinary idioms. I would suggest that the preeminence of our

republic for regulations and conduct, need not exclude it from being upon conversable terms with the rest of mortals. Nor can I propose any more probable method for effecting a radical reform, than that SOLOMON GRILDRIG and Co. should be appointed vicegerents over the Etonian dialect; who, as the members of the French Academy, might regulate the outrages committed against the mother-tongue, stamp the quality and quantity of words in general, and by their example, decide the rights and properties of Etonian phraseology. Even should the greater world continue to persevere in their present practice; yet is there not any reason why our lesser world should follow their example, by persisting in similar enormities.

I have subjoined by way of hint to any able compiler, a specimen of a Glossary for our modern language, and of an explanatory Dictionary of fashionable cant phrases, for the use of the unlearned, or *country gentlemen.*

ADOPTED WORDS.	OBSOLETE ENGLISH.
Sang-froid,	Coolness.
Mauvais ton,	Unfashionable.
Conversazione,	Conversation.
Sauvage,	Rude.
Cicisbeo,	A Gallant.
&c. &c,	&c. &c,

ETONIAN DIALECT.	ENGLISH.
To Fat,	To be alarmed.
To Smoke,	To Blush.
A Brozier,	A Bankrupt.
To stay out,	To stay *in.*
&c. &c,	&c. &c.

CANT PHRASES.

Fashion.—An irresistible impulse, which sweeps man, woman and child into a whirlpool of agreeable mischief, and elegant ruin.

Divorce.—Good riddance of bad rubbish.

Honor.—The true receipt for making a man of Honor, is to take any notorious scoundrel, to fire a brace of pistols at him, and he immediately becomes a man of Honor, &c. &c.

Should any person feel inclined to pursue the plan which is here proposed, he is at perfect liberty to transfer these hints to himself, and employ them to his own convenience.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XXII.

MONDAY, *November* 19, 1804.

Stultus et improbus hic amor est dignusque notari.

HOR.

This is a foolish love
And vicious, which our censure should reprove.

FRANCIS.

WHOEVER possesses that frame of mind, which can derive a perpetual source of comfort and delight, from the contemplation of its own excellencies and perfections, is undoubtedly happy and enviable. Degraded by the contempt, and assailed by the censure of a whole world, he still retains a degree of conscious dignity, and inward satisfaction, which supports and consoles him under every affliction; he receives from himself those commendations which envy denies;

he is at once the author, the critic, and judge of his own compositions; he neither asks nor regards the opinion of others; to him their praises and censure are equally indifferent. Such are the advantages of self-conceit, who confers an equal portion of happiness on all her votaries. Innumerable as they are, and widely different in character and situation, to her they owe that happy independence which makes all their pleasures flow from themselves, and that no less happy gift of ignorance and vanity, which renders them callous to every feeling of ridicule or shame.

Why does Facetio wear a constant smile of self-complacency on his countenance, and while his companions are laughing around him, put on a look which would express, that he is the irresistible cause of their mirth? He certainly has a just claim to this merit, but not for the reasons which his vanity suggests. Why does Popilius in his whole behaviour, in all his gestures and grimaces, betray the idea which entirely occupies his thoughts; namely, that every one in his presence is admiring the elegance of his figure. But it would be an endless task to pursue the different appearances which this passion assumes, according to the different characters over which it has influence; and indeed so minute

and trivial are the circumstances in which it frequently originates, that they will escape the eye of a careless observer. A well turned ancle will raise as much conceit, as the imaginary possession of the greatest mental abilities; a small foot has made many a coxcomb, and one successful composition has given many an author a much higher opinion of his powers, than the charity of his cotemporaries will permit them to entertain.

Throughout, however, all its minutiæ, self-conceit is uniformly attended by the same intolerable effects. We cannot endure the supercilious arrogance of the learned, more than the assumed importance of the ignorant; they are both equally the object of disgust; equally unfit for the society of their own species: and although we may feel some compassion for those whose brilliant qualities are thus obscured, and whose very attainments are thus converted into defects, it is impossible to associate with them. There is something in the nature, and even in the features of a conceited being, which forbids all approaches to conversation and friendship. The dignity of his carriage, the affected slowness of his diction, and particularly the resentment and impatience which he discovers if in any degree contradicted, contribute to unfit him for society. In short, he

is so immoderately pleased with himself, that he has no idea of being disagreeable to others; and if he could be convinced by any arguments, that instead of admiration, his presence universally raises emotions of contempt, his astonishment would be great indeed; and he would probably inveigh against the false taste of the age in which he lives, where real merit is not discovered, and where real abilities are not treated with proper respect, or animated by proper encouragement.

But nothing is more worthy of our observation, than the surprising degree of shrewdness and ingenuity, which is communicated by this passion to individuals, who were beforehand entirely innocent of thofe qualities; for it renders them so much more intelligent and quick-sighted than the common race of mortals, that they contrive to discover beauties and attractions in their own persons, and to attribute to themselves various mental accomplishments, which have escaped the observation of their fellow-creatures, and which would have probably remained in obscurity, unless their own care had brought them to light. For who would have imagined that Versificus was a poet, unless they had received the information from his own mouth? His unfortunate friends knew full well that he makes verses; but

they must be instructed by himself to distinguish the beauties and to admire the harmony of his numbers.

Hence society is pestered by a troublesome swarm of beings, who in their endeavours to display the talent of which they conceive themselves possessed, voluntarily undertake what they are unable to perform. One seizes every opportunity of bawling out his songs, whose voice is discordant, whose ear is unmusical, and who has no knowledge of the principles or practice of harmony. Another, a superior logician in his own opinion, stuns you with an accumulation of arguments, and comments on exery expression which you use; in defiance of time and place.

By an exertion of the same ingenuity, the conceited man learns to place the incidental defects of person and understanding, and his supposed attainments in the same scale, when it may be easily guessed which of the two will kick the beam. The hand which cannot "*urge the flying ball,*" can guide Pegasus with superior skill. He who does not appear to advantage as an orator, flatters himself that he is outshone by few in a ball room. *If I am not a good classical scholar,*

says Ineptus in his soliloquies, *nobody can deny that I have a handsome face.*

While the consequences of self conceit are not more culpable than those which I have already mentioned, they are perhaps calculated rather to excite laughter, than any more serious feeling; indeed, the only probable method of curing the victims of its influence, is by directing the shafts of ridicule and sarcasm against their absurd pretensions: for a conceited man prefers even censure to derision. But when it obtains so complete a dominion over the better judgment, that it is able to inspire him with the perverted ambition of appearing singular in his ideas and actions, and of despising the established rules of propriety, it then becomes a serious evil; it calls for the united efforts of the community to resist and explode its contagious effects.

A character of this description will prefer the imputation of stupidity or insensibility; will of his own accord be absurd and ridiculous, that he may not appear to be actuated by the common feelings of mankind; he will torture and twist his features, that he may assume an uncommon expression, a look of extraordinary dignity; and frequently, in opposition to the suggestions of

his own common sense, will utter the most impious doctrines, that he may not seem to concur with *the many* on religious subjects.

I would advise any one, who sacrifices sense and decency, in this manner, at the shrine of singularity, to employ, in imitation of Philip of Macedon, a monitor continually dinning in his ears, the celebrated apophthegm of Terence, "*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" The man who affects, (for it can only proceed from senseless affectation) such a contempt for the received customs and opinion of the world, surely deserves the just return of contempt and disregard from that world, which he so unjustly despises.

N.

I cannot forbear to insert the following Letter, as its originality entitles it to notice.

Sir;

Lord Chesterfield has prescribed certain forms, as necessary for the preservation of good manners; I on the contrary, think it no less incumbent on myself to lay down certain rules for conceit and ill-behaviour, necessary for all young coxcombs, who wish to render themselves remarkable, and according to the newest fashion.

Of whatever persons your society may be composed, instantly place yourself in the most conspicuous light.—Talk to each individual on the very subject which he is least acquainted with, not forgetting to dwell upon those peculiar circumstances which are best calculated to affect his modesty, or hurt his feelings. Talk of physic to a lawyer, of the classics to an architect, of bishoprics to a disappointed parson, of marriage to an old maid, and of the treasury bench to a statesman out of place. Should an unfortunate

pun be produced, preserve a steady coolness in your countenance: should a pathetic history be related, labour to conceal a laugh. Never come till one hour after your appointment, and make up the lost time by staying after every one else is departed. Take no notice of the attempts which others may make to be agreeable; but overwhelm silence and modesty with noise, conceit, and affectation. An occasional whisper may be introduced with success. In addition to all, never forget YOURSELF, and your company will be as fashionably disagreeable, as that

Of your humble Servant,

Not to command,

INURBANUS.

How far these directions are to observed, my readers are best able to determine for themselves. That they are admirably well calculated to render a person eminently disagreeable, nobody, I think, can deny. And should any one, as I fear there are too many, be ambitious of attaining this glorious distinction, let him only follow the ex-

ample of INURBANUS with assiduity, and one month will undoubtedly put him in possession of this delightful acquisition. On the contrary, should a person desire to meet with universal love, respect and esteem, let all his actions be directly opposite to these regulations, and I will insure his success. For modesty, humility, and unaffected behaviour, are virtues indispensably requisite to form a polite man, and an agreeable companion.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XXIII.

MONDAY, *November* 26, 1804.

Turpia quid referam vanæ mendacia linguæ,
Et perjuratos in mea damna Deos?
Quid juvenum tacitos inter convivia nutus,
Verbaque compositis dissimulata notis?

OVID AMOR. 3. 11. 21.

Why tell the falshoods of a silly tongue,
Deceitful nonsense from the perjur'd sprung?
Why tell the secret nods, the artful games,
And words dissembled under specious names?

A Celebrated author in one of his humorous and quaint productions, has supposed the human soul to partake of the nature of a *Plano-cylindrical Speculum*, or looking glass; that the plain side was formed by the Deity, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other side into a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects

just as they are; but the cylindrical side by the rules of *Catoptrics*, must needs represent true objects false; and false objects true: and upon this he asserts that the whole system and success of the well-known art of LYING depends; for the first of these bad qualities he alledges to be the foundation of the malicious lie, the second of the miraculous.

Some have reduced the whole body of lies into two divisions, which are commonly received, viz. the *white* and the *black*. But these in time became so blended and confused together, that it was, and still exists in most cases a task of considerable difficulty, and in many of actual impossibility fairly and properly to place them under their seperate denominations.

Others again have divided them into the *Additory, Detractory and Translatory*. The two first of these terms can stand in need of no explanation to render them intelligible.—The third it may be demed expedient to explain according to the best authority. "The *Translatory* is a lie that transfers the merit of a man's good actions to another who is in himself less deserving; or, transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true author to a person, who is in himself more

deserving of the credit of a good one." But upon examination these definitions will not prove sufficiently satisfactory, but rather of too comprehensive a nature, as not keeping up a proper and adequate distinction between the separate species.

I shall therefore divide them into seven distinct heads, and will suppose them to resemble the six planets, in their regular and never-failing revolutions round the sun, or great body of FALSEHOOD.

The first planet in this wonderful system, which I shall mention as being in situation nearest to the vast mass of DECEIT, and as performing its revolutions with the greatest celerity, is the WHISPERING LIE. Whoever has been destined to fall under the power of this planet, has felt without doubt, the malignant influence of its *detractory* rays; as it has been observed seldom or never to shed a propitious light. The quickness of its motion, in a small circle, is astonishing. In another respect it likewise resembles *Mercury*, as being so perpetually invisible; and although we are conscious of its influence, and distinctly feel its effects, yet we are totally ignorant in what quarter to look for it. Its chief inhabitants

are generally supposed to consist of young women, monkeys, cats, and old maids.

The second which I shall take notice of, is the FLATTERING LIE, which like *Venus*, is much admired for the beauty of its light, as agreeable to all, and unpropitious to none. The extent of its power is larger than is generally imagined. For independant of the whole art of courtship and flattery, which can proceed from no other origin; every person who pays the slightest respect to what are usually denominated good manners, must of necessity pay an equal share to this also. I have frequently seen a person of the most inflexible probity, holding with justice all the mean and contemptible arts of adulation beneath him, and who would not, even in jest, be guilty of a falsehood; the same being asked when entering a large company, whether he was not cold; without the smallest hesitation replied, that he was perfectly warm; although his whole appearance must have convinced every one to the contrary. From this we generally, without the slightest reproach of our conscience, and the least imputation on our veracity, tell my Lady Bountiful that her preserves are excellent, when we can with difficulty swallow them, and Mr. Alderman Gormand that his stinking venison

is perfectly good. So far are we permitted, from the present acceptation of the term, "good manners," to offend against the strict laws of veracity; and so far without hesitation, to give and receive the flattering lie.

The effects of the TRADING LIE are so well known, and so universally felt, that they need little description. We may justly say with the Quaker, "*that it is a pity lying is a sin, it is so convenient in trade.*" Hence we are informed in the regions of Billingsgate that stinking turbots are alive and just out of the sea; in Cheapside that damaged tea is genuine congo; and in Bond-street *gentlemen* are informed that English lace is just imported from the French manufactories. All sorts of false weights and measures, forgeries, bankruptcies &c. &c. may be considered as under the influence of this planet. Like the *Earth* it is constantly attended by a satellite, whose powers over it are of a very wide extent, and which is usually denominated FRAUD.

The fourth luminary in this *deceitful* system I shall mention under the name of RUMOUR. This like *Mars*, generally puts on a very fiery appearance, and usually smells strongly of gunpowder. Within this last year its influence has

been uncommonly strong, especially over Dover, Boulonge and other places on the French coast. Hence we hear of battles, batteries, bombardments, blowings-up, &c. and by means of this the enemy have made twenty succesful attempts on our coasts in the course of a month; and have once or twice even taken possession of London. I need not attempt to illustrate the powers of this planet by a personification, as it has been so admirably performed already by Virgil in his fourth Æneid, in his account of the monstrous appearance of Fame.

The fifth which comes under our notice, is the POLITICAL LIE, whose power is more extended, and of more consequence to the public at large, than any of the beforementioned, as it acts in a wider circle. This planet may be with reason supposed to be the habitation of all ministers, statesmen, and politicians; moreover its rays may be observed as particularly darting on the treasury bench. Some have asserted that all attornies, pettifoggers and other equally honourable limbs of the law take up their dwelling in it. To its universal dominion may be ascribed all breaches of promise, violations of covenant and political faith, either in a greater degree between kingdom and kingdom, or in a lesser

between statesman and statesman, or in a still less degree between private individuals. It is surrounded like *Jupiter* with belts, which are well known under the name of INTEREST, and is constantly attended by PRIDE, MALICE, ENVY, &c. which act as satellites and as certain and perpetual directors to its inhabitants.

The last of this system is large in magnitude, but has little tendency either to illnature or mischief, and is well known under the name of the CONVERSATION LIE. Numerous are its inhabitants, nor less in number than in variety; philosophers, doctors, jockeys, bucks, sportsmen, virtuoso's, fox-hunters, &c. This lie like *Saturn* assumes a very *white* appearance, and is encompassed by the ring of AMUSEMENT. It is generally attended by WINE, NOISE, and CONVIVIALITY. By this a sportsman kills ten brace of birds instead of two; a squire leaps over a park wall twelve feet high, bank notes are used in ramming down silver shot; in short, whoever is an expert archer and is capable of using the *long bow* to advantage, is calculated to inhabit this planet.

But besides this wonderful set of planets, regularly performing their revolutions round their great parent DECEIT; we have observed certain *Comets* every now and then darting into the

system. Such as "*terrible earthquakes, immense whales, prodigious tempests,*" which although moving with inconceivable rapidity for a small time, are soon on their return lost in obscurity.

Such is the regular system of LIES, which, although they may suffer partial eclipses from the intervening shadows of TRUTH, yet in their several stations shine with undiminished rays. Nor shall we find any mortal in our present state of fashion and manners so perfect, as not to dwell under the influence of some one of these.

There is still one sort remaining, to which I have allotted no fixed situation, as it may be said only in part to partake of the nature of a genuine lie; namely, EQUIVOCATION. And under this name we must range the numerous tribe of excuses, &c. I can only suppose these to resemble the meteors or luminous appearances which occasionally take place in the heavens; for whose rise although we can fairly account, yet we are uncertain under what class exactly to range them.

One requisite is indispensably necessary for all the votaries of deceit, which is, a face totally devoid of modesty and shame. A single vestige of either of these pernicious qualities will infallibly ruin him for ever. A footman may lie as

well as his master; a maid as her mistress, and a mountebank as a minister. What then is the difference?—The former cannot lie with so good a grace as the latter. For rudeness and impudence alone will not be sufficient, unless it be mixed with a certain manner and air, without which no liar can meet with success.

It is not my intention in this place, to enter into a disquisition upon the noble art of Pseudology; as it is a science, that would require many years thoroughly to be acquainted with; and many more sheets than this work, or any other would contain, satisfactorily to explain it. I hear however that a work is in the press, and will speedily be published, entitled

" THE PSEUDOLOGIST,

OR

COMPLETE LIAR,

" in twenty-one volumes folio, with complete indexes, shewing the whole system of that fashionable art, with instructions for the *whisper*, and the newest *miracles*; with *skeletons*, that want only filling up, to render them genuine and unadulterated lies; being necessary for all Statesmen, Quack Doctors, Lawyers, Mountebanks,

Fidlers, Free-thinkers, News-mongers, &c. also, a new system of defamation, peculiarly adapted to the comprehension of the Ladies.

Such a work as this has long been wanted, and in my opinion, there is only one thing needful to render the whole art perfectly easy to the comprehension, and adapted to the capacities of every one; namely, a Professor, whose business should consist in giving lectures on the practical part of this science. Moreover if any person's education has been neglected in this important circumstance, he should be ready to attend grown gentlemen at their own houses, previous to their appearance in public. His attention might be directed to the rising generation, that while young they may be able to tell a lie, as well as to walk into a room, with a good grace.

But notwithstanding the universal prevalence of this custom, without which no society at present can be said to exist; it is remarkable with what detestation and aversion, every one, as it were by instinct, hates and avoids the name of a LIE. We are well acquainted with the dreadful consequences that the two ominous words. "*You lie,*" must necessarily produce. No gentleman can, consistent with his honour, (as it is called),

put up with so direct an insult. Swords, bullets, gunpowder, pistols, and perhaps death must be the inevitable consequence. But should precisely the same meaning be lowered down into the following expressions, "*I beg your pardon, but*" or "*perhaps you mistake sir,*" or such like qualifying sentences, no insult can possibly be conceived, or any quarrel arise. Indeed the word itself is esteemed so extremely low and vulgar, that it is not in its crude and genuine state, admitted into conversation; and I am somewhat afraid, that this essay may be thought by some prodigiously ungenteel, from the frequent repetition of that dreadful monosyllable.

But as I have not given any instructions in the art of *Pseudology*, neither shall I enter into any casuistical arguments on the use and abuse of it. I shall leave for others to determine, to what extent they may be used, in what companies they may be introduced, and in what cases a man of strict honour and steady veracity may exercise them. I shall leave my readers likewise to consider, as the devil is undoubtedly the father of lies, how far the children resemble their parent.

I should consider myself guilty of a species of deceit, if I did not acknowledge the superior merit of an extremely good piece of English poetry, which in the course of last week was transmitted to me. The person I allude to, though with the signature of a "*young poet*," shewed evident marks of uncommon genius, and a cultivated mind, and are written with great feeling. But I fear that the subject will preclude their insertion *here*, (though not in a better place,) namely, on the death of that pride of Eton, that *great* and good man JACOB BRYANT. But at this illustrious name I cannot but pause for a moment. He was in truth as was said of the younger Brutus the "*Ultimus Romanorum*," the last *great* scholar that Europe has produced. From the decease of such a man, learning and religion have sustained a loss which no man living is qualified to repair. But the direction of his stupendous learning was most conspicuous; it was uniformly to support and vindicate the sacred revelation of God, and the glorious cause of christianity. From the depth of his erudition, from the vigour of his imagination, and the artless complacency of his manners, he was loved, respected and adored. By learning and religion conducted with dignity to the close of his life, he with humble confidence may be said to have

now gone forward to receive the crown of glory and immortality from that great master, whose he was, and whom he served. "*Come thou good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*"

T.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XXIV.

MONDAY, *December* 3, 1804.

Gentem quidem nullam video neque tam humanam atque doctam, neque tam immanem atque barbaram, quæ non significari futura, et a quibusdam intelligi, prædicique posse censeat.

CICERO DE DIV. Lib. 1.

I do not know of any nation, however polished and enlightened, or however savage and barbarous, that does not conceive it possible for future events to be discovered, understood by some, and foretold.

FROM the earliest ages of the World, when society was in its infancy, an idea has universally prevailed, that future events can be foreseen and predicted by particular arts, and that some chosen few have possessed the wondrous faculty of being able to penetrate into futurity, and by their

intellectual sight to perceive the embryos which time will one day bring into action. A noble and sublime faculty indeed, where it exists, which would elevate mankind nearer to the Deity than any other natural, or acquired qualification. It would perhaps be a difficult matter to determine from whence the idea first arose; unless indeed, which is most probable, it took its origin from the Jewish nation.

We are told that God often manifested himself to the holy Patriarchs in dreams and visions, and that by inspiration many, at different periods, were enabled to deliver the Divine Will to their rebellious countrymen. Thus the wonderful vicissitudes from conquest and grandeur to servitude and ignominy, which Israel continually experienced, were almost literally predicted by the inspired writers, and the various circumstances relative to the nativity, sufferings, death and glory of the Messiah, were partially revealed. It appears indeed to have been the peculiar use and intent of sacred prophecy, that the minds of men might be gradually prepared for the stupendous miracle of universal salvation; lest the Sun of Glory bursting too suddenly upon mortal sight, should have blinded those, whom it was intended to enlighten. From this source it pro-

bably flowed into other nations. But the power of Divination, which the Assyrians, Chaldeans and Egyptians professed, widely differed from the other, in one material point; theirs was only pretence and dissimulation, sometimes aided by accident, or concealed by the superstitious credulity of the times; but the Lord of Hosts himself condescended to dwell on Zion, and to instruct his chosen people. The one was expressed in ambiguous enigmas, which probability suggested, or were secretly invented after the issue of what they pretended to foretel; but the other was an immediate emanation from that omniscient Being, who surveys the past, the present, and the future at one glance.

We will however take the former alone into our consideration, as any thing that I could advance upon so sacred a subject, would not only be superfluous, but in the highest degree presumptuous. Cicero mentions two grand species of Divination, the natural and artificial; the natural originating from an instinctive faculty of prediction; the artificial deduced from the casual situation and appearance of particular objects. Thus the Magi of the Eastern nations pre-determined the issue of any event by the appearance of the heavenly bodies at the mo-

ment of observation. The Grecians scarcely ever undertook any enterprize of importance, without previously consulting their oracles; and we find that the Romans as constantly never commenced any public transaction, without taking the auspices either from the flight of birds, or the entrails of animals sacrificed for the purpose. Our astonishment must be considerably excited, to find that such enlightened nations could for a moment suppose it possible, that the fate of armies and kingdoms should be influenced and decided by circumstances so trivial and unimportant; or, that the eternal laws of nature could be altered and violated, to signify those events which are hidden from the common view. With regard however to oracular predictions, the learned are still in doubt and perplexity. That they were sometimes wonderfully verified, no one can deny. But the point is, whether we are to impute their apparent veracity to the ambiguity of their expressions, which would generally bear a double interpretation; or to suppose, with St. Austin and others, that devils were sometimes permitted to give true answers, in order to punish the blindness and idolatry of the Pagans. When Crœsus inquired what would be the success of his arms against Persia, he was told by the Delphic oracle, " *that a great empire would*

be subverted." Deluded by this answer, he is reported to have attacked the Persians, and contrary to expectation, fallen a sacrifice to his own ambition. This and many others of a similar nature, favour the former opinion; but another anecdote of the same monarch, and the miraculous silence at the birth of Christ are such convincing and incontrovertible arguments, that it almost confirms the opinion, that some diabolical spirit or prophecy must have really existed in the ancient oracles. The time however has passed away, and every thing of this nature must remain for ever involved in darknes and perplexity.

Although the light of christianity has to an amazing extent dissipated these phantoms of ignorance and credulity, yet even now in the most enlightened nations of the world we may continually trace the vestiges of former superstition. The mind of man, darkened as it is by human error and the blindness of mortality, is easily deluded by false appearances, and eagerly grasps at anything that is unusual or miraculous. It is not therefore surprizing that some actuated by the ambition of appearing extraordinary, and taking advantage of the credulity of others, should frequently attempt to deceive the ignorant and superstitious by pretending to be

endowed with the faculty of prediction, than which nothing is more wonderful and divine, where it really exists.

In several of our northern counties, the prophecies delivered out by their ridiculous fanatics, are still read with awe and veneration by the astonished inhabitants, who conscientiously undertake to believe every thing that is sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. In addition to those, which are supposed to regard the country at large, there is scarcely any ancient family of importance and dignity, that has not some traditional prophecy attached to it, which is to intimate that some terrible calamity, or unexampled piece of good-fortune will one day fall upon the shoulders of a future generation. It may perhaps be conceived that unless they had been sometimes verified, it would be impossible for them to preserve any degree of credit. I confess that they do now and then appear to bear a strong resemblance to the truth. But if we compare the infinite number that have failed, with the few that have succeeded, I think our belief in them and astonishment will instantly vanish. For it would be very curious indeed if out of so great a multitude, one or two did not find some event, to which it might seem to have

alluded. Besides there are other circumstances which are calculated to conceal their falshood, and give them an air of probability. Each successor, ambitious of being the supposed subject of a prophecy. takes the liberty of amplifying, pruning, or twisting the original expressions into something that may at length appear to resemble the circumstances of his own life; or should that be impossible, from his natural love of the miraculous, kindly applies it to any one, whose character is most capable of supporting its credit. Immediately a report is spread, that the predictions have been wonderfully verified; whatever was omitted in the accomplishment of the prophecy, is supplied by the imagination of its retailers, and, were it still the custom, the author would infallibly be honoured with Deification.

The pedigree of the GRILDRIG family has for many years been accompanied by several ancient prophecies, some of which are supposed to have been already accomplished, particularly in the event of my great Uncle's death, who was unfortunately hanged, for *finding* a paultry sum of money in the till of a wealthy shopkeeper. It is the general opinion, that several others relate to me. One of them is of so remarkable a nature, that I cannot prevail upon myself to omit it,

though at the hazard of incurring the accusation of unnecessary egotism.—It is as follows:

When One *to* Eight *shall joined be,*
And O *shall go before* I, V,
The Wisest King *that e'er has been,*
In Henry's Mansion *shall be seen.*
Till Night *shall come in sable vest,*
And (wondrous!) bring to light *the rest.*
What time a Min—— ——
—— —— —— —— ——

Here the manuscript is so completely defaced, that it is quite impossible to pick out another syllable. For a long time no one could understand a single line of this celebrated prophecy, although many of the cleverest men studied it with indefatigable assiduity. My father had a grand consultation of the most learned and acute commentators that England ever produced; but all was in vain. They sat for three months; during which time various applications, emendations, readings, and elucidations were proposed, but none to my father's satisfaction; at length however they were dismissed, after an unanimous determination that *Min* ought to be read *Man.* But time, the unraveller of all things, has now cleared up the mystery, and perhaps an explanation may not be uninteresting to my readers.

Lines, 1, 2.—Are evidently meant to express the present year 1804, I and V being the Roman numerals for four.—3. Solomon, as we all know, was the "*Wisest King*" that ever lived; mentioned here in allusion to my name.—4. Eton College was built by King Henry VI.—5. "*Night*" must undoubtedly be a play upon my publisher's name; and who so well calculated to bring a work "*to light*" as the publisher? It is impossible not to pause here, and admire the beautiful and original antithesis contained in these lines! indeed the elegant simplicity of the whole is eminently delightful; we can only regret the loss of the latter part, which had it been preserved, might have been an ornament to English poetry.—7. Notwithstanding the opinion of the learned commentators, I conceive "*Min*" to be the true reading. And indeed, were the manuscript entire and uninjured, I have not the slightest doubt that we should find these letters to be the first syllable of the word MINIATURE, which at once elucidates the whole matter.

This prophecy, if genuine, is really surprising; but I have strong suspicions, that upon my first publication of the Miniature, it was considerably altered, and by dint of pruning and cutting pressed into the service.

The Second Sight, with which the inhabitants of the Western Isles profess themselves to be molested, is of a ſtill more extraordinary nature, than the usual mode of prediction. It is explained to be a kind of waking vision, or faculty of perceiving future events and distant objects, which are so strongly impressed upon the mental eye, that they appear to be really and substantially present to the Seer, when affected by their influence. Nor can this power by any means be employed at pleasure, or suppressed when disagreeable; but the most dreadful and unexpected visions will often intrude upon the hour of mirth and conviviality, and sadden the countenance, which was so lately overspread with the smile of festivity. Suddenly they will behold an absent friend, or a beloved chieftain bleeding at their feet, or the funeral of some dear relation gliding before their eyes. Happiness is thus for ever banished from their presence, and they give themselves up a prey to solitude, despair and melancholy.

Not so the ingenious prophet; he enjoys the confusion that he has excited, and laughs at the folly of mankind for swallowing the idle inventions of his imagination with so much avidity. I have frequently pictured to myself the mingled

joy and astonishment that one of these gentry would express, were he to return to life, and discover the noise which his nonsensical impostures have created in the world.

It may indeed be a matter of curious speculation, whether this spirit of prophecy is productive of more harm or good to the public. That they are calculated to frighten and mislead the superstitious, is very evident; but the following anecdote with which I shall conclude this paper, is undoubtedly favourable to their cause, although its utility and effect was of very short duration.

Some years ago, I recollect hearing of a man, who was in the continual habit of amusing himself, and alarming the public with predictions of a most terrifying and marvellous nature. Amongst others, in one of his prophetic moments, he declared that the City of London would be destroyed by an Earthquake, on a particular day. Many were weak enough to believe him, and those that did not, felt a considerable degree of apprehension, lest it *should happen* to be true. An universal consternation reigned in the City. Not a single lawyer dared to receive a fee; the inhabitants of Change-Alley forgot to lie, and the shopkeepers to cheat; the Parliament became honourable, and the Ministry sincere. At length the

much dreaded period arrived. It was a close, sultry day, in the middle of July. The cloudy appearance of the heavens about the hour of noon, seemed to confirm the prediction. The houses were mostly shut up, and the people crowded to Church, overcome with the burthen of their sins, and the horror of an approaching death. Never was religion cultivated with such true fervour and devotion. In this manner were they kept in a state of suspense and agitation, until the evening, when a violent storm of thunder and lightening raised them to the highest pitch of horror; nor was it until the subsequent morning, that they were relieved from their distress, when St. Paul's clock at once convinced them of their folly; and called them forth to the customary duties of lying, cheating and making money.

The mistaken Prophet was prevented from taking a journey to Botany Bay, by being adjudged more worthy of a seat in Bedlam; where he still continues to favour his natural propensity, and prophecies with satisfaction and impunity to his fellow-lunatics.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAT MODISH defends the *Bon ton* with more ſpirit and ingenuity than juſtice.

CONFUCIUS has ſtated his complaint very forcibly, but as I have already mentioned the ſubject at large, his letter will be inadmiſſible.

H. W. L's requeſt ſhall be complied with, as it is my intention to dedicate a whole number to my correſpondents after the vacation.

DAME MORAL has by her advice and well written inſtruction conferred a favour on me, but *Ecquid novi?*

S. K. B's journal *may* be very laughable.

I am ſorry that I cannot in return to B. D's handſome letter, grant him his wiſh; but he and my fellow citizens may depend on a number on the Monday I have mentioned.

X. X. X's complaint is unjuſt. He ſhould not pronounce ſentence before he is accquainted with the truth. His ſuperior ſtile might be better employed, than in making *groundless* accusations. —"*Si sic omnes!*"

The misfortune of *Agrestis* ſhall be made public.

I ſhould be deficient in gratitude, did I not publicly acknowledge the very handſome letter of *A Weſtminſter*, and its contents. The claſſical amuſement which I ſhall receive, will be greatly increaſed by the very flattering manner in which the cauſe of it is conferred.

For reaſons before ſtated, the next Number will not be published until *Monday* the 14th of *January* next.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XXV.

MONDAY, *January* 28, 1805.

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

" Good sense, that fountain of the muses art."

HORACE———

ALTHOUGH from reasons which I have before stated, I can boast but a small portion of originality; yet in the present instance, I shall claim a share of that article, which in an author's catalogue stands in the highest estimation. For if any clergyman having delivered a certain text from the pulpit, was through the whole of his sermon to shew the fallaciousness of the doctrines contained in that text, the congregation would without doubt stare and regard him in the light of a fool, and perhaps of a madman. Yet of this folly and perversity I must confess myself guilty,

when contrary to the invariable rule of my predecessors, I write in direct opposition to the sentiment contained in my motto, which I consider as a species of text to a periodical paper.

Horace has been particularly celebrated for the acuteness of his judgment, the excellence of his taste, and the justice of his admonitions to those, who through an intolerable itch for scribbling, had occasionally exposed themselves and their ignorance, to the severe criticism of a learned age. Hence several of his axioms have been delivered down to posterity, in the form of directions and cautions to the whole tribe of authors. Many however of these detached precepts, deviate in no small degree from truth and justice; and none more so than the one which I have selected as my motto. Fielding has also asserted in one of his prefaces, that "a man will write the better for having some small knowledge of what he is to write about," but he has fallen into the same mistake with Horace, and I have no doubt that if they could be raised from the dead, both of them would readily and frankly acknowledge their error.

I have already in my former essays, taken notice of several species of publications, which

upon examination will be found to favour my arguments, and totally to refute the obsolete and austere dogma of Horace. Novels are written with the greatest propriety, and meet with the most distinguished success, without the most distant acquaintance on the part of the author with the secret springs and recesses of human nature. The whole system of "*General knowledge*" may be investigated and examined, and each department separately considered and explained in the small space of two or three volumes, by persons who are totally ignorant of the very elements of each science. Their elucidations are perfectly clear, their statements entirely correct, and their language concise, clear, and vigorous. For we shall rarely find more than ten simple blunders in each page, or more than the same number of sentences in the same space, through bombast and obscurity rather unintelligible. These excellent and most accurate treatises do not fail of attracting both the attention and the money of the public, and bring solid profit as well as empty fame to the truly dignified and learned authors. There have not been wanting certain foolish and malignant people who too closely adhering to the long exploded opinions of former ages, have detected with considerable wit and ingenuity these slight and

insignificant errors. Their labour is lost, for independant of their presumption and audacity, a child might have done the same, and their wicked intentions are frustrated and their silly designs confounded: for there is not a stronger argument in favour of my assertion, than that in spite of all their endeavours, the persecuted volumes are purchased, read and admired.—Severe study, intense application, and a consummate knowledge of his subject were once supposed as indispensably necessary for the formation of a great and illustrious Divine. The total banishment of, and the utter contempt for this system, and the adoption of a much more elegant and genteel succedaneum will fully justify me on this head. By the same rule both our learned and religious studies are governed, and the same fashion directs our pious and literary researches with perfect consistency. For there scarcely exists a lady, however gay, who on a Sunday during the interval between the park and her evening rout will not dissipate her ennui, and quiet her conscience, by the perusal, or rather dosing over a few pages of her sweet, soft and affable *Scotch* divinity. Nor amongst the ladies alone, but through every rank and condition is piety (where it exists) directed in the same course, and toward the same end.

But as I feel myself treading on dangerous ground, I shall make good my retreat, while it is in my power; and shall with more safety produce a considerable collection of poems epic and heroic, dramas both comi-tragical and tragi-comical, sonnets to the Moon, political pamphlets, odes, and a considerable assortment of literary goods, as totally contradictory to the sentiment contained in my motto.

But this acquaintance with one's subject was considered by the ancients to be requisite not only for an author but for a speaker, and as necessary for the attainment of eloquence as of literary reputation. But their opinion is in this instance as well as in the other, perfectly erroneous. A modern speaker in whatsoever line, company, or assembly he may harangue, needs not the slightest knowledge of his subject. Witness many of the most brilliant speeches in parliament, and the torrents of argumentative eloquence nightly poured out, without the most distant idea of the state of politics, the affairs of the nation, or the springs of government. After the manner of such illustrious examples the auctioneer mounts his rostrum, and waving with ease and elegance the ominous hammer, points out the air of a Guido, the grace of a Titian, and

the elegance of a Vandyke in every miserable daub, and declares that the picture itself wants only a touch from the Promethean torch to descend from the canvas and commence bidding. The same orator will bestow the same encomiums on a ribbon, and will during an equal portion of time amuse, and finally delude his astonished auditors. Yet he is equally ignorant of the rules of painting and the texture of silk. He will describe the rural situation of a villa that he has never seen, the superior flavour of wine that he has never tasted, and the elegance and beauty of a mansion that he has never entered. Notwithstanding these slight deficiencies in point of knowledge, the rapidity of the bidding will prove the miraculous effects of his all persuasive eloquence. How often in the same manner and labouring under the same disadvantages, will a worthy citizen in a common council room rave for an hour on *the state of the nation;* or at a vestry meeting on the *new lettering of the church buckets.*

Why should such a worthy man be held up to ridicule? he only follows the example of his betters, and claims as an Englishman an equal right with his superiors, of exposing his ignorance and publishing his folly. Sense indeed is a kind

of dead weight on the sprightliness of genius and the power of imagination, and prevents it from soaring on wild goose wing to those heights of sublimity and those castles in the air, which are far beyond the power of mortal capacities to trace. My opinion is also considerably favoured by the immense crowds of rich and poor weekly pressing into some illustrious conventicles, and listening with eager and fixed attention to the harrangues of a fellow bursting his own lungs and the ears of his audience with the tumult of absurdity, clamour of contradiction, and perplexity of disordered doctrine. Where, according to Johnson, "every man becomes a preacher and almost every preacher collects a congregation."

After this lastmentioned species of orators, I should add, according to Swift, those of the *ladder*, who, according to general opinion, far surpass those of all other countries in the same tremendous exaltation; and likewise those of the *itinerant stage*, commonly called mountebanks, which last, as the same author observes, is the seminary of the two former, as there exists a close connection between all three. All these places, and their appropriate orators, however different in their several natures, incline all to

one end, and are all calculated for one purpose; namely, in various ways to attract and delight their various auditors with a never-ceasing flow of entertaining nonsense. For whether concealed under the blustering of an enraged politician, the impudent garrulity of an auctioneer, the pedantic affectation of a lecturer on any, or every science, the roaring bombast of a methodist preacher, the ridiculous absurdity of a merry-andrew, or the melancholy moanings proceeding from the ladder, still the same nonsense reigns triumphant, and under the influence of her "*lambent dulness,*" each of the before-mentioned

"—— *Swore, nor should his vow be vain,*
That he till death, true dulness would maintain;
And in his mother's right, and realms defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, or truce with sense."

DRYDEN.

What then are the qualifications for a modern orator.—Cicero would have said; "on whatever subject his genius is employed, to expand and illustrate it with all the accessaries that art, books, method, or observation can furnish, and at once with novelty and credibility, with animation and propriety, and with an inexhaustible store of learning without pedantry, to delight the fancy, and

work upon the feelings without violence to reason."—But how mistaken is this great man! great indeed for the age in which he lived; but could he in person speak his second Phillippic, I doubt whether it would be in his power to prevent his audience from taking their hats or going to sleep. A modern orator may omit not only minutely examining particulars, but likewise taking the most distant survey of his subject.—Elegant impudence, coxcomical action, and an unbounded flow of flippant language, cannot fail of exciting the admiration, fixing the attention, and occasionally picking the pocket of any fashionable audience in the metropolis.

The number of examples that I have produced, will I hope, thoroughly convince my readers of the folly of the axiom contained in my motto. Nor is the mischief arising from it inferior to its glaring absurdity. A few poor authors ignorantly and presumptuously following this unfashionable dogma, have been dreadfully mauled by the critics of the age, and afford a serious warning to any others who shall audaciously attempt to follow their example.

But I am not surprized at the number both of authors and orators, who continue to favor my

hypothesis, when I reflect on the infinite pains generally bestowed on their education in this point. For besides the large number of "*Peter Panglosses*" whom we meet with in most great families: Putney, Battersea, Kensington, &c. will afford a most ample supply of modern *literati*. We see numberless academies in the most rural part of Brentford, where, except the dust in summer, and the mud in winter, and the noise at all times of the year, nothing can disturb their quiet. A most *airy play-ground*, in a court-yard six feet square, is provided for the young gentlemen. *Great attention paid to their heads*,—but chiefly on the outside. *The utmost care is taken of their morals*,—in teaching them nothing good, and running the chance of their learning every thing bad. *Masters provided to teach universal science*,—or rather paid for teaching them the fashionable science, that is, nothing.—*Number limited to twelve*,—or, as many more as they can get. The whole under the direction of JEREMIAH JERK, L. L. D. A. S. S. with many more titles in proportion to his ignorance. Here Master *Suds* the soap-boiler's son, learns manners sufficient to despise his father, and spirit enough to spend ridiculously, what has been as ridiculously hoarded. Here Master *Stocks*, the broker's heir apparent, commences an acquaintance with the

Honorable Master Spindle, my Lord Drumstick's only son, and becomes in time a Parliament man, and makes speeches by no means disgracing either his instructor, or the place of his education. How far other great seminaries may have corrected their errors, and to what a pitch of refinement they may arrived, it is not my present intention to say. ETON, I am sorry to observe, under her present government, continues obstinately to persist in establishing the foundation, and raising the superstructure of her education on the basis of *sound sense.* Still she admires and preserves the advice of Horace, now so universally derided and exploded. The fatal consequences are obvious. Her citizens will hereafter distinguish themselves from the rest of the world; and by an indelible "*mark on their foreheads,*" will discover both the place in which they have been brought up, and the system in which they have been educated.

T.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XXVI.

MONDAY, *February* 4, 1805.

——————— *ille suæ non immemor artis*
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum.
VIR. Geor. 4, 440.

He not unmindful of his usual art,
Seeks every shape that magic can impart.

WITH whatever degree of astonishment the inhabitants of Covent Garden may view the miraculous transfigurations of Harlequin in a Christmas Pantomime, I, for my part, have long since mellowed down the loud horse-laugh into a sober smile. Not that I wish my readers to entertain any lofty ideas of my superior gravity, or to imagine that anything, however wonderful or ridiculous, is incapable of discomposing the dignified arrangement of SOLOMON GRILDRG's muscles. Nor indeed am I desirous that they should con-

ceive me able to scrutinize into all the mysterious devices employed in raising a blue devil, changing a turtle into an Alderman, or a pincushion into an old maid. On the contrary, I am by nature inclined to sympathize with Pantaloon in all his misfortunes, and to laugh heartily at the Clown's grimaces.

But as novelty is generally the principle ingredient in such entertainments, when that is withdrawn, of course they become insipid and uninteresting. And to a person of common observation what novelty can a Pantomime afford, when however ludicrous its delusions, however various its characters, we find the original in every part of England? As my less sagacious readers may prehaps be unable to discover my meaning, it may be necessary to let them know that I allude to a race of mortals, who under divers shapes solicit public charity, by the affecting appeal of "*A half-penny your honor!—please to remember a poor old man!*" &c. &c.

These gentry, like Cameleons, vary their colour every minute, and though they manage to acquire a more substantial beverage than air, yet like those animals, they continually stand in one situation, and take in all the flies that may chance to come within their reach. They look

upon themselves as a more dignified order of actors, and as they are at the daily expence and trouble of entertaining the public by their inventions, think, no doubt with some appearance of justice, that their meritorious exertions ought to be rewarded by no trifling compensation. Indeed their performance is far superior to the modern style of acting, and is carried on with true classical purity. Thus in strict conformity with the rules of the ancient tragedy in the days of Thespis, they seldom allow more than one actor to appear upon the stage at once, who is sometimes accompanied by a chorus of children, enveloped in rags and dirt, and pouring forth lamentations which Doric simplicity. I have known some of their prime actors who could surpass even Kemble in a tragedy groan, and by whose superior dignity and expression, the young Roscius himself, that star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of Covent Garden, would be eclipsed.

Nor is it to the more peaceful employment of feigning unheard of misfortunes, bewailing the loss of what they never enjoyed, or inventing terrible adventures, that they universally confine their talents. On the contrary, still having in view the progressive improvements of the Greek

Tragedy, they sometimes introduce a plurality of actors; when, for instance, under the character of *ring droppers*, they trepan some unfortunate rustic into a public-house, make him half-drunk as a proof of their honesty, then knock him down, rifle his pockets, cut his throat, and make their escape through the window. This however, and many other tragedies of a similar nature, are generally used to divert the tediousness of a winter's evening; whereas the tragi-comedies are always confined to the day-time.

It is not long since I was accosted in the street by a venerable old man, apparently bending under a weight of years and accumulated miseries, whose hoary locks, encircling a countenance moistened with tears, gave so melancholy and touching an appearance to his whole figure, that before he could speak, I had already put my hand into my pocket, with a full intention of relieving his necessities to the utmost of my power. "*For the love of God,* (cried he in broken English) *have compassion upon a poor stranger, who* —" he was proceeding, when I threw a piece of gold into his hat, and turned away, followed by every blessing that gratitude could bestow.

Not many weeks after this incident, curiosity led me into the court at the Old Bailey. Among the prisoners at the bar, I observed a man, apparently about forty years of age, who stood with an air of undaunted resolution, while the Recorder was passing sentence of transportation upon him. His appearance attracted my notice, and I had a faint idea that his features were not altogether unknown to me. As he passed out of the court, I looked stedfastly upon him; his eye caught mine, he started back; and the expression of his countenance recalled to my recollection the old man whom I have before mentioned. My curiosity being awakened by this idea, I went next day to the prison appointed for the reception of the condemned, and after some little trouble gained admission to the prisoner. He seemed astonished at my appearance. I asked him whether he had not once imposed upon my credulity under the disguise of an old man. He burst into a loud fit of laughter; and confessed, that he had imposed upon so many under different characters, that although he could not recolect that particular circumstance, yet it was far from being improbable.

I had often heard of the curious adventures which this sort of men often undergo, and the

various stratagems to which they have recourse, in order to extort charity from the more credulous part of their fellow-creatures. Thinking therefore that my condemned friend was not likely to be troubled with any qualms of conscience, or fears of detection, as the extent of his honesty had already been sufficiently proved, I begged of him to favour me with an account of his adventures since he had first entered into the world. Without any further preamble he immediately began in the following words.

"My father was an honest labourer, whose sole possessions consisted of a small cottage, and an acre of land on the banks of the Tweed; and a wife and two children, of whom I am the eldest. My mother, who was a notable, industrious sort of a woman, had managed to scrape together a little money by washing, which she laid out in having us taught to read and write, at a day-school in a little village not far from our abode. Here I first shewed that inclination to idleness and play that has brought me into this situation; for while my brother was continually improving himself, I played the truant, and spent my time in sauntering about the country with some of my idle school-fellows. In this manner I passed my childish years. When I was about fourteen years

old, my father persuaded a rich old farmer in the neighbourhood to take me into his family as a servant. In this situation I was *under-strapper* to a large family for four years, and grew every day more and more tired of my constant drudgery. Often with tears in my eyes did I beg my father to take me home again, but in vain. For he was afraid of shewing the least discontent towards so rich and powerful a neighbour. But the hour of deliverance was not so far off as I thought.

" One day while I was sitting upon a gate at the bottom of the farm-yard, and considering by what means I could manage to get away from so disagreeable a situation; an old woman bent with age, and covered with rags, came up to me, and offered to tell my fortune for six-pence. I had but one; my curiosity was great, and I gave it to her. She told me a number of fine things, and amongst others that I should visit foreign countries; which indeed is the only circumstance that ever has, or is likely to come true. She then enquired whether I liked my place at the farmers. I told her how disagreeable it was; and she offered to make my fortune for me, if I would leave my master's service, and meet her that night in the neighbouring forest at a par-

ticular hour. Without any hesitation I promised to follow her advice, and she went away.

" As soon as the appointed hour arrived, I set out with my oaken staff, a small wallet containing a few necessaries, and some money which I had had the precaution to steal from my mistress. I met the old woman on the borders of the forest. She ordered me to follow her in silence. I obeyed, and in this manner we proceeded near two miles.

" At length we came to a deep recess in the bosom of the forest, where I perceived about a dozen ill-looking men and women, seated round a large fire. Overcome with fear I was on the point of running back, when the old woman seized my hand, and led me forward into the midst of the assembly. I soon found that they were a company of those useful members of society, who make it their employment to disencumber their neighbours from any of those superfluities which fortune often showers down in such profusion upon her favourites. In a word, they were as clever a society of gypsies, as any young fellow of good expectations ever attached himself to.

" But not to detain you longer than is necessary, with useless descriptions, let it suffice to say,

that I was initiated in all their arts; liked their mode of life, and surpassed them all in the invention and execution of various stratagems, by which I have managed to cheat people out of their money with unexampled success. My first attempt was in the character of a poor boy, who had been unfortunately ship-wrecked in the Northern seas. With a sorrowful countenance I related my unheard-of sufferings, jumbled together the most dreadful circumstances that my imagination could suggest, and was delighted to perceive with what ease the story was swallowed by every person whom I addressed.

" To whatever apprehensions I might at first have given way, they entirely vanished before the success of this hazardous enterprize. I was treated with the greatest generosity by several gentlemen, to whom I related my misserable condition, and returned to my associates with more than twenty guineas in my pocket. Thus encouraged I prepared for another expedition, which was attended with greater success than even the first. I sallied forth with the old woman, who had first persuaded me to leave my master, and dressing myself as a young country wench, went boldly into the house of every gentleman within the county. I said that I was the old

woman's daughter, that we had lived for many years in the North of Wales; that our cottage had been suddenly burnt to the ground, and we had narrowly escaped with our lives, and were now endeavouring to get a little money to enable us to proceed to London, where my mother's sister was living. To this piteous account we both added a sufficient quantity of tears, which so awakened the charity of our hearers, that in a short time we might really have bought a cottage in North Wales, and lived very comfortably on the produce of our labour. But we chose rather to return to our old companions.

"In this manner have I lived in different parts of the kingdom near twenty years. I have played every character in the least calculated to open the hand of charity; and have been under every disguise, and executed every stratagem that cunning could invent to cheat unguarded credulity. I have preached to the elect in a tub at Gloucester; have frequently been moved by the spirit at a quaker's meeting; have sat whole hours in the synagogue to pick my neighbours pockets, and have sold holy water, nails from the cross, the hair of St. Christopher, and the blood of St. Swithen to several worthy Roman Catholics, who believed that I had just returned from a pilgrim-

age to the Holy Land. Still more remarkable have been my escapes from the hands of Justice; and I should certainly never have fallen into my present misfortune, had I not forgotten my usual prudence, and joined a gang of pick-pockets when in liquor. As it is, I must take a journey to Botany Bay, and if I should ever return, will by the blessing of fortune, retire upon what I have earned by a life of successful roguery."

And now, courteous Reader, if you will recall your thoughts from the chief actor in the last four pages, you may perhaps be able to recollect that SOLOMON GRILDRIG went into prison for the express purpose of hearing this story, which he has now related to you. Moreover if you have not gone to sleep, you will perceive that he has not yet made his escape from thence; a circumstance that gives him no small degree of uneasiness. But as he went in to please you; no doubt you will in justice allow him to remain there; and charitably suppose that the Keeper forgot to open the door, or any thing else of equal importance that your imagination may supply.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XXVII.

MONDAY, *February* 11, 1805.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

POPE.

AS the period of the year is now approaching which recalls that important morn, in expectation of, and preparation, for which the hearts of so many beauties are in a state of joyous trepidation, and the stationers windows decked with tender devices and poems expressive of the powers of love, and of affection for the destined VALENTINE, (for it is of this day that I speak) it may not be improper to express my sentiments, to give my advice, and in my office of MINIATURE PAINTER to assist my correspondents with a few sketches,

on this most important occasion. It is I think needless for me to enter into a description of ceremonies with which the greater part of my readers are so fully acquainted: and as I know not, nor can I meet with any authentic account of the origin of those customs, which have so long and so religiously been observed on the anniversary of this day, I shall be silent on the subject. As I have however been favoured with letters from numerous correspondents on this head, I shall lay some of them before the reader.

The first which comes to hand is from a female correspondent, who acts as secretary to the "Young Maids club," and is as follows:

DEAR MR. GRILDRIG,

By order of the members I am desired to lay before you the proceedings and resolves of our society, which is incorporated under the title of the Young Maids Club, at our last weekly meeting. It consists of twelve unmarried Members and a President, each of which are to be above sixteen and under twenty-three years of age, and who, when they have reached this age without having entered into the matrimonial state, become superannuated and vacate their places accordingly. As it has been the custom of all

your predecessors, time immemorial, to take our sex under their immediate inspection, and for us to submit ourselves in some degree at least to your guidance: upon your first appearance, your paper was constantly taken in (at least as often as it came out) by the lady president at our club.—At our last meeting, when we assembled in order to celebrate that ancient custom of drawing our Valentines, it was determined nem. con. to include you in the number of the elect. This proposal, though at first universally agreed to, after some time occasioned no small bickering and dissension, every one asserting her peculiar claim to you, with the most forcible arguments. Order being restored, the lady president in a very able, florid and impartial speech, proceeded to state the impossibility of every one's gaining the object of their wishes, and therefore proposed, that the first person who should contrive to see you on Valentine's morning, should obtain you for her Valentine. And this being strictly accordant with the ancient customs of that ever memorable morn, was assented to by the members, and with the highest respect and veneration, I remain,

Your most devoted Servant,

CLORINDA,

Secretary for the Home Department of the Club.

P. S. If you shall think it worth your while to be in the Long-Walk at three o'clock on Valentine's morning, you will meet one to whom you are not indifferent."

However I may think myself honoured by the preference, which so many fair and virtuous young ladies, (as I am bound to believe them,) have declared for me; I must decline the honor, as I would not wish the tongue of scandal to have so fair an opportunity of disseminating its poison to the disadvantage of any, particularly of my fair correspondent Clorinda: nor do I think it advisable to hazard my dignity.—I must now particularly recommend to the perusal of my fellow-citizens a letter, which I have received from another female correspondent, and hope that by publishing the negative compliment at the beginning, I may not incur the charge of too much vanity.

Sir,

As I consider you a degree superior to the generality of your brutish species; I shall lay my complaint before you, hoping that you will remonstrate with your fellow-citizens on their impropriety, and that this year I shall escape the insults which I have been for some time exposed to. You must know then, that having found by

experience, the little reliance which is to be placed on your faithless species, I have weaned my heart from all the gross and less refined affections to which the generality of my sex are liable; and am wedded (if I may so term it) to science. I am one of those immaculate ladies, which the vulgar and unenlightened denominate an *Old Maid*. On the 14th of February, 1804, I received by the post, a paper adorned with various devices of hearts, darts, torches, doves, cupids, with various other heathen figures, which must be shocking to every true christian. Together with this farrago of impertinence, a letter arrived, filled with a disgusting and licentious declaration of love, and a copy of verses, comparing my eyes to goosberries, and my lips to sloes, &c. This assemblage of impertinence, (after having made Betty read it six times at least, for I could not bear to read it myself,) determined me, as the 14th of February, 1805, is near at hand, to write to you; and I do insist upon it, that you prohibit your fellow-citizens, (for it was signed Etonensis,) from troubling me with their filthy and licentious declarations of love,

Your's

WINDSOR, FEB. 9th, 1805. TABITHA CRUMP.

So sensible am I of the justness of Miss Tabitha Crump's complaint, that I do strictly prohibit my fellow-citizens from troubling her chaste mind with anything of the sort for the future; and if they find it absolutely essential to their peace to write Valentines, let them be sent to no one under the age of sixteen or above thirty.

Given under my Hand,

S. G.

I had indeed at first intended to have set my face against this practice, but the various letters and petitions I have received from Belles, Beaux, Poets, and Pedlars, a consideration for the antiquity of the custom, and the mischief which its abolition might cause to so many of His Majesty's ingenious and industrious subjects, has determined me to encourage it. And if any person should be inclined to doubt the truth of what I assert, with regard to the ruin its abolition would cause, I can indisputably prove it. *Imprimis*, the *Grub-street Garretteer* earns a comfortable subsistence by the composition of some verses on the occasion. From the Poet it is generally transferred to the hands of one of those valuable

men who write letters at the price of one-penny per sheet, which encourages the composition of elegant prose. From hence it passes through the hands of the Engraver, who embellishes it with the most beautiful devices. Then it employs the ingenious hand of the Printer, who gains a creditable livelihood by vending it to the Stationer, Pedlar, &c. of whom it is greedily purchased by the Boarding-school Misses, or Masters; whose minds it enlightens, by conveying to them the sentiments of the purest attachment and most disinterested love. I think therefore that no one can doubt, that the sending of Valentines is a most useful and laudable custom: I shall therefore present my readers with some instructions, which I think highly calculated to produce a most tender, pathetic, moving, and fashionable poem for Valentines-day, 1805.

First, it will be adviseable to collect as many birds as possible of all descriptions, doves, linnets, sparrows, Nightingales, &c. in a most delectable grove of roses, myrtles, oranges, &c. interspersed with beds of violets and cowslips. Strephon must at this time walk with Amaryllis, and taking example from the birds, pour forth a most moving strain of flames, answered with a few sighs, wounds, eyes, lips, teeth, and rap-

tures, which cannot fail to win the fair damsel; and I should think would even melt the obdurate heart of Miss Tabitha Crump. The love-sick swain should be furnished with a supply of endings of verses from Pope's pastorals, &c. which he may fill up according to his fancy.

I cannot now close this paper without offering my best wishes to my readers, both male and female, of a happy new year, and that by my instructions they may experience the pleasure of a faithful Valentine.

H. W. L.

SIR,

I conceive that there is no circumstance which will afford a man a pleasanter passage through the world, or is more requisite for the attainment of his wishes, not only with regard to trifles, but also to things of greater importance, than a proper mode of addressing those of whose advice or assistance we stand in need. I was induced to form this observation through the following trifling adventure, which, if it will not prove too tedious, I beg to lay before you.

Having on my return from one of my evening saunters missed a favourite dog, I proceeded the next morning to make the necessary enquiries that I might regain him. The first person whom I met was, as I being a stranger in the place, supposed, a plain countryman; but, as I afterwards understood, was an Alderman of a town in the neighbourhood.—I civilly asked him by the name of "*kind friend,*" if he had heard of any one finding a dog? The only answer I received to my interrogatories was, "*find a halter you mean,*" and the worthy alderman waddled off highly affronted at the indignity offered to his corporation.

The next person of whom I enquired was a knowing young fellow in a green jacket, nankeen trowsers, a neckcloth tied with the most negligent elegance, and with various other appendages necessary to a Buck and a Brute; who it seems was proud of being esteemed the most fashionable debauchèe and most impudent blockhead of any in the county. Him, therefore, (determined to avoid the imputation of freedom) I denominated "*Good young man,*" and upon my enquiring with great eagerness, how I could recover my loss; "*How!*" cried he, "*follow your nose to be sure,*" and galloped off vociferating "*Ask no questions, and you will hear no lies—*" and various other genteel and elegant expressions, not a little admiring the sallies of his wit, and the sharpness of his retort.

I proceeded a little farther, when I observed a lady coming on with a kind of a limp; on whose face wrinkles had made no small havoc. I addressed her (for I am not a very gallant creature) by the appellation of "*Good old woman—*" I had no sooner uttered these unfortunate words, when lo! her ferret-eye glistened like a farthing candle, for that is the only thing I can compare it to, and she bawled out "*Old woman indeed! I think I may venture to say if you do not use your*

eyes better than you do now, you are not likely to find your dog, or any thing else," thus having spoken, she limped on, muttering *" Old woman indeed! well, some people give themselves strange airs; old woman indeed!*

The last person I enquired of, was one of those people generally denominated wags, I hesitatingly addressed him with *" Pray young man, &c."* he in reply said, it was very lucky I had pitched upon him, and civilly (to all appearance) gave me my directions, which were as follows:

" You see that turnip field, you go down that till you come to a stile, which brings you into a lane, which you follow till you come to a field, which you cross, and then you come to a place where two roads meet, you then take the one to the left, and afterwards turn to the right, and on the left you will see a cottage, where you will recover what you wish." I thanked him for his intelligence, and more silly than him, followed his directions, till I found myself in the high road twelve miles from home, which I reached at eleven at night, cold, wet through and tired, and what was still worse, not wiser than when I set out.

Now if I had called the Alderman "Your Worship;" had I with negligent rudeness addressed the Buck; had I denominated the old woman "Miss;" and had I enquired of the wag with a bold and impudent face; I should in all probability have recovered my loss; or at least not subjected myself, to their sneers, anger, or ridicule.

If such therefore is the importance of a proper address or etiquette in smaller matters; you will be able to determine its value in affairs of greater importance.

Sir,

I remain,

Your humble Servant,

Surry, Feb. 12, 1805. AGRESTIS.

Sir,

How far Private Theatricals may benefit the morals of the nation at large, or how far they may instruct a private circle, it is not my intention to say; but how far they are conducive to the amusement of the spectators, is a point not unworthy your attention. It is true that a Critic may receive the greatest pleasure from such exhibitions, not from their superior excellence, but from their consummate badness. Having myself experienced this satisfaction, I present to your readers the following description, which you may depend on is as exact, as the confusion of the subject will permit. For a whole year Lady Fiddlestick had this great design in contemplation, for a whole season was she making the necessary preparations for a *Private Theatre*.—After many consultations, the play was at last fixed on, and was not altered above ten times before the necessary rehearsals. After the various changes of Fortune's wheel, and frequent transmigrations from Farce to Tragedy, from Tragedy to Comedy, and from Comedy to Tragedy again; "*Douglas*," was the destined Drama; destined alas to undergo a species of barbarity and murder, unknown even to strollers

in a barn. Reports were spread, tickets were issued, and our expectations raised to the highest pitch. Three times was the bloody day deferred, till a full month had perfected the fashionable actors in their several Theatrical occupations.—Once a love affair between the hero and heroine, and a subsequent elopement retarded its progress; once the serious indisposition of the Thespian hostess stopped its course; and lastly a violent quarrel between all parties, had nearly put an end to its existence. In spite however of love, sickness, or disputes, it still maintained its gronnd. Upwards of five hundred were crammed into the room allotted for the audience.—After a concerto on the harp by her ladyship, the curtain drew-up. The Wilds of Scotland were represented by an elegant assortment of hot-house shrubs, interspersed with variegated lamps.—Her ladyship played Lady Randolph, and I may with truth assert, that I did not once hear the sound of her voice, through the repeated plaudits bestowed on her dumb shew. Glenalvon was ably represented by Lord Foppington, who introduced a few fashionable oaths, and neat compliments to her ladyship with the greatest eclat, though no one could have supposed so harmless a creature to have been guilty of the murder of Douglas. Suicide was indeed his only

crime. But no one can conceive the plaudits bestowed on the Honorable Master Marmozet, her ladyship's only son, on his appearance in the character of the Peasant Norval, who was decorated with every splendour that fashion could devise, and the simple plaid could hardly be distinguished through a profusion of jewels. From his first appearance the plaudits never ceased, till during his performance of a hornpipe (in character) in the middle of the third act. For three acts, except a few occasional mistakes, no interruption occurred. The performers never wanted a prompter, as they kept the book constantly in their hands. In the middle of the fourth act however, a terrible crash and downfall of the scenery took place. The shrubs were crushed; the lamps broke; the company shrieked, and her ladyship fainted. All was confusion: at last by advice of Lord Foppington, the spectators resumed their seats, and the play was concluded with a dance by the characters, amidst the thundering claps of a most fashionable audience.—Thus a Tragedy was announced, a Farce was played, which was finished by an elegant Ballet. A sumptuous and elegant supper concluded the whole, and dismissed the guests and hostess in equal good humour and delight with one another and with their evening's entertainment.

I hear that her ladyship, in consequence of the distinguished *success* of the beforementioned Tragedy, is about to represent one of her *own composition* to a still larger party, with nobler dresses and a more magnificent supper; to which if I should have the honor of being invited, you shall receive the fullest account of our evening's entertainment.

From your humble Servant,

THESPIANUS.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XXX.

MONDAY, *February* 18, 1805.

Tout esprit orgueilleux, qui s'aime,
Par mes leçons se voit gueri,
Et dans mon livre si cheri,
Apprend a se hair soi-meme.

BOILEAU.

" SIR,

Since it comes within your province to take cognizance of those many deviations from propriety, which, without amounting to statutable offences, considerably infringe upon the comforts of social life; I am desirous of calling your attention to certain faults of this nature. Nor can I better effect my purpose than by delineating particular characters, in which I have observed them.

Habits of mental absence, and procrastination may perhaps be esteemed trivial errors; but as they strongly militate against order and regularity, they shall be the first objects of my animadversion.

Without therefore having recourse to so extraordinary a personage as the celebrated Mons. Menalgue, I shall exhibit some few instances of unaccountable forgetfulness, and delay, as they present themselves in the conduct of a gentleman, with whom I have lately had the honor of conversing several times with so little effect, that when we last met, he had not the slightest recollection of my person or name.

We must not hope to take a view of our present hero at a very early hour, as he has not for many years made his appearance before noon; and to this one regulation he so uniformly adheres, that his breaking it might be considered almost portentous. In Town indeed he finds many to countenance him in this habit; but it proved rather inconvenient at a gentleman's seat in Devonshire, where he passed the last summer, and where the old, and I may add salutary, custom of dining in the day-time is retained. He usually

came down to breakfast, while the cloth was being laid for dinner. And even at that late hour his dress bore so many marks of palpable negligence, that his clothes appeared rather to have been carelessly flung over him, than put on.—Indeed his uncombed hair, dirty hands, coat interspersed with feathers, and his stockings hanging about his heels, did not afford any very favourable idea of his diligence, or cleanliness. Fatigued with inactivity he found it necessary to walk out, just as the first dish was placed on table. This walk he frequently protracted till he lost the meal, for which it was intended to create an appetite, as the family were very soon obliged to relinquish all ideas of accommodating themselves to his hours. For these irregularities he had, it must be owned, a general excuse. His watch was scarcely ever correct; and this will the more readily be credited, when we consider that it scarcely ever had the opportunity of being so more than once in twelve hours, its proprietor usually forgetting to make use of the key.

In a mixed company he renders himself disagreable to every one from want of attention and consideration. When he feels an inclination to applaud the elegant refinement of courts, he selects a rough patriot for his auditor; and

alarms a supple *Mc. Sycophant* by vehement declamation on the rights and liberties of the people. To a single lady of fifty he professes his utter abhorrence of old maids; and paints in glowing colours the miseries of matrimony before a newly married couple. He stupifies a man of fashion with a discussion on consols and annuities; and bewilders a stock-broker by leading him through all "the mighty maze" of balls, races, routs, and operas.

When he does not disgust people in this manner, he generally affronts them by an apparent contempt for their remarks, which is the effect of his abstraction upon what he was at first engaged in. He talks to himself, thinks on twenty different subjects at once; and is, in fact, precisely that man, to whom Lord Chesterfield prefers *a corpse.*

You may see in his apartment a little grove of canes, which he has at various times carried off by mistake from different families, which he sometimes distresses by his visitations. He seldom goes to a party without changing his hat, and as he has not recollected to purchase one during the last six years, suspicions have now and then been entertained that on these occasions he had his

wits more about him than usual. But such opportunities daily decrease, as those who know him thoroughly, no longer give him any invitations, aware that he would either miss the time appointed, or totally forget the engagement.

The next gentleman I would introduce to your acquaintance may be denominated Monsieur Frivole. He is a busy idler and an inquistive tattler. Like mine host of *Pennaflor*, he gives you every particular of his own affairs, and then considers you under an obligation to be equally communicative. Should a friend die, or any disaster happen to him, the gratification of publishing the circumstance to all, whom it may or may not concern, proves the most salutary balm to his affliction, and the greatest alleviation of his distress. Monsieur Frivole is a complete repository for all the unimportant anecdotes of every family within the circle of what he calls his acquaintance. Of which circle, the diameter is about twenty miles; indeed there are very few men who can give you more anecdotes, true and false, than Monsieur Frivole.

He is even with strangers so impertinently curious, that all those who have the misfortune to

be thrown in his way, and who are not particularly partial to suffering the *question extraordinary*, would do well to imitate Dr. Franklin's address to his New England landlords, and to set forth their birth, parentage and profession, their chief residence, the place they have left, and that to which they are going: as this will afford the best chance of procuring a temporary relief.

The last character I shall at present exhibit, is that of a detractor and calumniator, a nuisance of the first magnitude.

He is conversant with as many modes and varieties of debasing, as Mr. Puff possesses of exalting, except that he never ventures on the attack *direct*. He does not pour forth abuse in large quantities, but rather distills defamation, and retails it in a more palatable state. The most common circumstance when related by him, and magnified by the medium through which it passes, appears monstrous and extraordinary.

If any composition is mentioned in his presence, he sometimes cannot but grieve to see so much sterling sense obscured by the very harsh and injudicious style of the author. Sometimes

he admires the elegance of the diction that he may have an opportunity of lamenting that the poverty of matter was unworthy such splendid ornament; and when ever he does "*damn with faint praise,*" he invariably makes a qualifying addition.

Our liberal friend attaches great consequences to the most trifling expressions, and deals much in charitable surmises and significant inuendos; he has even hoped to shake a sound reputation by a leer; and to silence the loudest commendations by a shrug. He does not exactly assert that "*Miss Lætitia had twins,*" but drops at proper intervals, some shrewd hints, that the young lady's visit to a distant relation in the country had its cause; that she returned to Town considerably improved in figure and appearance, though indeed a change of air will sometimes effect wonders.

He has had the misfortune to hear of more slips in great public characters, than were ever dreamt of by their most avowed enemies, and though he cannot for a moment give credit to those scandalous reports he regrets that they should be so industriously circulated.

These few characters call the loudest for reproof, of any I have lately remarked. That the publicity which your paper will give to their offences, may prove instrumental towards shaming them out of society is the earnest desire of

Your's, &c.

Bath, February 9th, 1805.

THEOPHRASTICUS.

Hen. Joy

MR. GRILDRIG,

IF you think the following translation of the thirty-four last lines of the first Elegy of Tibullus, worthy a place in your next number; by giving them one in it you will oblige me.—if not, you may give them "*emendaturis ignibus.*"

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

And very humble Servant,

EGOMET.

OH! it is sweet to hear the roaring wind,
Whilst 'round your love your circling arms are twin'd!
Or when the South's bleak whirlwinds howl on high,
And sluicy torrents drain the wintry sky;
On the warm couch to lose the midnight hour,
Lull'd to soft slumbers by the falling shower!
Wealth he deserves, who dares the restless main,
Whilst the fierce storm and billows rage in vain.
Let pearls and gold enrich the gloomy deep,
Ere any fair one for my dangers weep!——
Fight thou, Messala, for thy country's fame,
Through the wide world, and vindicate her name!
Fight thou! whate'er the fears, whate'er the toils,
And deck your lofty dome with foreign spoils.
O'er me my beauteous fair, my Delia reigns,
And binds Tibullus in her silken chains.

On her clos'd door I bend my aching sight,
And sadly sighing waste the tedious night!
I heed not fame, my Delia! I could be
Wretch, ideot, coward, any thing with thee.
When on my brow Death's cold damp dew shall stand,
I'll grasp thee feebly with my dying hand:
Oh! thou wilt weep; for not of rock that breast,
Nor iron lurks beneath thy snowy vest:
Each pitying youth shall mourn my ravish'd breath,
And every virgin weep Tibullus' death.
But spare the beauties of that heavenly face,
Spare the soft tresses which those beauties grace.
Be this my earnest, last request obey'd,
Nor with thy sorrows wound my hov'ring shade!——
Mean time whilst fate allows, whilst youth yet reigns
Let's give to love what still of youth remains.
Soon shall grim death our transient joys invade,
In gloomy darkness horribly array'd.
Slow age creeps on, and who will love allow,
To the dull winter of the hoary brow?
Let sly-ey'd Venus and her laughing boy,
Reign in our hearts and every thought employ:
Thro' the dark night in jovial troops we'll rove,
And burst the bars that keep us from our love.
Such fights as these I prize, such amorous wars,
A valiant champion in Cythera's cause.
Hence ye proud trophies! hence thou deathless name!
Hence to the fools who fight for wounds and fame!
While my small store my smaller wants supplies,
I'll laugh at wealth and poverty despise.——

G. Irvine

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XXXI.

MONDAY, *March* 18, 1805.

Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus, et pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræsentet moresque Catonis?
Hor. Ep. 1. 19.

What? tho' your brow should wear a constant frown,
Should you, like Cato, claim the narrow gown;
Yet where the manners? where the virtuous fire,
Which warm'd that Cato's soul?

THE works of Nature, which seem at one step to have attained perfection, are universally characterized by a construction at once surprising and inimitable. Thus among the productions of Art, a certain original method, and peculiarity of execution constitute their chief merit. Every writing of real excellence is thus attested. But

Poetry in particular requires a mark of this nature, by which it is tacitly dedicated to fame. We talk of the artless sublimity of Homer, the refined majesty of Virgil, the polished harmony of Pope. We look upon these as the attributes of each individual, without which he might have remained unnoticed and unadmired.

But there is a race of Beings, who setting every law natural and artificial at defiance, attempt to raise an altar to their own fame with the gleanings which they have collected from these genuine works of Literature. Without any powers of their own, they mix up those faults, which Genius alone can excuse, into one shapeless mass, and call it Poetry. They labour to imitate what they do not understand, and vainly gape for admiration. They mistake errors for beauties, and while they catch at the substance, are scarcely able to retain the shadow. Their unfortunate attempts however, only evince with greater force the truth of that old, but no less excellent, adage: *Poeta nascitur, non fit.*—— *Nature alone forms the Poet.*

A man who can thus openly pretend to improve upon established superiority, must have a tolerable share of impudence and vanity. That

the improvement of what he imitates must be his intention, is evident from various reasons.—Livelihood or reputation are the two principle objects, which induce a person to write for the Public. For these he continually labours, and studies to render his compositions agreeable by every ornament that chance or thought can suggest. As he candidly gives up all pretensions to originality, he must know that every hope of success entirely depends upon his being able to produce something, which, if it cannot aspire to novelty of design, may at least lay claim to a superior force of language, or elegance of expression. But if he is destitute of both, by what can he be supported? By his own vanity; which whispers that Pope, Swift and Milton require only to be recast by him, in order to become doubly harmonious, entertaining and sublime. And scarcely can the public raillery, the assurances of his Printer, or even the touch of a Bailiff convince him that chiming nonsense, vulgar obscenity, or ranting bombast, are not the characteristic beauties of those authors.

A person of this description may indeed defend himself by the example of our most eminent Poets. One of whom in particular, has stooped from the height of his genius, to imitate the

faults of his predecessors. Not, as I should humbly conceive, for the purpose of improving their beauties, or detecting their errors; but either to shew the versatility of his own powers, or, what is most probable, for his amusement. If the strongest features in the style of Chaucer and Spencer are indecency and filthiness, Pope has undoubtedly represented them with the most faithful exactness. But surely he never could have intended to disgrace himself by the publication of such ridiculous caricatures; since his other works are so remarkable for their pure morality, and so eminently calculated to "*bring a man peace at the last.*"

It has been said that every author, upon his first undertaking that laborious occupation, should form his style by the most excellent productions of those who have gone before him. To a person of clear judgment, but contracted powers of imagination, this may be expedient. Should he be able not only to distinguish beauties from defects, but also to infuse the former, purified from their original dross, into his own works; every reader will be too much engrossed in the admiration of his propriety and judgment to regret the absence of novelty. Virgil himself has furnished us with a most happy example of this

nature. We read his poems with pleasure and admiration. But it is not that anxious pleasure, which the recital of events gradually, and unexpectedly unfolded inspires; it is not that admiration which arises from the amazing depth of the poet's invention. We are pleased only with the elegance of his expressions; and admire the art with which he conceals and adorns his borrowed feathers.

The generality however are so easily deceived by superficial ornaments, that they overlook the genuine beauties of composition; and diving for pearls, catch only the straws that float upon the surface. Hence we may infer that it is more prudent for those, who are endowed with an extensive imagination, (which though it does not exclude, yet is too active and precipitate to submit itself to the cooler operations of judgment) to follow the path prescribed by Nature, rather than the footsteps of their predecessors. For where she gives the power of conception, she usually adds that of expression. With what energy and propriety of language does not Shakespear generally heighten the native brilliancy of his ideas? Even amid the Wilds of Scotland, Burnes, unaided by learning and the politer arts, found his pen by no means unquali-

fied to express the conceptions of an ardent mind.

There is also another reason, which may induce these "servile imitators" to ape the gestures of their superiors. They ignorantly conclude, that, should they once be able to invest their nonsense, with anything in the slightest degree resembling the method of any celebrated author, they would infallibly have transfused his genuine spirit into their own writings. They may also conceive themselves capable of insuring the public pardon on the same score. They may even be desirous of sheltering themselves under the authority of Martial, who in the following Epigram appears willing to overlook those errors, which the weakness of illustrious men has in some degree sanctioned.

Quòd nimio gaudes noctem producere vino;
Ignosco: vitium, Gaure, Catonis *habes.*
Carmina quòd scribis, Musis et Apolline nullo;
Laudari debes: hoc Ciceronis *habes.*

'Tis true that Gaurus drinks—but let it pass,—
He has my pardon: Cato *lov'd his glass.*
But then he rhymes, in spite of Phœbus' curse;
He merits praise: e'en Tully *scribbled verse.*

But whatever latitude the Roman Poet might have thought proper to allow his countrymen; I hope no Englishman will ever be tempted to endanger the public peace by a similar avowal. In the course of my Censorship I have frequently received imitations and parodies from different quarters. To testify my displeasure, I have generally omitted them in the notice to Correspondents, and have now taken this opportunity of explaining the motives of my neglect. I shall now lay before the Public a letter, with which I have been favoured, both as it is agreable to the subject of this paper, and particularly relates to my Fellow-Citizens. The ingenuous confessions of the author may not be uninteresting to my readers.

ETON, March 10th, 1805.

MR. GRILDRIG,

" It has been my constant determination never to obtrude my thoughts upon the world, unless they were likely to promote the welfare of others. As I have seldom been attacked by the *Cacoethes Scribendi,* I had not many temptations to depart from this intention. My greatest labour and ambition has been to render my weekly compositions worthy of praise. In the prosecution of which design I unfortunately fell into

an error, by no means uncommon among my School-fellows. On this account I have at length ventured to break through my purpose, and intreat your attention to a circumstance, which, to my surprize, has hitherto escaped your observation.

" Boys who have any talent for versification, are seldom contented with treading in the beaten path. They despise the plain and best style of composition, because it is common. They affect the peculiarities of less eminent writers, because they are not used in the common course of School-reading. And every thing in the least degree unusual has irresistible charms. I also have not been exempted from this *Epidemic Mania.* Nor was it long before an opportunity occurred, of exercising my powers of imitation. An inquiry into the " nature and properties of Fire," was given out as the subject of our weekly exercise. I had by chance heard that a poem on Natural Philosophy was in existence, written by Lucretius, in which a style, differing from that of Virgil and other writers of the Augustan Age, was embraced. With some difficulty I procured the book; skimmed over several pages, and though I could not understand two words together, managed to discover several peculiarities,

the novelty of which at once recommended them to my admiration. From this hint I crowded every possible liberty into my composition, not omitting the frequent insertion of Greek words, where Latin would have done better. The labour of three days at length produced an hundred of the most inharmonious verses, that were ever dignified with that name. I had indeed continually sacrificed the sense, that I might render the lines more rugged, and, as I then conceived, more elegant. They were finished too late to receive the customary revision, previous to their being shewn up in School. But my companions, to whom I gave them in exultation, admired and envied my cleverness: why? because they could not understand a single word.

" The hour at length arrived, in which I expected to receive my mead of praise. After a considerable degree of trouble the exercise was read. But to my surprize, the wished-for commendation was either never uttered, or " *missed its way, by envious winds Blown vagabond, or frustrate.*" This seasonably restored me to my senses. But as every one else was ignorant of my ill-success, there has been a continued overflow of similar imitations. *Hendecasyllables* lisping the softest diminutives, and breathing nothing

but Idalian groves, Venuses and Cupids, in the *style* of — Catullus: Greek Sapphics, from which all words short of five syllables are entirely banished, in imitation of — I know not whom; must plead my excuse for having detained you so long with these uninteresting egotisms.

"But pray Mr. Grildrig, let these gentlemen know, that such deviations from nature do not constitute purity of style; that to write elegantly they should consult the sense, and not the length or sound of words; and that such eccentricities can only be tolerated, when the general tenor and spirit of the poem is good. Perhaps you may be able to devise some plan, by which the property of every Poet may be preserved unmolested. For should this evil be suffered to grow up, I fear lest our venerable countrymen should be the next to suffer by their intrusions.

Your's, with respect,

Candidus."

It will be needless for me to say that I enter completely into the apprehensions of my Correspondent, and recommend his hints most earnestly to the attention of my fellow-Citizens. I tremble for those illustrious heroes of British poetry, and wish that it were in my power to

secure them from Critics, Imitators, and —— *all other vermin;* to whom I may cry out in the words of Persius, when they are lurking in the precincts of Poet's Corner,—*pueri, sacer est locus: extra Mejite!*——

There is scarcely a Tradesman of any respectability, who has not (as he conceives) consigned his name to immortality, by procuring some little invention of his own to be ennobled by *Letters Patent.* Hence the price is immediately doubled, only half the labour bestowed upon the manufacture, and the indisputable right of cheating secured to the inventor. Why then should not the same advantages be conferred upon the productions of the mind? They are not less laborious; they are not less useful; and they are more honourable. Let us then suppose such a protection already granted to works of acknowledged genius; and that no one could receive the name of Poet, without the Royal Patent. It is true, that real merit might often languish unnoticed, while the frivolous nonsense of fashionable vanity might bask in the rays of Court favour. It is true, that according to the usual effect of PATENTS, poetry might rise in price, instead of excellence; and that a neat edition of Miscellaneous Effusions, *on hot-pressed wire-wove*

paper, with a broad margin, and explanatory notes, might carry the day against the collected force of wit, learning and judgement. But we must cherish better expectations, and hope that Poetry would thus be effectually secured from all deductions, infringements, or imitations.

Having thus, according to my correspondent's request, laid down a plan for the preservation of *poetical manufactures*, I should have concluded this paper, had not another very peculiar sort of imitation demanded my animadversion. The person to whom I am indebted for a letter, signed AN ENGLISHMAN, may perhaps be able to discover my allusion, without farther explanation. I commend him for his industry, and thank him for the opportunity, which he has given me, of reading so good an Essay. I must however confess myself unable to dive into the reason of his courteousness. He must have known that I did not invite Correspondents to copy out the writings of others; that I might have done myself. I can only divine two causes, which, from charity, I am unwilling to suppose; namely, the desire of injuring the MINIATURE; or, of gaining for himself the credit due to another. The want of ingenuousness that it exhibits, entirely excludes every idea of its being sent from an *Etonian*.

But perhaps I may be wrong in my former suppositions. Great Wits sometimes hit upon similar ideas and expressions, in a most wonderful manner. This may be his case. If so, I give him credit of his abilities; and that the Public may not be a loser, I shall refer my readers to the twenty-second number of the Olla Podrida, where they will find the plumes, with which this literary jackdaw attempted to conceal his own deformity.

E.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XXXII.

MONDAY, *March* 25, 1805.

———*Hunc alea decoquit.*

PERSIUS. S. 5. 57.

Him the fallacious die consumes.

TO investigate the sources and to distinguish the various stages of GAMING would be a task worthy of the patience, as well as the ingenuity of a Philosopher. Its effects however are not so generally enveloped in darkness, nor do they require a more than ordinary share of penetration to be discovered. From the most intricate and inexplicable of all the passions, the most palpable and violent consequences ensue. Want, beggary, and desperation are too evident to be long hidden, and too dreadful to be long concealed. But as it has been observed of the Swearer, so

likewise it may be said of the Gamester, that he is of all dealers in Sin by far the silliest, and evidently makes the worst bargains for himself. An extortioner, epicure, or highway robber may enjoy some portion of gain or pleasure in lieu of their characters and lives here, and of their salvation hereafter: but the Gamester sins *gratis;* he risks his life, honour, and happiness, for why, and for what?—for a stake: the pleasures of which, if gained, will by no means compensate for the racking anxiety of his previous doubt; and the pain of which if lost, will force him to descend deeper and deeper into the pit of destruction, till every hope of recovery is irreparably lost and abandoned. Gambling indeed is of a more extensive nature than may upon first sight appear; for under this head may be included every species of speculation, in which it is not below the dignity of the most exalted characters freely to indulge. But although concealed under so specious a name, and recommended by such general practice, the real vice in the end, still retains its destructive qualities, and rages with unabated vigour. But I shall leave the consideration of their fashionable modification to Brokers, Stock-Jobbers, Farmers, Merchants, and other dignified personages, whom it may more intimately concern; and

shall confine myself to the consideration of the open and undisguised appearance of this vice; as cards, dice, games of chance, &c.

Cards, Scandal and Bohea, are universally esteemed the attributes of the whole of the fair sex; but they properly belong only to the "*fouler part of the fair.*" I have known many antiquated virgins of a certain town not an hundred miles from Windsor, whose heads, if dissected, would be found to contain little else but *Card-money*. In the contemplation of this they are wrapped up, and farther than this their ideas and contemplations do not extend. Dull and insensible to any other species of amusement besides this, and its concomitant scandal, they are in a continual state of shuffling, dealing, and blasting the reputation of those hapless beings, who may be out of their good graces.

I remember once receiving an invitation to one of these elegant assemblies, under the title of "*Tea and Cards,*" but to which the more vulgar expression of "*Tea and turn out,*" would doubtless have been more applicable. I have often heard of the exquisite harmony of a *feline* concert, but I never till that evening, fully experienced its charms. In resemblance of the

celebration of the mysteries of the Bona Dea at Rome, no males, except myself, were admitted. Before the appearance of the Bohea, a few common-place topics of domestic scandal engrossed the conversation, such as patches, head-dresses, legs of mutton, butter, eggs, &c. which, as may be supposed, were sufficiently uninteresting to a person totally ignorant both of millinery and culinary concerns. But after their spirits were raised by a few cups of their favourite beverage, down they sat to cards, literally intoxicated with the fumes of Tea. The Ace of Spades, for four long hours, reigned triumphant. Knaves, Kings, Queens, Trumps, &c. and the usual jargon on such occasions, even for a while, took place of defamation. Squabbling, railing, scolding and snarling did not absent themselves, but were pretty liberally scattered, by no means interrupting the Game, or making the old ladies sensible of the least degree of shame. I cannot better describe the conversation than Swift has done, in the following lines,

" *Stand further girl, or get you gone,*
" *I always lose when you look on,——'*
" *Nay madam give me leave to say,*
" *'Twas you that threw the game away,——*"

" Spadillo here has got a mark,
" A child may know it in the dark;
" I guess the hand, it seldom fails,
" I wish some folks would pare their nails."

So much for old maids.—But they are not the only, though undoubtedly the most numerous readers of the DEVIL'S BOOKS. For there are various games adapted to various ages and professions. Sober Whist is by no means below the dignity of a Bush-wig: while the more lively Casino is better suited to the gay and fashionable. The Christmas holidays are plentifully supplied with round games for the diversion of the young, while the old Grandmothers are deeply interested in the pegs of a Cribbage-board by a chimney corner. All-fours belong to a Grocer's back-parlour; while the sublime Poet is the privileged inhabitant of a country alehouse. I have myself often seen those of the most conspicuous talents, and the soundest sense, at an age nearly approaching to manhood, awaiting with the most earnest expectation and eager attention the fall of—— a *Te-to-tum,* on which was depending the fate neither of their interest, lives, nor fortunes, but of—— a *half-penny.*

Billiards may be considered as being entitled to no very inconsiderable share of animadversion

on this head. Although in appearance they are a game of skill, yet as is well known, they are rendered by common practice, a game of chance. A Billiard-room is a receptacle both of fools and knaves; where partly fraud and villany, partly indolence and vacancy find their daily refuge. The result of such a mixture is obvious. Yet these are the schools, from whence half our rising generation are taught spirit, honour, &c. these are the schools in which they are taught invariably to choose their friends from among the lowest and most profligate of mankind; and to mix their private pleasures and conversation with jockeys, blasphemers and buffoons.

A professed GAMESTER is however a man—of *honour*,—of *spirit*, and in the perverted jargon of modern huckism,—*an honest fellow*.—To this I plainly answer: of honour and friendship he is totally incapable. To human misery and human agonies, the heart of a gamester is essentially impenetrable. A superficial politeness, insinuation of address, an assumed ease, carelessness and good-nature are the alternate vizards under which he conceals that fixed and steady relentlessness of mind, with which he coolly and designedly inflict irretrievable ruin on the wretched victims of his destructive arts and designing treachery. So

much for his honor, sentiment, and friendship, of which he is utterly incapable. It has been observed, that his victims " may first be the dupes and afterwards the partners of his baseness, but that such an union utterly precludes that noble one formed on the principle, and directed to the practices of virtue and benevolence."

But what is his *Spirit?* jealousy, rage, and revenge, and almost all the malignant passions that can agitate and distract the heart of man. The complicated ruin of his family, the total prostration of every moral principle, the most ungovernable ferocity, joined with the most degrading meanness, may, according to modern jargon, constitute *spirit.* These however are partially disguised under an affectation of ease and negligence; an encouragement of disorderly and licentious indulgences both in himself and his companions; swearing, drunkenness and other artificial appendages of his detestable trade.—Yet he is an *honest fellow.*

It is by such men that the young, and often those, from whose age and understanding better things might have been expected, are corrupted, pillaged, and ruined. For the sake of accompanying men of fashion, exhibiting their taste, shew-

ing and losing their property, they mix and consort with such privileged thieves and fashionable villains. Their life is a perfect dramatic scene, in which like heroes, they preserve their consistency to the end, and as they have lived without virtue, so they die without repentance.

T.

The Publisher to the Citizens of LILLIPUT, greeting.

Most Courteous Citizens,

I am ordered by MR. SOLOMON GRILDRIG to refute several calumnies, which have been uttered to the detriment of his reputation. It has been confidently asserted that he had lost the use of one side by a Paralytic affection; that he was unable to guide a goose-quill; and that his constitution was gradually breaking up. Some have gone even so far as to affirm that he was already *as good as money in the Sexton's pocket.* To all such falsehoods I must beg leave to return the "*lie direct.*" For never was man in a more comfortable condition. He enjoys his original

vigour, and in the Newmarket dialect, is *sound wind and limb, and free from blemish.* As a proof of which, it was but yesterday that he knocked down my *Devil* with a composing-stick, for stuttering at the word *Grildrig*, when he was drunk. Yet healthy as he is, and unwilling to leave your service, imperious Fate has ordered his departure; the hour of separation approaches; the next Monday is fixed for his melancholy journey; or to use his own words, "he is called from the peaceful bosom of LILLIPUT, into the tumultuous scenes of BROBDINGNAG!!"—He frequently expresses an ardent desire of knowing, before he quits this World in Miniature, to whom he has been obliged for assistance in the prosecution of his labours. As he thinks it would be no small consolation to him in the hour of departure, to have faithfully discharged this debt of gratitude, by the publication of their names.

E.

CASTLE STREET, WINDSOR.
March 25th, 1805.

THE

MINIATURE,

NUMB. XXXIII.

MONDAY, *April* 1, 1805.

——λέξει καὶ διανοίᾳ πάντας ὑπερβέβληκε.

ARIST. Poet. cap 24.

The Bible—*surpasses all in imagination and expression.*

FROM our earliest years we are taught to consider the Bible as the Fountain-head, from whence we may derive the purest ideas of morality and religion. On this account we are commanded to read it with veneration, to rely upon its veracity, and to obey its documents with undeviating faithfulness. By it we are admitted into the presence of the LIVING GOD, and the mysteries of the Inner Temple are disclosed to the view of all nations. The eminent superiority of the Bible in these points, is indeed so generally acknowledged, and so frequently insisted

upon, that all further observations, from me at least, would be superfluous. But it is my intention to shew, that it not only surpasses all other writings with regard to its morality; but that every other beauty of composition here springs up with unequalled vigour and simplicity. First however let us pause—and ere we enter into any consideration upon such a subject, let us loose the sandals from our feet, lest, like Moses covered and unhallowed, we should defile the sacred ground. I know that there are many, who may perhaps blame me for attempting to soar beyond my proper sphere. But should I be able to induce any one of my Fellow-citizens to give his more serious attention to that "Fountain of all Wisdom," I shall think myself amply justified, and defended from all animadversion.

The first objects that present themselves to our observation, are the five Books of Moses, which comprehend a period of little less than two thousand six hundred years. This history relates the principal events which took place from the Creation of the World, to the death of Moses, fourteen hundred and fifty-one years before the Christian Æra; and gives a clear and copious account of the several laws and institutions, by

which the Israelites were separated from all other nations, and sanctified to the worship of the true God. When we recollect that the Jewish Lawgiver flourished at least two centuries prior to any Heathen historian, we shall no doubt view his work with increased admiration and astonishment. Observed even through the medium of a translation, we cannot avoid being pleased with the clearness and simplicity of his narrative, in which he scarcely yields to Herodotus the father of Grecian History. When describing the Creation of the World, and the fatal transgression of Mankind, he has infused vigour and even sublimity into his expressions. We have a full and distinct delineation of every interesting circumstance, attending the formation and situation of our first Parents. But what form of words could have expressed with more energetic sublimity the amazing power of the Creator, than—*let there be light, and there was light?* This transcendant passage bears the genuine stamp of inspiration, and must at once, convince every reader that it is the work of no common mind. It is itself a sufficient proof of the superior excellence of the Holy Scriptures; for even the vigorous and majestic spirit of Homer, is unable to equal these plain and unornamented words, by his most sublime and elaborate descriptions.

With whatever admiration we may view the historical part of the Sacred Scriptures, we shall be more astonished and enraptured by the poetical effusions with which several of the Books are so copiously adorned. These afford the most perfect idea of that animated spirit of genuine Poetry, which unaided by the assistance of metre, and unconfined by the finical regulations of Art, is at once vigorous, natural and luxuriant. In these overwhelming bursts of the imagination, we are never delayed by any secondary considerations, our attention is not called aside to observe the elegance or propriety of the metre; we are borne along with irresistible impetuosity, and sympathize with the writer, in every feeling and expression. The Profane Writers, it is true, are by no means incapable of raising a similar degree of interest; but their most beautiful passages, which bear any resemblance to the Scriptures, almost universally suffer by a comparison. This indeed is the only certain method of deciding the superiority of either party; and under this conviction, I shall produce several passages from the most eminent Heathens, which from their wonderful similarity have the appearance rather of downright imitations, than accidental resemblances.

Those justly admired lines in the Epitaph of Bion, by Moschus, where the hopelessness and eternity of death is so feelingly and pathetically contrasted with the annual revival of vegetation, shrink before the unrivalled sublimity of Job. Moschus having remarked that the *herbs of the field, though fading in Winter, annually spring up* and bloom again, adds:

Ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροὶ, ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
Ὁππότε πρᾶτα θάνωμες, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλᾳ
Εὕδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.

Ver. 103.

But we the great, the valiant, and the wise,
When once we perish, slumber in the grave,
A long, eternal, never-waking sleep!

But Job having expressed a similar idea in the former division of the sentence, exclaims: *But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea man giveth up the ghost, and—where is he?* These three words afford a more complete idea of the total extinction, and insignificancy of man, than the last line and an half of Moschus. The Heathen says, Man perishes for ever! The inspired Writer, Man dieth, and where is he?—He is swept from the face of the earth, and in the words of the Psalmist; *the place thereof knoweth him no more!*

In like manner Virgil's description of a horse, is greatly inferior to the sublime and finished picture drawn by the inspired author of Job.

———si qua sonum procul arma dedere,
Stare loco nescit; micat auribus, et tremit artus,
Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.
Geor. 3. 83.

Then if the clank of distant arms is heard;
Restless he paws; erects his eager ears,
And quivers every joint, and snorting curbs
The rapid flames which in his nostrils roll.

Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley; he rejoiceth in his strength, he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet, &c.——Chap. 39.

The Prophets also have interspersed their writings with imagery of equal magnificence. To them indeed many advantages arise from the subject of their compositions, and their divine

power of prediction; for they were enabled to combine the truth of History with the romantic effusions of the imagination. Their's is the voice of God; and who can contend with *him?* Our wonder therefore will be considerably diminished, when upon comparison with the Classics, we are obliged to acknowledge their transcendant superiority, both in conception and expression. Let the Pollio of Virgil, which almost miraculously coincides with several prophecies relative to the future Advent of the MESSIAH, which are scattered through the writings of Isaiah, be fairly considered, and not a doubt will remain of the Prophet's truth and inspiration.

The Revelations of St. John display a more wild and awful scene of poetical imagery. The reader appears to walk upon enchanted ground; every object is, as it were, concealed in excessive splendour, and the eye is at once enraptured and overpowered! Curiosity is raised and suppressed at the same moment; and our hearts, with fear and trembling, bow before the omnipotent providence of GOD.

Pindar may charm and exalt our minds by presenting to us the Islands of the Blessed; Virgil may lead us through the ever blooming fields of Elysium, where all is peace, joy and tranquillity.

But behold! St. John unfolds the gates of the HEAVENLY JERUSALEM! With what enthusiastic devotion do we gaze upon its glorious magnificence; with what rapture do we already anticipate the joys of eternal life?——*I saw no temple therein; for the* Lord God Almighty *and the* Lamb *are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of* God *did lighten it, and the* Lamb *is the light thereof.*

The Scriptures also are by no means deficient in examples of the most masterly and energetic eloquence. But passing over the Old Testament; let us consider the plain and unadorned language of our Saviour, and the ardent, nervous, and dignified elocution of St. Paul. The former, *who spake, as never man spake,* had the wonderful power of at once instilling into the hearts of his audience conviction of their errors, and admiration of the Divine Teacher. With regard to the latter, it is enough to say, that Longinus has enrolled him among the most eminent and admired Orators of Ancient Greece. It may also be some additional proof that one of the learned Fathers of the Church, being asked what he should most particularly desire to see, where he able to command three wishes, replied: *Petrum*

in Cathedrâ, Paulum concionantem, et Christum in carne.——

Moreover, it is not only the religious, or learned that should study the writings of the inspired authors; but even the narrow-minded self-interested man of the world would learn more from hence, than from all the elegance and artifice of Lord Chesterfield, and his followers. If he wishes thoroughly to understand the manners of mankind, and the deceits of that World, which he worships, let him study the Proverbs of Solomon, and the sayings of the Son of Sirach. I do not mean that he can from thence learn to adjust his neckcloth, or shoestrings, according to the nice regulations of fashion. But he may at least adopt those arts, which are best calculated to delude the ignorant, and to conceal the viciousness of his heart, in defiance of the curse of God, and the denunciation of these divine Masters.

E.

THE

MINIATURE.

NUMB. XXXIV.

MONDAY, *April* 1, 1805.

O dulces comitum valete cœtus!

CATULLUS.

Farewell, my much lov'd friends! a long farewell!

MR. GRILDRIG is gone! The Fates have torn him from the beloved haunts of his childhood, and he has for ever bid adieu to the society of his Fellow-Citizens! A short account however of the circumstances attending his departure, may perhaps not be uninteresting to the Public.

This morning at an early hour, the stage, in which Mr. Grildrig had previously taken a place, was announced. In a few minutes, his baggage, which was by no means on an extensive scale, was deposited in the boot; and the passengers were waiting for their unfortunate companion. Mr. Grildrig appeared to view the vehicle with as much dissatisfaction, as a condemned

malefactor would the cart, which was to carry him to the gallows. He still lingered in the shop,—He looked mournfully around,—a tear glistened in the corner of his eye,—The Printer stretched forth a proof-sheet, which he was holding in his hand, and caught the precious drop,—It fell upon the word *Eton*,—the allusion was striking,—it was too much,—we all burst into tears,—a silence of some moments ensued,—but it was too delightful for continuance. A discordant voice screamed from the inside,—a dog put its head out of the basket and barked,—the guard blew his horn,—the coachman swore.—"*Alas!* Mr. G———, exclaimed I, *we must part,—let us employ these last moments in a mutual embrace,*"—we did so,—he then shook hands with the printer,—slipped half a crown into the *devil's* hand—and leaped into the coach with an air of affected ease and unconcern,—I still followed him with my eyes,—he thrust his head through the side-window,—gazed once more upon the well-known objects,—then seemed to swallow his grief at one gulp, and sunk back into his seat!!

Overcome with melancholy, I retired into my back-parlour. I recalled his many good qualities into my recollection, his mirth, his wit, his affability. I tried to remember every direction

that he had given me. I dwelt with pleasure upon his sayings; and hastened to execute his last commands. His gratitude to those friends who had favoured him with their assistance, was great and unremitting. In his name therefore I thank Mr. Henry Joy, *late of Eton College, now of Christ Church, Oxford, for his excellent letter, signed* THEOPHRASTICUS. And Mr. George Irvine *for his beautiful Translation of the first Elegy of Tibullus, signed* EGOMET. It was also his desire to have added the names of several others, whose too-great modesty has prevented him from paying the tribute of gratitude due to their kindness and attention.

It may now perhaps be expected that SOLOMON GRILDRIG should drop the mask, and assume his real name and character. But he is still unwilling to hazard the loss of that favour, which he has hitherto enjoyed, by an avowal of such a nature. He is contented with the honours, which have been conferred upon SOLOMON GRILDRIG, and only solicits a continuance of them. The different signatures will sufficiently explain the number of the Authors; the love and affection towards Eton, which pervades every paper of the MINIATURE, sufficiently testify their situation. Having thus performed the task allotted to me, I shall conclude my labours, by presenting to the Public a

letter, which Mr. Grildrig himself wrote previous to his departure.

E. THE PUBLISHER.

As it has been the custom for an actor, previous to his leaving the stage, to bid the audience farewell: so shall I, according to the plan of most of my predecessors, conclude my labours, and take my last leave in this letter of a candid and indulgent public. From my fellow-citizens I have experienced a large portion of their wonted liberality; and from quarters, from whom I could only look for censure and neglect, I have received that encouragement and approbation which has animated my labours, relieved my anxiety, and cheered my progress in my past literary career. After this acknowledgement, my debt of gratitude being paid, I shall avoid all unnecessary egotism; and shall only express my fervent hope, that all my fellow-citizens, separated as they soon will be, may each in their several stations, pass through the mazes of a deceitful world with joy, prosperity, and glory: worthy both of themselves, their character, and the place of their education. The prospects in future life are many and various, suited to various dispositions, and tending towards various ends.

The amiable, the accomplished Montanus may, from the cultivation of an elegant genius, the native charms of his manners and the unruffled evenness of his temper, look forward to a life of ease without indolence, of happiness without debauchery; and while his fascinating urbanity shall procure him admirers, the sincerity of his heart shall preserve him friends.—To the noble spirit and the vigorous talents of Nomicus, the loftier scenes of ambition and glory are extended; scenes more captivating and dazzling to a young mind, though less conducive to true and genuine happiness.—If an aversion to deceit, contempt of low chicanery, disinterested fidelity, joined with superior abilities, can open the paths of greatness; Euanthus shall be truly *great*, by being truly *good*.—But these are not the only ways to human power and human reputation. Another shall by elegant deceit, polite perfidy and insinuating villany gain, and for a time preserve that honour and influence, due only to real merit, and unaffected goodness.—Another from an admiration of *spirit* and *buckism*, shall be surrounded by a tribe of *honest fellows*,—he shall swear, drink, game; his insolence shall be encouraged, and his vanity flattered; shall first be ruined, and then ridiculed and deserted by his friends, despised by his enemies, and pitied through mere humanity.—Another from chagrin

* Mount. † Mr. Law.

and disappointment, shall be dissolved in sloth and inactivity.—One may sleep, a second dance, a third shoot his time away, useless to themselves, useless to mankind. But as I sincerely hope that none of these latter characters shall have at any time proceeded from among my fellow-citizens, I shall drop so disagreable and unnecessary a subject.

But let them all recollect, that, both in public and private life, in the scenes, both of ambition and retirement, to use the words of the great Heathen poet and moralist,

Semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
Virtue alone can calm the scenes of life.
Juv. Sat. 10.

That although for a time sophistry may evade carelessness neglect, and obstinacy refuse its charms, although other methods may appear more triumphant, both in the pursuit and in the attainment of happiness: yet let them rest assured, that its necessity will forcibly strike our minds, when it may be for ever ineffectual, at that awful moment, when "*the night cometh in which no man can work.*"

I cannot better conclude, than by expressing my sincere, eager, and heart-felt wish, for the

peace, prosperity and glory of our ancient and royal institution, that its present and future sons may, after the example of their forefathers, be adorned with all the greatness and crowned with all the glory that this world can produce, far removed from its affectation, folly and corruptness.

T.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 3, l. 17, *exhibit* read *exhibits*—p. 9, l. 25, *lesser* read *narrower*—p. 19, l. 25, *que* read *quæ*—p. 21, l. 5, *nonsence* read *nonsense*; l. 22, *sence* read *sense*—p. 34, l. 9, after *means* insert *by which*—p. 64, l. 2, *litterary* read *literary*; l. 21, dele *he*—p. 92, l. 13, *expire* read *expires*—l. 14, *are* read *is*—p. 103, l. 24, *nine* read *eight*—p. 170, l. 6 and 7, *Cataline* read *Catiline*—p. 205, l. 26, *rational* read *oratorical*—p. 259, l. 7, *seven* read *six*—p. 296, l. 15, *which* read *with*—p. 322, l. 8, *Menalgue* read *Menalque*—p. 330, insert between the 6th and 7th lines,

Oh! thou wilt weep when I am cold and dead;
And sorrowing tears, with mingled kisses, shed!

p. 348, l. 17, *Poet* read *Pitt*.

I have selected a few of the most prominent errors of the press. Many may still remain, which I shall leave to the good-sense and candour of my readers to correct and excuse.

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